





SISTINE MADONNA.
(RAPHAEL.)



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NIAGARA



RAINBOW

Earth's noblest thing—a woman, perfected

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The Late Canon Sheehan.

By Reverend James H. Cotter, LL. D.

BEFORE discussing the character and works of Doctor Sheehan, we waited for the hour, that has not come, when the pain of loss would not undo logic and our page would not be blurred with tears of regret. So we gently approach in spirit the hallowed grave of the renowned thinker and there reverently place our little sprig of laurel among wreaths entwined by the hands of immortals. How weak is our tribute when we think of the nations that chant his praises! How insignificant our words when the masters in many lands chorus the greatness of his genius! How puny our regret when big-hearted Ireland, at home and abroad, throbs its magnificent sorrow, to which a dirge from foreign peoples conversant with Canon Sheehan's sublime works, gives a profound "Amen!"

What a wonder was Canon Sheehan! No cathedral pulpit was his to pronounce his power. He was environed by no great city, whose cultured agencies would advertise his worth. Sequestered in a little village, he gave the world his wonders, and men marvel at the small house that tabernacled unique genius and made Done-raile a glory on the map of mind. Ireland can well say to the world now what scripture has in the second book of Kings: "Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen in Israel this day? Not as cowards are wont to die hath Abner died."

Dr. Sheehan led a simple life. He divided his time among souls, books and flowers.

He was, above all things, the priest, devoted to his people, who as "one band of brothers" loved their father. All his labors were priestly.

Were it an essay, lecture, or story, the good priest teaching in the one, instructing and pleasing in the other, and exalting Catholic literature in the third, was ever evident. All his thinking commenced at the altar and ended in his pulpit. Ever the humble soggarth, to pet a baby, to cajole a barefooted youngster beaten at a game of marbles, to free a lark from a trap, to trim the dead leaves from a flower, engaged his heart and mind as if he were devoutly attending the dying or delighting the living with periods that crystallized his immortal mind. Big things were small to him as small things were important; hence it is that he erred in judgment on the quality of his own creations—believing "The Triumph of Failure" to be his greatest work.

Canon Sheehan, as a lecturer, has been forgotten through the prominence of his novels, and yet it was on the platform that he gave the real wealth of his scholarship. "Limitations and Possibilities of Literature," "The Study of Mental Science," "Our Personal and Social Responsibilities" are mines for the profound student. Some clauses, not to speak of sentences, are nuggets that when hammered by ordinary intellectuality may be made to gild a volume.

It was, however, in a theme that stirred his patriotism and quickened the pulsations of faith that Doctor Sheehan was truly great. "The Fiftieth Anniversary of O'Connell's Death" gave him a subject where profound thought was made to sparkle in brilliant passage. We know of three great lectures on O'Connell; one, the heavenly inspirations of Lacordaire in Notre Dame of Paris, one, the sweeping periods of Wendell Philips, and one, like an epic, wherein the speaker acted as if oratory was a form of poetry, done by the gentle shepherd of Doneraile.

As a poet, Doctor Sheehan enshrined in "Cithara Mea" the tear, the smile, and the mystical character, kindred in many ways to Francis Thompson. His last poems were dedicated to our beloved sister—two sonnets eulogistic of her head of Christ:

"O hands that labored on this work of love
Are ye not washed in that resplendent stream
That issued from the sacred Head incised
With these sharp thorns! O brooding Dove,
Whose genius wrought this dream within a
dream,
Sleep softly on the breast of thy dear
Christ."

Would that we could write as he wrote, and reciprocate this kindly and sublime sentiment.

In fiction, Doctor Sheehan was the compeer of Scott or Dickens in the story, and superior to them in the uplifting moral. There are passages in "Lisheen" as tragic as ever came from the pen of Avon's wizard, while our author's fame will rest on the general character of the art in "My New Curate," and the development of the queer, almost fantastic, mind of "Luke Delmege." Fiction was not a trifle with Doctor Sheehan's sincere and sympathetic pen. He tells us "all fiction is truth—truth torn up by the roots from bleeding human hearts, and carefully bound with fillets of words to be placed there in its vases of green and gold on your reading-desk."

In "My New Curate," there is "all the wild freshness of morning"—the morning of his illustrious day. The ease with which characters come into their various rôles, the delineations of the persons sketched from real life, the consistency of their words and works, the happy contrasts in mind as well as in manner, the quips of Celtic wit, the natural frustration of vice and the equally natural success of virtue, the play of light and shade in mirth and melancholy, the startling episodes that cannot be forecast by circumstances and which awaken heartfelt interest, the beautiful descriptions of scenery, and withal the splendid lessons, will distinguish this classic not only in the English world, but wherever hearts are touched with cognate impulses and the varied translations, despite the loss of idioms and atmosphere, reach with their message of re-

finement or their mission of exaltation. "Luke Delmege" is a study of a mind. He begins by being puzzled with others; he ends in being a puzzle to them and to himself. Leaving Maynooth with all the honors, he soon learns the difference between theory and practice. Our author quickly arranges a strange antithesis, when he has Louis and Luke to meet in the canon's parlor—one to be finally drugged with opium, the other with the mysteries of life—the one a compound of incongruities, the other the embodiment of simple and reverential truth. Luke, the great bookman, who could solve all the laws and prophecies, was entangled in the solution of the common things of the work-a-day world, and, growing laughless, died with the last word on his lips, "I cannot understand." The character is a portrayal that will ever be dear to priests, as it showed how the author could break through morose conservatism and enter the inner sanctuary of the sacerdotal soul. All priests are poets, and what one will ever read these words without tremulous lip:

"Let the sunshine and the roses, and the love of thy loved ones play around thee, thou pale and gentle Levite, while they may. Soon the disillusion will come, the laurels will fade, and the sunshine turn to gray ashen shadow, and the tender and strong supports of home and love will be kicked aside by time and fate; but the arena of life will be ever before thee, and every fresh triumph will be a fresh conflict, and thou wilt be a friendless one and naked."

Are there not in the priesthood many Luke Delmeges?

Believing that there is only one way to honor Canon Sheehan, and that is to quote him, we give a little line on his majestic power in describing landscape, be it the mighty cliffs that dare the tempest to come on, or Edmund Spenser's gentle Mulla that, like a silvery ribbon, girt the green mantle of Mallow's entrancing scenes. We are all acquainted with the classical description of the Atlantic, since the Christian Brothers adopted it as a reading lesson in their Sixth Reader, but here is a word-picture that will thrill the memory of the patriot and exile:

"Ireland's beauty-spots lie around her high coast line, like jewels around the lips of an en-chased goblet."

Here is a dismal scene in the land of glorious sanctity and intellectuality:

"And here and there more frequently he saw standing the bare brown mud walls of an unroofed cabin, the holes that once were windows and doors staring like the sockets of a skull."

In the passing of Canon Sheehan, the Church has lost one of its glories, the world, a literary artist, a poet, philosopher, theologian and orator.

That he suffered at home goes without saying, and that his genius was first proclaimed through the instrumentality of Doctor Heuser, of the *Ecclesiastical Review*, should make Americans feel proud. He suffered, and suffered in silence, from two great sources—one, from a sense of disappointment common to all genius in the non-realization of its ideals, after strenuous labor—the other, from ignorance, envy and treachery—the one to mock, the other to covet, and the third to ruin.

He suffered, as evidenced by his own declarations, for in "Under the Cedars and the Stars," he pulled back the curtain and let us have a passing peep at his sensitiveness, when he advised the victims of calumny to let dry the mud that envy flung. In his estimate of the Liberator, he shows us something of his own feelings, when he speaks in this wise:

"We can form no idea of the heartburnings of the great leader, when, in the silence of his closet, every taunt came back to burn him, every vile epithet of the press stung him and he had to measure and to cope with the criticism of his own people and the treachery of small minds who could never rise to the lofty stature of his genius or nobility."

He turned from men to books and then to the planting of his garden. His sufferings are over, his soul, we hope, is with his well-known Christ; his mind is enshrined in a world, all the better that he trod and thought therein.

When the kindliness of the heart of Jesus shall have become the general heritage of human hearts, then will be the millennium. Christmas, humanly speaking, owes its greater gladness to a greater kindliness, and, divinely speaking, to a closer union and intercommunion with the kind, gift-giving God.

The "Tree of Tule."

FROM the mineralized trees of Chalcedony Park, Arizona, to the "Tree of Tule," two hundred and twenty miles south-east of Mexico City, is a far cry.

The city of Oaxaca is clean and well built. Its suburbs, gardens and plantations of cochineal-cactus invite admiration and praise. Porfirio Diaz, former President and autocrat of Mexico, was born here nearly eighty years ago. It is the capital of the State of Oaxaca, is five thousand feet above the level of the Pacific Ocean, and its edifices and institutions, such as the Institute of Science and Art, the Cathedral, Museum of Antiquities and the Bishop's residence and Seminary are commanding and imposing architectural structures.

About thirteen miles south-east of Oaxaca City may be seen that which is thought to be the oldest living thing now existing upon the earth. This is the famous cypress known as the "Tree of Tule." It lives and stands a neighbor to the quaint and venerable Church of Santa Maria del Tule. In 1804, the eminent antiquarian and traveler, Baron von Humboldt, returning from his examination of the remains of the pre-Columbian city of Mitla, in the State of Oaxaca, visited and measured the dimensions of this wonderful tree. In his voluminous work—*Histoire de la Géographie du Nouveau Continent*—Humboldt records that he measured the girth of the cypress and attached a brass plate giving the date of his visit and the dimensions of the tree. He contends that the "Tree of Tule" is five or six thousand years old.

All arborists admit that the members of the cypress family of trees are very slow growers. Gazing with awe on the gigantic bole of this solitary survivor of a forest that disappeared in the remote past, one can, without any great flight of imagination, believe that it existed before the Noachic deluge and is to-day the Methuselah of the vegetable kingdom.

In 1903, Dr. Herman von Schrenk, a member of the United States forestry service, visited Santa Maria del Tule, measured the bole of the tree four feet above ground, and certifies it to be one hundred and twenty-six feet in circumference. Twenty-six persons of ordinary size, standing with outstretched hands in a ring, and

tipping fingers, could barely circle this monstrous thing of life.

On the morning of December 19, 1904, I went by mule team from Oaxaca to see and examine for myself this "Arbol de Tule—Tree of Tule."

The quaint and picturesque little village of Tule is a somnolent, do-nothing, down-at-the-heel bourgade and is of no importance at all. With its tumble-down, rickety houses of adobe (sun-dried brick), its charming but neglected little plaza, with its heroic statue of Porfirio Diaz and with its free-from-care villagers who, in summer, lounge in the shade, and in winter, bask in the sun and thank God that shade and sunshine cost nothing, Tule is happy and satisfied with itself and rests in peace.

When I entered the church the transition was startling. A light was aflame before the tabernacle, stations of the cross were imbedded in the masonry, the floor and furnishings were clean and the atmosphere of the building familiar. While I knelt at the sanctuary railing I was home again. This church has an interesting history, which I cannot now invade. Over the entrance to the sanctuary is a beautifully carved screen, richly gilded. On the south side of the church, near the entrance, is an enclosed square where there is an attractive altar erected by Don Diego de Michoacan in 1728—"para entiero de los ninos angeles—for the burial of the Angel Children." For centuries the church has undergone no change, so there is about it a comfortable feeling of conservative antiquity.

When I came out I had but to turn to the left and at once I was in the presence of the great "Tree of Tule." It bears all the marks of hoary antiquity, but its vast bulk almost terrifies you. Sometime in the remote past, perhaps a thousand years ago, when the Turks were storming Jerusalem, fifty or sixty feet of its height and majesty was torn from it by a devastating rush of wind or by a tremendous stroke of lightning. It stands alone and was old

"While yet the Greek
Was hewing the Pentelicus to forms
Of symmetry, and rearing on its rock
The glittering Parthenon."

Its giant roots reach out ninety to one hundred and fifty feet and grip the earth with such ten-

acity that the hurricane of wind which despoiled it of its beauty and its height, could not tear it from its own soil. It is as melancholy and lonely in the desolation of its surroundings as was the "lonely column with a buried base" amid the ruins of the Roman Forum.

Humboldt, von Schrenk, and other experts have estimated its age at almost six thousand years. Its age staggers belief, but accepting the lower computation, that of five thousand years, its birth carries us back to the times of Tubal-Cain, when the properties of iron were discovered. When the seed from which it grew first fell at this precise spot in Tule, Adam was yet living. When God informed Noah of the deluge and commissioned him to preach repentance one hundred and twenty years before the awful cataclysm, this tree was a healthy stripling and it was strong and full of life when God made a covenant with Abraham two thousand years before the Redemption.

In the presence of the gigantic strength, bulk and age of this living thing which laughs at Time and its gnawing teeth; whose birth was coeval with that of human history and which seems destined to last for generations yet to come, I spoke aloud the portentous question of Solomon:

Is there anything of which it may be said,
See, this is new: it hath already been of old time
Which was before us?

If this awesome creature had memory and power of speech, what a wealth of information it could give us on the origin of man on the American continent, on the rise and fall of pre-Columbian dynasties in America, the life of these ancient cities of Mitla and Xochicalco now in ruins and of the lost civilization of the Toltecs and Mayas. When I went out from the churchyard and entered the village, I turned to look again and to bid good-bye to the "Tree of Tule," the oldest living thing now on the face of God's beautiful earth.

W. R. H.

Above the cloud which casts its shadow upon us is the star that sends toward us its light. We can no more escape from the light than from the shadow.

Celtic Sources of the "Divina Commedia."

By Mrs. Marion S. Bulhall, Member of the
"Roman Arcadia."

IN a work published a few years since at Bologna, by Francesco Corazzini, under the auspices of the Italian Accademia delle Scienze, attention is called to the critical essays of Mussafia, who maintains that the whole plan of Dante's great poem is of Irish origin. Corazzini's work, of which, as stated in the preface, only two hundred copies were printed, has not been translated into English or French, and has (probably for this reason) escaped the notice of the distinguished scholars of our day who have devoted special study to Italian and Dantesque literature. Its importance consists in the fact that it is the first time, after an interval of nearly six hundred years, in which Italian critics have come forward to prove that the work of their immortal countryman derives its source from the remote island of Erin, so renowned in the earlier ages of Christendom as the lamp of learning. The *Divine Comedy* has been translated into every language of Europe, not once but repeatedly, and learned commentators (including the Holy Father Pope Leo XIII., M. Arnold, Rossetti, Dean Plumptre, etc.), have given their tribute of admiration and served to elucidate the preeminent beauties of Dante; but, with rare exceptions, translators and commentators have passed lightly over the sources of his inspiration. It is not the object of this paper to trace all the sources which they think inspired the great poet, namely, the writings of the Ancients, especially the sixth book of the *Aeneid*, the poetic visions of the Middle Ages, Eastern and European, the vision of his master, Brunetto Lattini, the Sagas, and the works of art, which, in his time, were so plentifully scattered around. Nor is it to the purpose whether Dante read Homer in the original or not. Dean Plumptre says it is possible, though not probable, that he may have had access, through translation or otherwise, to the vision of Hades in the *Odyssey*, or to the mythical representations of the unseen in the *Gorgias*, the *Phaedo*, the *Republic* of Plato, whereas Bruce Whyte, in his *Histoire des Langues Romanes*, says that Dante's knowledge of Homer is evident from a vast mass of imitative passages; and

surely his admiration of Aristotle must have led him to inspect that author in the original tongue. There certainly existed in his day no translation of the *Iliad* from which he could derive his information.

Most of the modern commentators have been content to say that the author of the *Divina Commedia* appeared to be indebted for many of his ideas to the vision of Fra Alberico, a monk of Monte Cassino, who flourished in the preceding century. This statement is to be found in the preface of Cary's translation (1812), and, as the translator was librarian of the British Museum during the greater part of his life, it is significant that he seems to have passed over the claims of St. Fursey. Mr. Cary was also a clergyman, and must have been conversant with the writings of his illustrious countryman, Venerable Bede, whose *Life of St. Fursey* exists in the British Museum, and in his book (written five hundred years before the birth of Dante) is found the vision of Hell, Purgatory, and Paradise, from which all subsequent poems in this line of thought may be said to derive their origin. It seems more than probable that Mr. Cary had read Bede's works, and among them St. Fursey's vision, and it is to be regretted that so distinguished a writer kept silence on so important a point of literary history. Thirty years after the appearance of Cary's translation, the German writer, Kopitsch (Berlin, 1842) unfolded to the world, in the preface to his translation of Dante, the vision of St. Fursey, in which any reader could observe the similarity of the *Divine Comedy* to that work. So interesting a discovery evoked no notice in England, but was received in France as a revelation of great importance. An essay was published by M. Labitte in the *Revue des deux Mondes*, 1843, entitled, "La Divine Comédie avant Dante," wherein he alludes to the Celtic authors who had written before Dante on Hell, Purgatory, and Paradise, and two years later, appeared Ozanam's *Sources Poétiques de la Divine Comédie*, in which great stress is laid on the visions of St. Fursey and Tundale. It may perhaps be put down as one of "the curiosities of literature" that Mr. Cary should be so obstinate (in all his editions) in favor of Alberico, and that the countrymen of Dante should be laboring so strenuously to show that he derived his ideas from Ireland.

For the purpose, however, of the present writer, it is not sufficient to show that St. Fursey's *Vision of Hell, Purgatory, and Paradise*, was written five hundred years before Dante was born, or that Dante's great poem follows the same broad outlines. It is essential to establish that Dante had occasion to see St. Fursey's work, and that in some passages (as well as in the general scheme) there is a marked resemblance. It is the pious belief of educated Englishmen that Dante studied for a time at Oxford, and only a year ago the letters published in *The Times* on this subject, also two studies of Dante by Dean Plumptre in the *Contemporary*, seemed fully to justify such belief. In the great poet's time, Italian literature was just emerging from the gloom of the dark ages; there seemed to have been few vestiges of the early writers of Italy, therefore the great master mind in his many wanderings made extensive acquaintance with the writings of other lands, collected them with reverential sympathy, and "boldly considered they were his by right of conquest." Either at Oxford or elsewhere he conceived a singular affection for the life and writings of the Venerable Bede (whom he places in *Paradise*, canto x., line 130), and as the whole of St. Fursey's vision is recounted in his life by Bede (*vitaë Furs.*), it is reasonable to suppose that it was read by Dante. But if the learned commentators say that Dante's studies at Oxford must be a question open to doubt, there is still every motive to suppose that he read Bede's works in Italy or Paris, or that he saw one or other copy of St. Fursey's life and vision, in that age to be found in every library in Europe. The learned Canon O'Hanlon, in his *Lives of the Irish Saints*, shows that few saints were held in greater renown and reverence during the Middle Ages, that a list of the lives of St. Fursey would fill a volume, and that many passages of the *Divine Comedy* closely resemble parts of the vision of that saint, as related by Bede.

It cannot fail to be interesting to give a short sketch of St. Fursey. He was born in the sixth century, of royal blood on both sides, being the son of Fuiloga, the King of Munster; his mother was Gelges, daughter of Aedfind, King of Connaught. Aedfind was so displeased with his daughter's marriage that she fled with her husband, and took refuge with his uncle, St. Bren-

dan, who then resided in his monastery of Clonfert (Cluamfort). When their child was born, the famous St. Brendan baptized him under the name of Furseus. From his earliest years his great sanctity manifested itself, and, by the advice of St. Brendan, he retired to and built a monastery near Lough Obsen. The present old church of Kilfursa on the banks of Lough Corrib is supposed to represent it. He is well known in history as the patron saint of Péronne in France, and was canonized in 655. King Louis of France, on his return from the first Crusade, assisted at the translation of St. Fursey's body from the old shrine to the new one prepared for it in the church of Péronne, as Miss Stokes mentions in her delightful book, *Three Months in the Forests of France*.

Ugo Foscolo, one of the most distinguished of Italian critics, asserts in an essay on Dante in the *Edinburgh Review* (1818), that the *Divine Comedy* owes less to Fra Alberico than to an English monk, unnamed, mentioned by Mathew Paris. This unnamed monk was manifestly St. Fursey, who lived for some years in England, and was for this reason called English. He founded the monastery of Burgh Castle in the county of Suffolk, which was formerly called Cuobhersberg. It is remarkable that the learned historian, Milman, speaks of him as "the French monk St. Fursey," for a similar reason, because of his long residence in France, and the fact that he is patron saint of the diocese of Péronne.

In the *Acta Sanctorum* we read that before leaving his monastery at Lough Corrib, St. Fursey fell ill, and had very extraordinary visions, which are related at great length in some of his acts. These represented the state of man in sin, some remedies for sin, as also those virtues which are particularly pleasing in God's sight. On recovering from his first ecstasy, he informed the monks of what had been revealed to him. In the first place, no sooner had he ceased to feel pulsation than he found himself surrounded by shadows of deep and horrible obscurity:

"Mi ritrovai per una selva oscura."

Then two angels, having white wings, supported him with their hands. On account of dazzling brightness he could not see their bodies, which were covered with wings. Like the prophet

Ezechiél's apparition, two of these wings extended towards the heavens, while two wings covered their bodies. Fursey saw a third angel, armed with a white shield and burnished sword, proceeding through the air. A most fragrant odor, had been diffused over every place where they went. While bearing the saint through a dense atmospheric darkness, they chanted with voices of inexpressible harmony.

With reference to this, Dante has the following:

"With my song
My spirit reeled, so passing sweet the strain."¹

On recovering his senses, St. Fursey explained to the monks that the darkness through which he had been conducted signified the world overshadowed by original sin. The three angels, whose faces and voices were undistinguishable, represented the Blessed Trinity, and it is very remarkable that Dante ends the *Divina Commedia* with a vision of the most Holy Trinity:

"In that abyss
Of radiance, clear and lofty, seem'd,
Methought
Three orbs of triple hue, clipt in one bound.
And, from another, one reflected seem'd
As rainbow is from rainbow, and the third
Seem'd fire, breathed equally from both."

In another part of the vision, the angel bore St. Fursey aloft, until he saw neither roof nor house. But on his passage, he heard demoniac clamor and howling. In Longfellow's translation we find the following:

"And now begin the dolesome notes to grow
Audible to me. . . .
The infernal hurricane that never rests
Hurtles the spirits onward in its rapine.
* * * * *
There are the shrieks, the plaints
And the laments."²

St. Fursey saw a black cloud, and an army of demons appeared before him. The bodies of these demons appeared utterly deformed and black, with necks of squalid leanness and horrid shape, extended, their heads being unnaturally swollen,

"As the dark pepper grain livid and swart,³
As on them more direct mine eye descends,
Each wondrously seem'd to be reversed
At the neckbone."⁴

But when they flew along or fought, the Saint only saw a shadowy representation of deformed bodies:

"There
Was less than day and less than night,
That far
Mine eye advanced not."⁵

Another parallel passage occurs in "Il Purgatorio," canto XIX. 121-124, where the angel tells St. Fursey, "These souls are suffering for the sin of Avarice." Comparing which we find in Dante:

"As avarice quenched our love
Of good,
Here justice holds us prison'd hand and foot."

And again, at line 115:

"Such cleansing from the sins of avarice
Do spirits, converted, need."

Further on, the angel shows the Saint the souls burning for sins of injustice to one's neighbor, Dante observing on this subject as follows:

"Fraud, that in every conscience leaves a sting."⁶

St. Fursey describes himself surrounded by a light of astonishing brightness, and Dante, in canto XXVIII of the *Paradise*, says:

"That darted light
So sharp, no lid, unclosing, may bear up
Against its keenness."⁷

Longfellow translates the lines thus:

"That was raying out
Light so acute, the sight which it enkindles
Must close perforce before such great acuteness."

1. Cary's translation, "Il Paradiso," canto xxviii. 3.
2. Ibid. xxxiii. "Inferno," canto v.
3. Cary's "Inferno," canto xxv. p. 75.
4. Ibid. canto xx. pp. 10, 11.
5. Cary's "Inferno," canto xxxi. pp. 10, 11.
6. "L'Inferno," canto xi.
7. Cary's translation.

Then, St. Fursey noticed a great serenity in the surrounding atmosphere, and Dante likewise says:

"The firmament looks forth serene and smiles."⁸
A multitude of angels sang,
"Sanctus, Sanctus Dominus Deus Sabaoth."

And Dante's opening line of the seventh canto of "Il Paradiso" is:

"Osanna Deus Sabaoth."

St. Fursey's mind becoming thenceforward oblivious of all his previous anxieties and sufferings, he was filled with ineffable joy. We find again in the *Divina Commedia*,

"All the vision dies,
As 'twere away. And yet the sense of sweet
That sprang from it, still trickles in my heart."⁹

It is also remarkable that while Dante meets many people whom he knew in this world, so likewise St. Fursey converses with two of his own countrymen, Saints Beon and Meldan.

When Ferrario wrote his *History of Chivalry and Romance*, about the year 1820, he asserted that Dante took his plan of the *Divina Commedia* from Andreas' Life of the "Magnifico Cavaliere Guerino," who descended into Purgatory at Lough Derg in Ireland. The pious legend connected with St. Patrick's Purgatory had previously gone round Europe, and appeared under numerous editions in all languages. One in Spanish had given rise to Calderon's drama of *El Purgatorio de San Patricio*. This subject has been treated at great length by Wright and other writers, but as it would make this article too diffuse to dwell upon this point,

"Non ragionam di lor, ma guarda e passa."

We now come to the famous legend of Tundale or Tyndale, by some also written Tugdale, which existed in Latin one hundred and fifty years before the date that Dante gives as that in which he commenced his poem. There is nothing by which an idea may be formed, even approximately, of the age to which Tugdale lived. It is only known that the earliest translation re-

corded is that done by Marco into Latin from the original (Irish) tongue, at the request of Abbess Gertrude, A. D. 1149, being an account of the vision of "quidem Hibernigenus Tundalus." That this vision had become celebrated all over Europe, before Dante's time, is evident from the fact that the Royal Library at Copenhagen contains a Danish translation from the Latin text of Marco, made by order of King Hako IV. (killed in an invasion of Scotland, A. D. 1263), whose death occurred twenty-two years before Dante was born. Also some fragments of a German version, supposed to have been made between 1180 and 1200, are found in the Royal Library of Berlin, which were reproduced by Lochman, in 1836. Corazzini gives, in his preface, a list of more than twenty different versions of Tundale, in nine languages, one of the latest being that in Spanish by Ramon Petras (Toledo, 1526). In all editions, the poem is preceded by a sketch of Ireland and of the author, beginning thus:

"Ireland is a pleasant and fertile island, flowing with milk and honey, free from all manner of snakes. Some of the people are famous for sanctity, others for their cruelty in warfare. There are thirty-four cities, of which Armagh in the north and Cashel in the south are the principal. Tundalus was a native of Cashel, of princely lineage, a soldier by profession, cruel to the poor, and a scoffer at all things sacred."

In none of the editions is there any mention of Marco, whose Latin text is the earliest version of any kind in which the poem is to be found. For this reason, Mussafia seems to say that Tundalus never existed, and that Marco, in the year 1149, having invented the vision himself, either wrote it off in Latin at once for Abbess Gertrude, or first made a version in Irish which he then translated into Latin.

"Dal che risulta che l'autore della legenda è Marco, il quale la narrazione Irlandese scrisse, o immediatamente in Latino o prima nell' idioma barbarico, poi in servizio della badessa in Latino."

Tundale's legend, in the same order as Dante, treats of Hell, Purgatory, and Paradise, and it is to this poem rather than to St. Fursey's vision that Mussafia and Corazzini emphatically assign the origin of Dante's *Divina Commedia*. Some

8. Cary's translation, "Il Paradiso," canto xxviii.

9. Cary's translation, canto xxxiii.

of the parallel passages are very striking, and these made such impression on Mussafia that, before his death, he expressed the wish that some Italian writer would investigate the subject and vindicate all right of the Irish monk, Marco, or of his hero, Tundale, as inspirer of Dante and progenitor of the greatest poem that mankind has seen produced since the days of Homer. To carry out his countryman's dying request, Corazzini published the little book which contains the reason for maintaining that Dante drew from Celtic sources the plan, method, and some of the details of the *Divina Commedia*. Whether he took them in the first instance from St. Fursey, or, as Mussafia supposes, from Tundale, it matters little, since Tundale was, in a manner, a pupil of St. Fursey, or, at least, an imitator, as regards his *Vision of Hell, Purgatory, and Heaven*. The following are some of the parallel passages that occur in Tundale and the *Divine Comedy*. The angel led Tundale to a great stormy lake full of monsters. Here we have in Dante:

"And we in company
 . . . entered, though by a different track,
 beneath
 Into a lake . . .
 Intent I stood
 To gaze, and in the marish sunk descried
 A miry tribe, all naked, and with looks
 Betokening rage."

These were the souls suffering from the sins of anger. The angel and Tundale then came to a long, narrow bridge over a boiling lake, planted all over with long, sharp spikes, which pierced through the feet of the thieves and barterers who attempted to pass. Dante, in the eighth circle of the "Inferno," looks down from a bridge that passes over its fifth gulf, on the thieves and barterers. In one part of his vision, Tundale arrived at a great and horrible hill, where devils, with hot iron hooks, were tossing the souls of deceitful and treacherous people alternately into fire and ice. It is very remarkable that Dante, in the last canto of the "Inferno," covers up in ice those who have betrayed their benefactors. Tundale speaks of a terrible beast, called Acheron, which swallowed multitudes of avaricious and greedy souls. Dante speaks of the monster, Geryon, which he calls,

"That image vile of fraud."¹⁰

Like Dante, Tundale meets many people that he had known, particularly Kings Conobar and Donatus, and his own King Cormack, who was obliged to suffer punishment for certain sins, once a year. There is every reason to suppose that Tundale derived some of his ideas from St. Fursey's visions; and here it may be observed that the earliest edition of Tundale bears date 1149—that is, four hundred years after the publication of St. Fursey's vision by the Venerable Bede.

When the traveller sees, for the first time, a vast lake in an unknown country, he naturally seeks the sources from which it is formed, without losing sight of the perfect beauty of the lake created by the great master mind of Nature. He never thinks of depreciating the lake because innumerable little streams trickle into its basin. He wishes, on the contrary, to see where it all leads to. And so it is with the *Divina Commedia*. "The power of genius is increased by the abundance of the fuel that supplies it."

Art.

"The greatest artists of the present day cannot grasp the divine, as did the Old Masters. It requires the Faith of the so-called Dark Ages to picture a Man-God, or to form those grand old cathedral designs that are the glory of the world."

JOHAN RUSKIN, that celebrated art critic, has said, "The highest art is born of the deepest faith and love," also that an artist's life should be occupied in perfecting ideas of the highest beauty in sound, language, marble, or color, in raising the imagination of all who are not artists to his own standard, not pandering to the taste of any inferior to his own.

Ruskin had a speaking acquaintance with art. He said grand and noble things about artists, and his association with great artists gave him facility and readiness to describe, using all the fine qualities of expression which the true artist feels—but, no doubt, Ruskin conceived vividly and executed faintly, or rather badly. His practical work was very little, he only illustrated a

10. Canto xvii., Cary's translation.

couple of his own books—"The Stones of Venice," and another.

The celebrated English artist, John Millais, born 1829, died 1898, entered the Royal Academy at the age of eleven, and made his studies in London, Paris, Florence, etc. He was a close friend of Ruskin's and let him into all the secrets of Art—showing him true coloring, values of light, shade and shadow, blending of color, harmony, but above all, correct drawing. Millais was a great portrait painter, and, as he was wealthy, money did not enter into his life as an artist. He worked purely for the love of his art and never let any picture out of his studio which was not perfectly finished. He did all he could for his fellow artists, so many of his contemporary artists have mentioned John Millais as the kind friend who helped them to success.

Millais was the founder of the Pre-Raphaelite School. As a young artist he had declared his antipathy to the principles of art which then prevailed, and, when the time came, many of the rising artists were anxious to help him to form the new school, among the number, Holman Hunt, Dante Rossetti, Charles Collins and others. Millais' principal pictures are—"My First Sermon," "The Huguenot," "Ophelia," "The Rescue," "Our Saviour." Opinions differ in regard to Millais as an artist. No respectable critic, however, denies, or even doubts, his wonderful gift of subtle imagination and deep sentiment. He was profoundly poetical, and, probably, has never been surpassed in his power of representing intense feeling and thought through the medium of color and composition. Millais was like Zornas, true as a camera in portraying the lineaments, but as the camera sometimes misses the soul, so does Millais. This is especially noticeable in his picture of "Our Saviour." It is strong, majestic—but not the Christ.

Overbeck worked years on his "Crucifixion," and failed. It was only when he received the faith that he succeeded. It has been said that Overbeck became a Catholic that he might paint well. I should rather believe that he painted better when he received the great gift of faith. James Tissot, while painting in Paris studios with his companions, Carolus Durand, Phil May and Du Maurier, was quite as celebrated as any of his time in the style of art they cultivated. One day, Tissot came in, pale and haggard, with

a very strange look on his face. Some said he had a vision of the Blessed Virgin, others said he was losing his mind. However, he disappeared from the studio, and they all wondered. He was searched for, but to no avail, nothing was heard of him for ten years. In 1896, a great excitement prevailed in Paris. James Tissot had returned from the Holy Land with a collection of pictures of the Life of Christ, three hundred and sixty in all, such a wonderful collection! What happiness—what a period of exaltation those ten years must have been for the painter! Strange and weird enough are some of those compositions. Some are very beautiful, and all are original and new in every respect, yet singularly convincing. We feel that those far-away events and scenes must have been like this, and henceforth the fanciful rendering by shallower men will mean nothing to us. Tissot has retranslated the Bible.

Lorado Taft, of Chicago, artist and sculptor, in writing of Tissot's collection says: "This is the most wonderful collection of pictures that has ever come to us. (This collection was exhibited in New York, Chicago, San Francisco and other American cities.) Neither the Dorés nor Vereschagins of long ago represented a tithe of this achievement. But what a miracle is this! Who of us could have dreamed of such work from M. Tissot, in the old-time student days, when we used to look at his clever work, and very worldly pictures at the Salon? It would not have surprised me more if Carolus Durand himself had turned evangelist."

A Wrecked Life:

HOW can I be joyful if my heart is aching?
—if I have been thinking of a wrecked life?

I knew him in the days when he loved the open air—when his voice was full of song and joy, and now a drivel is the voice I loved. The roses were not fairer, nor the lilies-of-the-valley were not sweeter than his soul in those days. And now the lilies are faded and the roses are withered and there is only a wreck where the lilies were and the roses.

I knew him when he smiled at death and, hero-like, sprang into the surging water to rescue my

drowning sister. A hundred looked on that day, but no one dared tempt the perilous sweep of the on-rushing current until he came and plunged into the torrent and snatched her flowing hair and garments and struggled an interminable time and won! I heard the noise of the wild applause! I saw my sister lying unconscious on the bank, her hair dripping and the water oozing from her mouth. We worked with her for an hour. She opened her eyes and then we thought of her rescuer. We could not find him any place. But in the evening he came, and when we praised him he laughed at us and said he was a great giant with a charmed life. And we said he was the fabulous bird of Cathay, dropping diamonds. And he said they were bubbles—all the diamonds from his wings that day—and so on, and so on.

The splendid courage that came out from his laughing eyes! The chivalry and the noble manhood! Alcmaeon would sit at his feet: Charlemagne would take him away to be his knight: Solomon would place him upon a ground of gold! The weight of the years may drag the marble down, but not the memory of his unspoiled heart! Oh, where is it departed to? Where is the grandeur that threw its purple round me then? Where is it now, the glory and the dream? Where are the tempters that destroyed the beautiful life I loved?

"Flitted away
Taking the stars from the night and the sun from
the day."

O God, bring him back again to the beautiful portion that once was his. Remember not the evil years that have blackened him and robbed him and left him poor, indeed. Give him sorrow, O God, and tears! Give him the ring and the wedding-garment, and let there be joy in heaven for him who was lost and is found! O Good Shepherd of lost sheep, rescue this one; once he risked his life for one I loved. At last, may some good man close his eyes—they were once so true; and fold his hands—they were strong and white and tender as a woman's *once*—and speak some comforting words into his failing ears, at last! And when he comes to Thee, when he stretches out his poor black hands towards Thee, make them white, O God, and fill

them with the prayers which Thou hast heard for him!

All-holy, all-wise, all-powerful, all-good, eternal, infinite God, receive him mercifully, at last!

MARGARET SHEEHAN.

In Loving Recollection.

By Mrs. William D'Brien.

IN this hour of sorrow, when all Ireland is uniting in mournful homage to the great ecclesiastic who is brought to his resting-place, among the people who loved him so truly, the thought of what the loss means to all who value literary greatness is overshadowed by the human anguish at feeling that the friend is gone, who was ever ready with loving sympathy in sad or joyous times. To have had the privilege of meeting Canon Sheehan in intimate hours has to be paid for by a sense of loneliness and loss, which nothing in this world can ever make up for.

He was intensely shy. To the general public, he never showed himself at all. He shrank within himself, and no effort of his own could overcome his painful shyness, which he was the first to blame. But when some fortunate chance opened the barrier of reserve that surrounded him, what a delicious world opened out!

After "My New Curate" appeared, the writer was often asked to preach sermons in different parts of Ireland, and at those times even he had to accept a certain number of invitations. A friend of mine in Dublin wrote to me her joy at being asked to dinner to meet Father Sheehan, and how at first she felt at a loss for any subject of conversation with her monosyllabic neighbor. The coveted honor was turning to disappointment, when a lucky inspiration made her describe her visit to the West to a mutual friend. At the name of his old schoolfellow, he thawed and became the most charming companion. The rest of the evening passed only too quickly. It was about that time he called on a nun in Dublin, who was at once admitted to the real Father Sheehan, by reason of a mutual affection. So easy and at home was Father Sheehan in the convent parlor, talking of old times, and early days in Mallow, and the common friendship

which was a bond of union, that the nun never realized what a shy being she was dealing with. He agreed to visit the hospital—he loved the sick, and many a tender page he penned as the result of his intercourse with the suffering and dying. He only made the condition: "Don't mention 'My New Curate.'" She thought this was a joke and hastened to disobey—for which she had reason to repent—the delightful causeur became as silent and reserved as if he had been transformed into a statue.

Years later the nun, who had not forgotten this one glimpse of the author of "My New Curate," visited him when he was ill unto death, in the South Infirmity in Cork. Years only brought them closer in sympathy and the visits were a matter of rejoicing to patient and visitor. She found him wasted to a shadow, the victim of cruel suffering, but full of interest in the outer world, in all religious questions, in the welfare of the poor. It was only when his own health was mentioned, or hope of recovery expressed, that he gently, but firmly, hinted there was no use in vain hopes. As a rule, he never cared to speak of himself. His letters to his nearest friends, in the dreary months of suffering that preceded his death, never had a reference to his condition. The beautifully formed handwriting was clear and firm to the very end. To those who did not know what was on his mind, there seemed hope in the absence of news as to health. We so love to hide painful facts from ourselves!

He improved in the hospital. He returned to his own people. For a time joyous news reached us. He had taken up his old life. He was preaching. He was saying Mass. He was hearing confessions. It brought a ray of hope to all who loved him.

Visits to the South Infirmity had been such as to leave unforgettable memories. He was so pleased to see friends. He so made the best of everything. The first time I saw him in the Infirmity he was walking about in the grounds. He sat with us, telling us of the kindness of the nuns and the nurses. He was very enthusiastic over the work done by those young Irish nurses, how hard they worked, how devoted to their duties. Of course, we all expect nuns to forget themselves and work for others, and his praise of them was only natural. But his near knowl-

edge of the life of the nurses made him express his satisfaction that they were so capable and hard-working. So I told him how successful Irish girls are when trained, in other branches of activity. The success of Irish girls as nursery nurses was news to him, and he was greatly delighted to hear it. No detail seemed to bore him or to be too unimportant. He took us to the chapel, and to see Canon Sheehan praying was to be brought very near to the World where his thoughts mostly went. Then he told us how the Reverend Mother had put her parlor at his disposal, and there he led the way, and a cheery nurse brought us tea. As he talked of books and congenial subjects, one forgot one was in presence of a man stricken down by disease, and who knew the end was not far off.

He had all his life long been very delicate. He suffered greatly from depression and want of sleep. When he first became a priest he had an utter breakdown and spent the time with Dean Keller, whose kindness to him in these trying times he never forgot.

Strange to tell, in the years when he was in possession of fairly good health, when he had achieved distinction in the Church and in the literary world, that would have been a matter of rejoicing to the ordinary man, there was a certain sadness about him, about his views, and his conversation.

Only on rare occasions, with very intimate friends, did he shake off that tinge of melancholy. One evening stands out in my recollection as full of cheerfulness. We were staying in a cottage at Blarney. His brother and his wife and their dear little son were in the neighborhood, and we heard the good news that Canon Sheehan was coming on a visit, a fleeting one, but it was a rare event for him to have even a day to give to family meetings. He was absorbed by his parish duties and his literary work and rarely took a holiday.

A hotel dinner-table was not a place where one could imagine Canon Sheehan at home, and, to our delight, he and his family came to us for the evening. The two brothers were devoted to one another, and, with their old schoolfellow and life-long friend, there was a joyous exchange of old stories, of talk of old days in Mallow, then the Canon turned to some of the incidents of the days of stress and turmoil, and displayed knowl-

edge of the inner history, which one little expected, and then the two schoolfellows interchanged their experiences, and we all sat and enjoyed, forgetting the time, and it was all so simple that bright-eyed Jeff remained a spell-bound listener, forgetting to play with his terrier, Punch, who was specially invited to the party, and who was so surprised at his young master's forgetfulness that he went to sleep at his feet.

How little we dreamt that evening of the Shadow that was coming near our loved friend! He seemed better than he had been for years.

The next dinner we had together was in his own house. But the occasion did not allow of cheerful intimate talk. It was the day of a public meeting in Doneraile. He had hospitably invited us and all friends to his table. He was intensely interested in the success of the meeting, but did not feel equal to the strain of presiding at the demonstration. He took me over to the convent while the public proceedings were going on, and to see Canon Sheehan among his own Doneraile nuns was an experience not to be forgotten. They so understood and appreciated him, and were so zealous in carrying out his least hint for the improvement of the children, or the welfare of the poor.

Kindly a host as he was in his own home, there was that day the sense of the old depression not being far off, and he was not his cheery self. And although there was no visible sign of break-up, the physical trouble that was to end his life was already making itself felt.

From the hour he knew from the lips of a skilled specialist that he could not expect to be cured, he threw to the wind all depression and melancholy. To visit him in the hospital, or later on in his home, was to meet the most cheerful and kindly of spirits. He never had much of a body, but pain and suffering carried off all but an etherealized being. He grew thinner and thinner, and a beauty of another world shone out of his eyes, that were so bright and clear, and the smile of the pale lips became more charming as the end grew nearer.

He did not lose his interest in public affairs. The next day after we came to our Mallow home, a letter in the beautiful firm writing expressed his enthusiasm at the welcome of Mallow to his old friend and schoolfellow with such

warmth that I foolishly drew hopes from it. No dying man, I thought, could write so rejoicingly. I little knew! This was no ordinary man. He came nearer to the saints we read of, and scarce recognize, when we meet them! Now that he is gone I recollect so many quiet hints and words that proved he knew how vain were our hopes for his recovery. To all expression of wishes for his cure, he would only smile and repeat it was a question of time. As to pain, he never mentioned it, turned off the conversation to the topics he loved, religious, literary, public welfare.

Our first Sunday in Mallow we went to see him. He was in his most cheerful mood, took us over his garden, the dear quaint garden his readers know so well—a simple poem of beauty, with quaint retreats, where he sat, and thought; a tiny wooden hut, where he could be away from the world; a little alley, bordered by a hedge, where he walked up and down when he was thinking on deepest subjects and did not wish to be disturbed by any outer object—not even his beloved flowers.

To see him standing in the garden, with the light of animation on the beautiful emaciated face, his voice so clear, his intellect so keen,—it was impossible not to hope against hope. He had so much work to do, he alone could do, God would not take him away from us so soon. It had been one of our dreams for years to settle down in his neighborhood. When away from the turmoil of politics in far-away Vallombrosa, we dreamed of a retreat by the side of the Blackwater, with minds free to enjoy the peace and beauty of the woodland. Canon Sheehan wrote to us how he shared in the dream, and how he saw his old schoolfellow, free from public care, enjoying literary pursuits, so dear to them both.

That dream was not to be. We returned to the dear old spot, but with the old burden—or perhaps a renewed burden—and it was to have the melancholy pleasure of witnessing the last days on earth of our beloved Canon. But cruel as the anguish of losing him, the memory of those last visits is a precious possession, and if I venture to lift the veil of intimacy, it is that I feel it will be a comfort to the many who love and venerate Canon Sheehan to know how sweet and simple and pure a spirit his was in every-day life.

To see him in his garden brought his books very near to one's mind. It gave new beauty to many beautiful pages. But better still to see him in his sanctum, his library, with the beloved books, in perfect order; the altar where he said Mass when not well enough to leave the house; and the pictures of saints all around. It was a small room, but it seemed like a shrine where the Divine was very near us poor human beings, and the tall pale sufferer was bridging over, before our very eyes, the distance between the two worlds.

As time went on, as his sufferings increased, so did his courage, and the only difference was that he threw off all earthly things, he was above human troubles, he lived with God and His saints, and the one feeling, strong as death, was love of those dear to him, and love of his country. He who had been so silent, was chatty and enjoyed a talk. Under the charm, one could almost forget the tragedy that was facing us.

I think we were with him the last day he walked in his beloved garden. We had brought to visit him the nuns whose visit had cheered him in the Infirmary, one of whom had once disobeyed his injunction about keeping the presence of the author of "My New Curate" from the knowledge of her patients. It was a beautiful day of late summer, this marvellous summer which he so enjoyed. He had often talked of his garden to his nun friends, and we suggested that we might go and show it to them without giving him the fatigue of doing so himself, but he would not yield. He took them around. The flowers looked their brightest. The air was balmy. He told his visitors the story he was fond of telling, how it came that the Christian Brothers were his next-door neighbors and had half the garden of the parish priest of Doneraile in the long-ago days.

Dr. Croke had preceded Canon Sheehan as parish priest of Doneraile. He wished to bring the Christian Brothers to the parish, and asked the landlord for a site. It was in the bad old days, and the landlord refused. Dr. Croke was not to be so easily disposed of. He gave half his garden to the Christian Brothers and had soon collected enough money for building a fine school.

The neighborhood of the Brothers and of the Presentation Nuns was one of the great attrac-

tions of Doneraile in the eyes of Canon Sheehan. He was a constant visitor in the schools. As he grew weaker, and less able to walk, the nuns had arranged that he should come through a field behind the presbytery to the convent grounds, and he went up through that path, as long as he was able to be out.

But when we returned to Doneraile, a few days after our visit with the nuns, he was too ill to see us, and we went to the Doneraile convent. We found the nuns in great distress and anxiety. For the past week they had not seen him. To add to the anguish of the situation, being an enclosed Order, they could not go to him, when he was too ill to walk up. However, they were very near in spirit to their beloved pastor in these days of suffering, and in the cruel days—that had still to be faced—of glorious agony.

One of the troubles of all who loved the Canon was that he would not hear of proper care. He refused a nurse, almost to the end, when his sufferings in the long hours of the sleepless nights wrung all our hearts, but, at last, when he yielded, he agreed to take a nurse chosen by his nuns, and as the sufferings by this time made constant watching necessary, a Brother came from a nursing home. So that all that could be done by human hands was done. And yet, how little that all is! How little the skill of the greatest physicians when the end is approaching!

We had one happy hour together, very near the end. We had called when he was too ill to see us. So it was a joyous surprise on our next visit to find him on the sofa, free from pain, and as cheerful as a boy back from school. We meant to stay only a few minutes, but he was so perfectly at ease talking and listening that the minutes fled, and his countenance was eloquent of affectionate welcome. He never showed greater literary insight than that day. He mentioned a book his old friend had not read. He told his brother, who sat at hand, with his affectionate watchfulness, where the book was, he could tell in what row, and the exact spot where it could be found. Books had been the true friends of many a busy year. But that day, he said he was not able to read books any more. "That is because you have the best books can give in your head," was the smiling reply. It was a warning that the end was not far off when this lover of books made such a confes-

sion. And yet there was so much warm human companionship in that frail figure on the sofa, such a warm grasp from the thin hand, which one felt a longing to retain, and on which a sudden impulse made me press my lips in silent anguish.

That was our last meeting. Twice we called, and he was too weak to talk. His last visitors were two of the Mallow nuns, who were allowed to his bedside. He had a passionate love for Mallow. In the Mallow convent his two sisters had lived their religious life, and their death had only increased his attachment to the Mallow nuns. In that last interview he asked for every one of his friends in Mallow, in the convent and out of it. A few days later, when we called, he was very near the end. His strength was going. His brother met us as we were following the road that had become so familiar within the last months. He told us the Canon was not talking, the patient liked to have him at hand, and all he did was to pray, he never ceased praying. The two brothers recited together all the Mysteries of the Rosary; when asked to stop, for fear of his being exhausted, he only shook his head; it seemed as if the prayers so dear and familiar revived his sinking strength. When we heard the details of the agony of pain that was so bravely endured, we could only feel that the end would be a merciful release. On that day, at the evening devotions in Mallow, Canon Sheehan was prayed for. Many and fervent were the prayers in the town where he was born and all loved him.

Every morning there were innumerable inquiries from the doctor, who was devoted in his attendance, as to how the night had been; and, within a few minutes, all who dwelt in Mallow would know the night had been a long agony, or perhaps there was some respite from pain.

On Rosary Sunday, at the afternoon devotions, all the people in the Mallow church knew that news had been received from Doneraile, and when the priest, in touching words, asked all to pray for Canon Sheehan, there was a long sob through the church, and not a dry eye as the prayers were said. He was conscious and free from pain all that Sunday, his last day on earth. At seven o'clock, as throughout the land he loved so well, the Rosary devotions were beginning, he went to his reward.

We all weep for him, we will miss him through the coming years, human affection will cry out for him, human tears will be shed for him, for many long days, but, in our anguish and loss, we feel that we would be selfish indeed to wish him back on earth, now that he has won what he prayed and suffered for, a place among the holy spirits who rejoice in heaven, in that heaven where his thoughts dwelt, and which he was so anxious to teach us all to reach as the end of all human endeavor.

He was fond of teaching "The Triumph of Failure," his writings all teach us how little this life is, and now that he is gone from us and that we really feel how great he was, how he stood on a high level above our human weakness, his words come to us with new meaning, and the lesson of his life brings us fresh courage in well-doing and the longing to serve a little better the Master Whom Canon Sheehan loved above all, and Who spoke to him in many a long night "Above the Cedars and the Stars."

I have written these lines with tear-dimmed eyes and bleeding heart, as the beloved priest is laid to rest among his flock in Doneraile, with a whole nation weeping for her dead. He who so loved obscurity and shrank from crowds, has a funeral such as a king might envy. The outburst of national grief is one we can all be proud of. And while I write I feel how little words of mine can tell what I feel, how little of the charm that is gone I can put into words.

I fear I have left unsaid the best I meant to say. All I can do is to remember that friends in hours of sorrow are not over critical, and all who read me will know I join them in loving our dead friend, and in praying we may not be unworthy—all of us—to meet him again in a land where there is no suffering and no parting.

SOPHIE O'BRIEN.

The love that gave the well-beloved is no past love. The cross of Christ is not the high mark of a great love that once swept and surged through the world. It is the measure of the abiding love that ever holds us dear, the love that concerns itself about our every little care, and counts the common want a sacred thing to which He hath a joy in ministering, like the joy of a mother in ministering to her child.

In the Heart of Spain.

TO me, Spain is the most interesting country in Europe. Yet the Spain of to-day is behind the other countries in progress. However, it seems quite contented. The "asta mañana" spirit possesses it still, and nowhere is this better seen than in the wondrous and fascinating city of Seville, dreaming of its past glory on the banks of the Guadalquivir.

I reached Seville from Granada, the city of the Alhambra, purposing to spend there a day or two. I remained a week. Who could leave Seville after a twenty-four hours' stay within its gates when there is so much to see? Spanish character, too, is very individual. Indeed, Spain is a country to breed great personalities. It is true that the chivalrous Admiral Cervera was beaten in the bay of Santiago de Cuba; but what of that? We are living in the present; Spain lives in its past. In Seville, the heart of Spain beats to the glory that once was hers. The poorest peasant of Andalusia, as he rides into the city on his little burro, sits so stately in his seat that one might mistake him for a Don Quixote or a hidalgo of the time of Carlo Quinto. Hamlet says that there is nothing but the thinking makes it so. If, then, the Andalusian peasant feels that he equals any hidalgo in the land, we have no right to dispute his possession.

I have said that Spain is the most interesting country in Europe. It is also the most misrepresented in the pages of history and general literature. We have scarcely yet got away from the idea that the Spaniard is a bloodthirsty cut-throat, lacking every instinct of civilized manhood, when in truth he is the very kindest of men, full—topful—of chivalrous instinct, proud, if you will, but with ideals which are far from being what the French call "terre à terre."

Havelock Ellis, in his excellent work, "The Soul of Spain," says that the dominant note of the Spanish temperament has always been character. Indeed, it is doubtful if any other country has produced as many picturesque characters as Spain. This statement may, of course, be contested by those who do not know the life and history of Spain. We are so woefully ignorant of the land of the Cid and Don Quixote that any statement about its people is allowed to pass.

It may, for instance, surprise many readers to be told that Spanish women have been pioneers on the stage—that back in the sixteenth century, when Shakespeare was compelled to entrust his woman's parts to boys, the great Spanish dramatist, Lope de Vega, gave his woman's parts to women, to the "divine" Antonia Granada and others.

There is something exceedingly naïve in the Spanish character. Its greatest weakness is its exaggeration of things Spanish. Perhaps this is a kind of divine compensation for the misrepresentation which it has undergone at the hands of other peoples. God, you know, has a kind of a way of balancing things up in the general ledger-keeping of mankind. It is quite certain, too, that the Spaniards are not the only people who have an exaggerated opinion of themselves, but this foible in the Spaniard is somewhat more patent to the eye because of its naïveté.

Three Spanish Dominican friars and myself climbed the stairway of the watch-tower of the Alhambra together in Granada. Soon I engaged the most venerable of these three sons of St. Dominic in conversation. As Spanish is not the strongest of my languages, I tried to engage the good and kindly friar in French. To my question, "Do you speak French?" he promptly replied, "Alguno"—some—but straightway plunged into his native language. He spoke with pride of the past glory of Spain—when her caravels, bearing across the ocean some of the boldest and most striking of New World adventurers, returned to her shores laden with the gold and silver left slumbering for centuries in the mines of the New World. He was a beautiful type of the courteous, kindly and approachable old friar whose face was fashioned after his breviary, with more of heaven than earth in it, and happy when doing the things of God.

What a part the ancient city of Seville plays in the art life of Spain. To be the birthplace of Murillo, one of the world's great painters, should alone immortalize it. I would not say that Murillo is the greatest of Spanish painters, but he certainly ranks with the best. I think that in technique Velasquez not only surpasses all Spanish painters, but all other painters of the world. Many of Murillo's paintings are found scattered through the museums of Europe, notably in the Pinakothek of Munich, but if you would indeed



MADONNA WITH THE CHILD JESUS.
(CARLO DOLCI.)

know Murillo—make a study of his work—you should go to Seville. Here in the Cathedral and National Museum you will find much of his best work. The painting, however, upon which Murillo was at work when he fell from the scaffolding and injured himself so seriously that he returned to Seville to die, is in the Capuchin Church in Cadiz.

Of course, Murillo's Immaculate Conception is generally regarded as his masterpiece—though I must confess a warm admiration for his guardian Angel, which is in the Seville Cathedral. Very fine, too, is his St. Isidore, the patron saint of the city, which is also in the Cathedral.

I know of no city which in its life reminds me so much of Seville as Florence, in Italy. In both cities the artist found a life suitable in every way to the furtherance of his art. Touching this point in relation to Seville, Havelock Ellis says: "The artist in every field has always found at Seville a finely fibred and finely tempered human type, the like of which elsewhere in Europe is most sought in vain. Saints and sinners, grave or gay, there is for the most part a certain heroic and noble distinction about the great figures of Seville; the saints are gay and the sinners are grave; they have alike drunk extremely of the cup of life and—in the spiritual world it is also true—'les extremes se touchent.' In that, indeed, they are true Spaniards; but they preserve at the same time a fine measure and distinction in their way of taking life and in that they are true Sevillians."

The cathedral of Seville may certainly be classed among the great churches of the world. It is the largest of all Gothic churches and ranks next to St. Peter's at Rome in size. It was pretty badly damaged by the earthquake of 1888 and was closed for many years for repairs and restoration. It is more than five hundred years since Seville cathedral was planned. In 1401, the chapter resolved to build a basilica "so magnificent that coming ages should call them mad for attempting it." The cathedral, I understand, was designed by foreign architects, probably German, who took a century to complete the work.

You cannot spend even a few days in Seville and enter into the life of the people without feeling that the Moorish occupation of a large part of Spain for many centuries has left its impress

upon the character of the people. The very music played by the strolling musician upon the street conjures up the gay, light sunshine of northern Africa and Sicily and Southern Italy. All of which have been greatly influenced by the Moors.

The Sevillians are essentially a people of pleasure and courtesy. The women are quite charming, probably not as handsome as the romance of poetry makes them, but with their glorious eyes bespeaking their kindly hearts, and their soft complexions that need no art save the art of harmonizing with their mantillas that lend such charm to their faces, the typical Sevillian señorita is capable of playing havoc with any man though his hair be tinged with grey.

THOMAS O'HAGAN.

René Bazin: The Life Story of the Greatest of French Novelists.

PROFESSOR, lecturer, author, true patriot, and fearless Catholic—such is the great Angevin writer, M. René Bazin. Born in Angers, on December 26, 1853, he is to-day sixty years old. On the father's side he is descended from a family of Vendean feudal peasants, and on the mother's from a family of Parisian citizens. His paternal great-grandfather—Nicholas Bazin—was vassal to the Comte de Colbert Maulevrier. And when Stofflet—who was gamekeeper to the Maulevrier estates—led his Vendéans in their last brave throw for the hopeless royalist cause, he made Nicholas Bazin his lieutenant. On the maternal side he is descended from Francis Cheron, who was in the King's service at the French Theatre, from 1815 to 1825. Cheron was a dramatic author and royal journalist under the Revolution. Bazin's father was a lawyer. Retiring from the Bar, where he was a distinguished figure, he undertook the directorship of a large business house.

René Bazin's first years at school were spent as a day-boy at the College of Angers. Three years later he entered the little seminary of Montgayan, conducted by the secular priests. But his health failed, and the doctors ordered him to the country. So the lesson-books were closed for a time, and the great book of God's

beautiful universe laid open to the wondering child. The boy grew strong in the country, and learned to love, with the whole-hearted, chivalrous love of a child, the people and things he was one day to immortalize.

He says himself in the introduction to one of his books: "I worked little enough with 'De Viris Illustribus,' but I was learning what they do not teach; to see the indefinite world of things, and to see them living. Instead of having for a horizon the walls of a class-hall, I had the woods, the fields, the sky which changes with the hours, and the stream which changes with the sky."

He knew and loved the animals, the trees, the flowers, and, best of all, the stern, silent peasants. Slowly was the young heart being educated, and on the plastic brain of youth were these first impressions indelibly stamped. For Bazin has never once proved false to the loves of his youth, and the splendid peasants of his novels are the peasants of those boyhood days.

The child, bright of intellect, and wonderfully keen of observation, had, as might be expected, a love of the romantic. He read the works of Mayne Reid, and delighted to play the "wild man." To him the woods were an open book, and in every rock and tree and wild trailing vine, in every gem of dew and blade of grass, in all the beauties of the winds, the stars and the sea, his poet's soul saw the handwriting of God, and read the great message of nature. Lying among the rustling grass or dreaming on the long slopes, starred gold with wild, sweet flowers, the boy would listen to the wind whispering to him as it passed, all the secrets of her wild, restless heart. Boon companions of his were the trappers and keepers of wolves; and the thousand and one new ties and claims that are the natural sequence of time and are the heritage of the changing years, have not weakened for an instant the strong love the boy bore these brave, fearless—though it may be lawless—sons of the forest and moor. All vagabondia had a place in his heart.

Excepting his passionate love of nature, there was nothing extraordinarily precocious about the boy. In his boyhood he would listen for hours during the long winter evenings to the tales his parents told. No doubt, some of the dramatic instinct of her ancestor, Francis Cheron, of the French Theatre, was his mother's gift. And the

strong Celtic imagination of generations of virile Vendean forefathers must have spoken through his father. And the child, heir to the joint brain and heart of these two, would listen with heart-strings tuned to the brave tales of those stirring days.

He learned the life of the people from the inside and the conditions of labor, the result of this knowledge being seen in his great social novels, e. g., "The Rising Corn." He studied the manners and customs of the country, becoming thoroughly imbued with its spirit. All unknown to himself he was preparing for his great work. Every day was he learning a lesson and stamping on the tablets of his brain some fact that memory should call forth in after years. Knowledge and impressions, all were being gained and intertwined with it all—like a fragrant spray of wild creeper—all the freshness and sweetness of the country's breath. René Bazin, man of the world, and experienced beyond most men of his age, still preserves the spirit of his youth; and every line of his work breathes a freshness and delicate tenderness of spirit that belongs to youth and the simple and pure of heart alone. Some of his books are sad; but that is because they are true.

Growing strong, young Bazin once more resumed his studies, and from 1872 till 1875, studied for the Faculty of Law in Paris. He was very successful in his examinations, and, returning to his native city of Angers, studied for his Doctorate in the Catholic University there. He had not obtained his degree when he met and married, in 1876, Mlle. Aline Bricard. Bazin was then barely twenty and a half years of age. Two years later he was made professor of the Faculty of Law in the Catholic University of Angers—a position he occupied till some years ago. He practised for a few years in the civil, and afterwards in the criminal, courts; always devoted to literature, he wrote in his spare time. In 1880 he made his début in the world of letters, being then twenty-six years old. His first work was modest enough, being a preface to Joseph de Maistre's "Thoughts on France." Two years later he wrote his first novel, "Stephenette," but it was in no way remarkable, and was not received with any great éclat. His second novel, "My Aunt Giron," full of beautiful touches of his childhood, was very favorably received.

That was in 1886, and from that time forward Bazin has written steadily. In twenty-five years he has given us thirty volumes. Honors were showered upon him, and he is recognized to-day as the foremost living novelist in France. In 1896 he gained the Vitet Prize, and, on August 15, 1900, was invested with the Cross of a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor. On June 15, 1903, he was chosen by the French Academy to replace Ernest Legouye, and was received into the Academy by Brunetière, on April 25, 1904. Bazin has been lucky. The hard lot and bitter struggle of young and unknown writers were never his. He was not dependent on literature for his bread, and, consequently, was not driven to pander to any section of the reading public.

Bazin had not been writing long before he recognized that success lay in remaining true to the provinces he knew so well. And never once has he broken faith with or wavered in his love for those beautiful old historical parts of France—the very name of which breathes romance. And so we find in his novels the peasants of Bretagne, Anjou, La Vendée, and of the Landes. And Breton, Angevin, Vendean and hardy dwellers of the Landes, not one that is not drawn from life, with loves and hates and passions, often fierce and elemental. The intensely ardent love for the land and for the toilers of the earth that was his when a boy still burns in his heart, and the child of the soil is in every land a protégé of his. Fame has not made him forget the humble friends of his youth, nor his great learning led him to despise their ignorance. There is nothing small about René Bazin; nothing of fickleness or of falsehood. True as steel, his simplicity and purity of heart and his fine principles of honor are seen in every line he has written.

In reference to the "Marriage of Mlle. Gimel"—one of his new books—M. Bazin is reported as saying: "If I have held myself resolutely aloof from the society novel—which I might have done, perhaps, as well as another—it is because I desire to portray the sweetness, purity, and beauty of French family life, and not to perpetrate a gross libel upon it."

Knowing the influence the simple life must have on an author's heart, and, consequently, upon his work, he spends six months of the year in his beautiful residence of Rangeardières, some few miles from the city of Angers. His life is

a model of simplicity, and his sole work now is with books. The writer of to-day has forgotten the professor of former days. But, though the professorial chair knows him no more, he still retains his affection for the old Catholic University, and is a familiar figure on the roads that run between it and his beautiful home. Not that the ways of the city are unknown to him. In his great work, "Redemption," perhaps the most powerful social novel of the century, he shows a marvellous insight into one phase of city labor, and it would—had he never written another line—put him in the front rank of modern writers.

Bazin is a wonderfully versatile writer, and treats of every class. The scope of his pen embraces romance, the social novel, stories of travel, news, and essays, literary criticisms and history. He has travelled much, visiting most of the countries of Europe. Bazin is doing more for the Catholic youth of France than any living Frenchman. His lectures are like the man himself. Religion—the Old Faith—is the only hope for France, and bad as seems the outlook for that country, Bazin is optimistic. France, ruled by the Freemasons of Paris, is sound at the core, and once the great heart of the peasants wakes, the prodigal will come home once more.—*Catholic Press*.

Courage, be it reminded to us again and again, is the flowering of an old root, Cor ago—"Heart to do." The brave heart wastes no time moaning about the irremediable past, strong in the faith that "the best is yet to be," that better than what might-have-been can be, may be, shall be, please God!

Listen to the song-bird in your heart. It is not necessary to dig into the dark places of life and bring out its skeletons with their horrid, grinning faces. In every little secret corner of your life is it not true that good calls forth good? And what is the life of the world but a counterpart of the life of the individual? Shall we not rather show the beauty, the grandeur, of life, until the good rises to meet good, and evil and wrong sink back ashamed? For truth begets truth, honor begets honor, and it is deeper than mere surface things. It is the soul of life—the real instead of the false.

Niagara Rainbow.

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR

By the Students of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary in America.

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JANUARY, 1914.

Around the festival of the Nativity, with its glorious message, delivered now as of old in a burst of song, and of which the world, hard as it seems and steeped as it is in sin, never grows weary, centres the true meaning of life—a meaning that has given Christmas an imperishable place in the hearts of men. Through the changing years it rings out a clarion call to the highest spiritual hope, as it did to the shepherds of Bethlehem “when suddenly out of the dimness of the midnight sky flashed the radiant glory of the angels, and the silence of midnight was broken by their song.”

Entering into the spirit of this holy season, mindful of its significance, and treasuring every opportunity to avail ourselves of its innumerable blessings, let us hasten in spirit, with the unspeakable joy that filled the hearts of the lowly shepherds, to lay our gifts at the manger and give tribute of love and adoration to the new-born King.

*

A noted author and great priest has passed away—Canon Sheehan is dead!

The announcement of his passing has occasioned a sense of deep personal bereavement to

Loreto—at home and abroad—for the great Irish churchman was a life-long friend; and while prayer goes out for the strong and gentle human soul called to its reward, keen regret encircles the thought that the pen that turned ink to gold has ceased its earthly activity.

We shall evermore miss the direct message from the gifted author, which came as an encouraging illumination to the *sanctum*; the priceless friendship and close sympathy—the uplifting influence of inspired words!

Among the most treasured of our Christmas-tide gifts, a few years ago, was an autograph copy of “Lisheen”; on the fly-leaf of which is inscribed the following interesting legend from the pen of the author, in response to the query:

Why did you write “Lisheen”?

To show

The claims of brotherhood and kin;
The deep, broad streams of love that flow
In peers’ and peasants’ hearts,—the sin
Of broken, plighted vows,—the Fate
That follows over land and sea
On wheel and rudder, them that flee
The boundless bounds of the estate
Of Right and Law inviolate!
If Nemesis relentless be,
And Fate has seals of certainty,
The Spirit that has borne the test
Of Spirits ranks amongst the best,—
The bravest who aspire to be
The Bayards of Humanity!

P. A. SHEEHAN, D. D., P. P.

DONERAILE, Dec. 15, 1908.

A few years later, a copy of “The Intellectuals” was received, and, with the same gracious courtesy, inscribed:

Thunder of falling waters, and the spray
And rainbow mists above the mighty Falls—
Nature’s prophetic voices down the way
Where dream Loreto’s “Intellectuals.”

PATRICK AUGUSTINE SHEEHAN, P. P.

DONERAILE. Festo Sta. M. ad Nives, 1911.

Rest, eternal rest, to Canon Sheehan! We take melancholy pleasure in repeating the lines

he quoted in "My New Curate," as coming from the lips of Father Dan upon the occasion of Father Letheby's death:

"We have lost him; he is gone;
We know him now; all narrow jealousies
Are silent; and we see him as he moved,
How modest, kindly, all-accomplished, wise,
With what sublime repression of himself,
And in what limits, and how tenderly!"

*

"On the twenty-first of November," writes our correspondent, Loreto Convent, Joliet, "in anticipation of the ever-beautiful Feast of God's messenger of music—St. Cecilia—whose noble life is an inspiration to us all, the St. Cecilia Circle gave a most enjoyable entertainment in her honor.

Appropriately, the opening number was a hymn to St. Cecilia, after which the life of "The White Rose of Rome" was effectively given by five of the members. We were then transported to the sunny realms of music where, with the poet, we realized that "Music is the language of Heaven."

The programme consisted of a series of charming, well-rendered numbers—instrumental and vocal solos—and splendid choruses by the Circle.

This feast of music closed with the inspiring song, "The Dream of Paradise," and a quotation on music from each member. We were then ushered into the refectory, where a sumptuous banquet awaited us.

Suggestive of a royal good time were the merry chatter and friendly greetings that echoed through the room. Our efforts had been crowned with success, and we were hopeful that the future would demonstrate our continued earnestness in the work we wish to accomplish in our Circle."

*

We have received from Benziger Brothers, Publishers, New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago, "Roma," Pagan, Subterranean, and Modern

Rome, in Word and Picture, by Reverend Albert Kuhn, O. S. B., D. D. Published in 18 parts, bi-monthly, each part 35 cents, post-paid. Subscription by the year, entitling the subscriber to 6 parts, \$2.00, post-paid.

Dr. Kuhn's "Roma" presents Rome in its entirety and guides us with authority and a power of imparting knowledge that is clear to every one, through early Rome, the tombs of the martyrs, the palaces of the Popes, and also through those modern structures which the present age hopes are a means of winning a share of immortality.

"Roma" is the best and most thorough production of its kind. It comprises everything; it is clear in expression, written in a brilliant but popular style, with hundreds of splendid pictures, chosen with taste and executed masterfully.

In this work we follow the growth of ancient Rome from its foundation to the last West-Roman Emperor; we learn its religion, science, and art, its acme and decay. Then—as only a friend and connoisseur of classical lore can do—Dr. Kuhn explains and narrates and leads us through the ruins of the former Mistress of the World. He shows us her temples, basilicas, and huge *thermae*; he peoples for us her ruined theatres and amphitheatres; he takes us to a cruel combat of gladiators in the Colosseum, to the frenzied races of the circus; he marches us under splendid triumphal arches where once the *Cæsars* marched at the head of victorious troops; he shows us the huge arches of the aqueducts, the public gardens, with their statues, memorial columns, and the obelisks; he climbs with us to the Capitoline Hill, the Palatine, to Nero's "Golden House," and leads us through rooms in museums of Rome where the last fragments of ancient plastic art are preserved.

Then we descend into the city of the Holy Martyrs of our Faith—the Catacombs. The author describes these with special affection, draw-

ing his information partly from the best and latest authorities, and partly from many personal investigations. In a short but complete outline he tells of the rediscovery and new examination of this underground Rome, its origin and history. With renewed interest, we pass through the most celebrated streets, places, and temples. Excellent plans, cross-sections, and pictures aid us in getting an idea of the almost incredible extent of the city of martyrs. Then comes in detail the simple, venerable art of the Catacombs, forming a real pictorial catechism which convincingly shows that our Faith is that of the early Christians, especially our faith in the Resurrection, the sacrament of baptism, the Sacrifice of the Mass, the Holy Eucharist, and the primacy of St. Peter.

The third part introduces us to the structures of modern Rome, to the great artists who worked there, with the works of art they produced, the churches, the shrines, and especially St. Peter's and the Church of St. Paul, the art collections, the palaces, and public places.

It is an immensely rich picture unrolled for us. But it never tires or surfeits, for the author ever grasps the essentials, and describes them with clarity, warmth, and grace. The reader longs for more, and closes the work with a melancholy yet joyous feeling like that with which the pilgrim leaves the Eternal City itself.

He who means to visit Rome and wishes to derive the fullest enjoyment from his stay, should on quiet winter evenings peruse "Roma." He can not find a better guide.

He who has been to Rome and wants to live over his rich impressions and memories should read "Roma." It brings him into the very city.

*

"The Fairy of the Snows," by Reverend Francis J. Finn, S. J. (Benziger Brothers), 12mo., cloth, \$0.85 cents, post-paid.

After a period of literary inactivity covering twelve years, due to the calls of busy parish

life, Father Finn has again taken up his pen to give us another of his unequalled juvenile stories. His is still the charm and naturalness that characterized "Percy Wynn" and those companion books of Catholic school life that have kept our boys and girls enthralled for almost a generation. It is the author's kindness, cheerfulness, earnest sympathy, and idealism that endear Father Finn to his readers and in "The Fairy of the Snows" these shine forth as never before.

"The Fairy of the Snows" is a girl who stands out as a strikingly original character. Around her Father Finn has built a beautiful story that is intimate with the lives of God's and the devil's poor. Humor and pathos are found in every character—for the work is a faithful reproduction of actual life among the city's tenements.

*

"Life of Christ," by Reverend M. von Cochem (Benziger Brothers), 12mo., cloth, 50 cents, post-paid.

This is a devotional narrative of the life, sufferings, and death of Our Lord and Saviour. It was written over two hundred years ago, and that the book has been in constant use during this long time is sufficient proof of its merits. In the present edition the history of Our Lord is mainly given as narrated in the Gospels. Numerous pious legends, however, are also given. Though these are not articles of faith, they have been collected by devout, truthful, and intelligent writers, who have bequeathed them to us for our consideration. Christian people, for centuries, have been edified by them and have obtained from them more fervor of devotion.

*

"Veneration of the Blessed Virgin," by Reverend B. Rohner (Benziger Brothers). 12mo., cloth, \$0.50, post-paid.

The book gives a clear and concise exposition of the feasts, with the appropriate prayers, in honor of the Blessed Virgin, together with sketches of the Religious Orders and Confrater-

nities that have in any way promoted devotion to her. This book cannot fail to edify and instruct Catholics, and a perusal of its pages will prove interesting to those who say they can not understand devotion to the Blessed Virgin as taught in the Church of Christ.

*

"The Turn of the Tide," by Mary Agatha Gray (Benziger Brothers). 12mo., cloth, \$0.50, post-paid.

The success of Mary Agatha Gray's first novel, "The Turn of the Tide," has given her a place among the representative Catholic writers of to-day.

In this beautiful story of life beside the sea, the author blends the art of the teller of tales with the imagery of the poet. The tall white cliffs rear heavenward, the waves dash madly against the shore or lie placid under the moon's gentle light, the sail of the fisher-boat stands out against a cloudless sky. In quiet pools the life of the sea takes shelter, the seaweed is tangled amid golden sands; in the harbor black rocks jut up like the huge teeth of some threatening monster, showing where danger lurks, but somber forms steal out during the dark nights, on unlawful errands bent. It is a story of simple life, simply told, true. But there is a complexity in the weaving that will keep the reader in a state of uncertainty until the very end.

*

"The Light of His Countenance," by Jerome Harte (Benziger Brothers), \$0.50, post-paid.

Is one of the finest Catholic novels dealing with early Christian times since "Callista" and "Fabiola," and in human interest it may be said to excel even these masterpieces. It is the conviction of a Reverend critic that it excels the classic "Ben-Hur"; it is certainly a truer representation of early Christian conditions than Lew Wallace's great work, and it is permeated with the reverence due to Christ as God that many find lacking in the latter story. The author has

made good use of the love element. The story tells of the gradual influence the slave girl Merope, who worships the God of the hated Christians, has upon her young Roman mistress, Catula. The latter is in love with the pretorian prefect, Decius, whose duty it is to stamp out the despised followers of Christ. In this pursuit he finds it necessary to imprison Merope. Catula's sympathy is aroused and she announces her intention of becoming a Christian, though this would mean the sacrificing of parental affection, social position, and the loss of her lover. He, however, finds more inspiration in his bride-to-be, now that her character has undergone a softening process with her acceptance of the Faith, and as this places her on the threshold of death she becomes dearer to him. He, too, has become influenced by the sublime self-sacrifice displayed by the Christians, and, though it means certain death to both, he resolves to take the decisive step—and becomes a Christian. Through a strange decree of Emperor Trajan they are both exiled, and leave Rome—but together, and free to worship the God of their hearts forever.

*

"Dion and the Sibyls," by Miles Gerald Keon (Benziger Brothers). 12mo., cloth, \$0.50, post-paid.

We are told in the preface to the new edition of this classic novel that it comes into direct comparison with *Ben-Hur*. Both get their interest from the coming of the Saviour; in both, Rome and Jerusalem are the chief localities.

General Wallace's hero is a Jew; Keon's a young Roman noble. Both plots are fascinating, and the descriptions of historical places and personages, brilliant and scholarly; but *Dion* is richer in sentiment and sounder in thought.

Dion has passages unsurpassed in our literature. Of wonderful power are: The speech of the gladiator; the demons that served Piso's wife; the taming of the horse in the arena; the symposium before Augustus; the conveyance of

the treasure to Germanicus Cæsar; the rescue of Agatha from the power of Tiberius; the meeting with Christ and St. John; the dancing of the daughter of Herodias before Herod.

Strangely enough there is a remarkable likeness in the careers of the two authors. Keon, born in Ireland and educated at Stonyhurst, was a soldier with the French in Algiers, a lawyer, a writer, and, in his last years, a government official. Wallace was a soldier, afterwards a diplomat, and later a litterateur.

Ben-Hur lay long months untouched upon the publishers' shelves before men awakened to its beauty and power; and who that has read *Dion* will say that it has yet received a tithe of its measure of justice.

*

"Bond and Free," by Jean Connor (Benziger Brothers). 12mo., cloth, \$0.50, post-paid.

Jean Connor knows how to write a splendidly strong story. The descriptions stand out clearly and vividly, and leave a long-enduring impression on the mind. The characterizations in this book are also strong and well knit. The stage is full of people all the time, but each of the characters seems to possess his or her own strong individuality.

*

"The Little Marshalls at the Lake," by Mary F. Nixon-Roulet. 12mo., cloth, \$0.60.

This bright, interesting book is a sequel to "The Seven Little Marshalls" with whose automobile adventures, good times with their hail-fellow-well-met friend, "The White Knight," their adoption of the quaint Honor Jackson, their affection for their teacher, "Miss Azzie," we became acquainted, a few years ago.

Needless to say, they are still the same happy, care-free mischief-makers that they were when the author first introduced them to our Catholic children.

The story is of a typical Catholic American family, the father a self-sacrificing professional

man, the mother a lady of the old school, yet up-to-date—a mother who enjoys her children despite the cares and worries incident to their up-bringing; who has many occasions to weep, but who prefers to smile; who declares that her greatest joy is to see her children happy, and her greatest sorrow to see them suffer as a result of their own folly and not be able to help them.

*

"In Quest of the Golden Chest," by George Barton, Author of "The Mystery of Cleverly," etc. (Benziger Brothers). 12mo., cloth, \$1.15, post-paid.

This is an absorbing tale of real adventure—young, fresh, vital. The author of "The Mystery of Cleverly" has amply fulfilled the promise of his earlier work in his stirring recital of the hazards by land and sea encountered by the hero, Paul Parker, and his friends, Job Singleton and Jonah, the guide.

To the boy who loves the romance which broods over ocean pathways as well as the mysterious lure of tropical forests, a journey "In Quest of the Golden Chest" will fire his ambition to manly deeds—his sympathies will be enlisted upon the side of truth and justice, and his eager outlook upon life broadened and strengthened by this virile portrayal of romance.

Beginning with the death of his uncle, from whom Paul receives the Quest at the dying man's bedside, adventures multiply in a breathless succession of events, whose final solution takes place only at the very end of the story, and the character of Paul, in its rapid development from inexperienced youth to the sturdy self-reliance of incipient manhood, is very skilfully brought out.

In the sinister background Bill Rambo and his nefarious designs afford an effective foil for the loyal endeavors of Job Singleton, and the marvellous ministrations of Jonah, the negro guide, who may be said to be a sort of combination modern Man Friday and Admiral Crichton, who will

delight the generation of boy readers who are so fortunate as to read Mr. Barton's book.

*

"The Children of the Log Cabin," Henriette Eugénie Delamare (Benziger Brothers). 12mo., cloth, \$0.85, post-paid.

One of the great charms of Miss Delamare's writing is the naturalness of the characters she draws. Her mind has a keen insight into the motives that prompt the actions of the normal child, and her manner of expression is in entire consonance with the characters depicted, while she is careful never to overdraw the picture. For youngsters and the elder children "The Children of the Log Cabin" will furnish charming and instructive reading.

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"By The Blue River," by I. Clarke (Benziger Brothers). 8vo., cloth, \$1.35; post-paid, \$1.48.

This is a very originally-treated story, though dealing with the well-worn theme of a marriage between a high-principled, sensitive woman and a handsome, conscienceless, unscrupulous man whom she loves devotedly, and who loves her next—at some considerable distance—to himself.

The son of this couple is a clever, studious lad with one idea in life, that of one day becoming a Jesuit. In the squalid London lodging, where the father's misconduct has forced the mother and son to take refuge, the boy reads and broods over the "Life of St. Ignatius," his mind "thrilled over the romantic history of the soldier-saint." He sees "the brave Spaniard wounded and in anguish, and dreaming still of earthly conquest and worldly glory"; he also sees him "arise converted, and go forth to conquer souls instead of kingdoms." To David Amory "no one was so permanently real."

A considerable part of the action of the story takes place in Algeria, where Mrs. Amory has an estate—the *Domaine de L'Oued Zerqa*, or the Blue River, that gives its title to the book. Here

the deeply religious tendencies of David—destined one day to be a Carthusian—attract the attention of the Arabs, who bestow on him the name of the "Boy Marabout." The superstitious awe he excites leads to his being kidnapped and carried off to the palace of the Kaid, where determined efforts—including torture—are made to force him to renounce the Christian Faith. The episode is related with great dramatic skill and much beauty of expression.

The book is a very enthralling one, full of charm and interest, deeply religious in tone; full also of pathos, but with no trace of morbidity of sentiment; and the story holds the reader's interest from cover to cover.

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"Lives of the Saints." With Reflections for Every Day in the Year. Compiled from the "Lives of the Saints" by Rev. Alban Butler. To These Are Added Lives of the American Saints. Placed on the Calendar for the United States by the Special Petition of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore. 12mo., cloth, 406 pages, retail 50 cents.

This volume offers in compendious form the lives of many eminent servants of God, with reflections, forming, as it were, a book of daily meditations. There is no better book for fostering a spirit of piety than the "Lives of the Saints," and this edition, with its low price, clear and legible type, ought to be in every Catholic family. It must prove a welcome volume to both laity and Religious.

Are you the person who started the day with the intention of making it so full of good service and cheer, and ended it with a dull sense of failure? Perhaps the mistake lay in dreaming of some one big, glorious service, and while you gazed off in the distance in search of it, you passed by unheeding the little humble, needful things that would have filled your day with well-doing.

The Madonna in Art.

Sistine Madonna.

"Woman! above all women glorified,
Our tainted nature's solitary boast."

THE wonderful Mother of God! Sweet inspiration of the ages! All the noblest of earth bow lowly before her; poets have yielded their sweetest breath in immortal song for her praise; music that had charmed angelic choirs has rung unceasing praise. Still the future shows her bending to listen to sweet song snatches wafted from an adoring world.

But though the praises of muse and musician sound ever so rhythmic to the listening ear, what of the homage which strikes the eye, and pictures in glowing colours the Madonna, a living, breathing mother, smiling at her little son, adoring mutely his baby face, glorified with him lying in her arms! What of the gift that almost gives her life? Most worthy of all, one cries in sheer admiration of the cunning of the master hand, at whose bidding the vision sprung into life upon the canvas.

Of these so gifted, Raphael is the most famous. His Madonnas surpass others unconsciously, the wonderful simplicity and purity of thought portrayed in his pictures standing out unique. He painted many Madonnas from his budding years as an artist until death robbed his mature touch of its art. He had begun by depicting spiritual Madonnas, somewhat lacking in originality. Then came a reaction and naturalistic Madonnas were produced, when, having developed the mere beauty of woman to its highest, Raphael threw himself heart and soul into the greatest of all pictures of the Mother of God, the last canvas painted wholly by his hand, the world-famous Sistine Madonna.

A picture beyond all praise, silencing all extravagance of words, showing the Christ in His Mother's arms, the Child no burden but a part of her very being. Study the picture in closer detail. Two green curtains are drawn back, revealing the Child and His Mother borne up by clouds. The Virgin's right foot is advanced, and indeed, she appears to be walking directly forward. The Child is held high in her arms.

A slight wind blows her veil back and out. But here is no ordinary mother, no ordinary child; they gaze ahead, their eyes looking into the future. The Virgin's face is grave. She looks into the vista of the years, seeing vaguely the darkness of Calvary and the glory of the Resurrection; the Child, too, views His destiny unrolling dimly into the future, a look far apart from the mere infant in His eyes, the courage of the Godhead is there, accepting while fully comprehending the burden of man's redemption. St. Sixtus, on one side, gazes rapt at the mystery of the faces before him, while St. Barbara, on the other, averts her lovely face from the vision, her eyes dazzled by the splendour. Below, two cherubs lean on a balustrade, looking pensively upward into the glory ahead. A pretty legend says that these two were added by Raphael when, one day, he discovered two beautiful little boys gazing intently at his picture. Raphael's last inimitable touch shows itself in the background of angel heads dimly outlined, the divine Infant's heavenly body-guard.

Admiration is succeeded by wonder, wonder by awe. Still the Virgin moves forward holding the Babe in her arms, her feet timed to the rhythmic music of the spheres, sharing the secret of His sacred calling, the Mother bears her Son forth to meet His glorious destiny.

KATE CRAY.

LORETO ABBEY, TORONTO.

The Madonnas of the Italian Renaissance

As we study the wonderful art productions of the Renaissance, and note the great preponderance of religious subjects, particularly of the Madonna, we try to find a reason for the exalted achievements of this golden age of painting. Has not Marion Crawford given us, at least in part, a solution to the problem, when he writes: "The women had begun to care for artistic things much earlier and they had taught their children to care for them, and the result was a general tendency of taste to a higher level. Genius may be an orphan or a foundling, but taste is the child of taste. Genius is the crude,



MADONNA GRANDUCA.
(RAPHAEL.)

creative force; but the gentle sense of appreciation, neither creative nor crude, but receptive, is most often acquired at home and in childhood. A full-grown man may learn to be a judge and a critic but he cannot learn taste after he is once a man. Taste belongs to education rather than to instruction and it is the mother that educates, not the schoolmaster. . . . It took two hundred and fifty or three hundred years to develop the Renaissance, but what it produced in Italy alone has not been surpassed, and in many ways has not been equalled, in the four hundred years that have followed it." What "a halo of glory (rests) upon the brows of Italy's earliest, truest and tenderest painters!" And again he writes: "Nothing was done for effect, nothing was done merely for beauty's sake. . . . The great painters of the Renaissance appealed to men and to men's selves, whereas the great painters of to-day appeal chiefly to men's eyes and to that much of men which can be stirred through the eye only."

A list of those earnest men of the Renaissance Period, who have contributed immortal paintings of the Madonna to the art-world, is a lengthy one and includes the names of Gentile da Fabriano, Fra Angelico, Filippo Lippi, Filippino Lippi, Bellini, Cima, Perugino, Botticelli, Ghirlandajo, Carpaccio, Da Vinci, Luini, Fra Bartolommeo, Titian, Giorgione, Raphael, Del Sarto, Correggio, etc.

The Madonnas of Fra Angelico, (1387-1455)

In considering the countless paintings of the great artists, we are impressed by the number of beautiful Madonnas that have been given to the world, for admiration and inspiration, by those gifted souls.

Amongst the earliest and most beautiful of the Madonnas of the Renaissance period, were those of the saintly Fra Angelico, a member of the great Dominican Order, a religious of whom Vasari writes: "This Father, truly angelic, spent all his life in the service of God and for the good of the world and his neighbor."

Some of his most celebrated paintings of Christ's Mother are: "The Coronation of the Virgin" (Uffizi Gallery, Florence), "The Coronation of the Virgin" (Louvre, Paris), "The

Coronation of the Virgin" (San Marco, Florence), an "Assumption" (Boston), "The Virgin and Child with Saints" (Uffizi Gallery), "The Virgin and Child with Four Evangelists," "The Virgin and Child with Saints," and "The Annunciation" (Convent of St. Dominic, Cortona), "The Annunciation" (San Marco), "Adoration of the Magi" (Uffizi Gallery), "Adoration of the Magi" (London), "Adoration of the Magi" (San Marco, Florence), "The Flight into Egypt," "The Tabernacle Madonna" (Uffizi Gallery), "Madonna and Saints" (Fiesole), "Madonna and Saints" (St. Petersburg), "The Madonna and Angels" (The Vatican), "Madonna della Stella" (San Marco), "The Crucifixion" (Fiesole), "The Crucifixion" (Louvre, Paris).

Of these, the "Madonna della Stella," as one art critic says, "seems to epitomize the angelic Brother's choicest gifts."

The beautiful repose and grace in every line are characteristic of his brush. The light of Divine Love irradiates the beautiful face of the little Christ; as well as the sweet, girlish countenance of His Mother, but, with the love on her face, is mingled a certain pensiveness, as if already she pondered the terrible woes that must come to Him, Whom she now holds so tenderly in her tireless arms. Again and again, one's gaze returns from the magnificent frame, with its exquisite angels, to that marvellous central picture, realizing how true are these words of appreciation, "Fra Angelico's Madonnas are beings of unearthly beauty, and words fail to convey any idea of their ineffable loveliness and purity. . . . The drawing of the hands of his angels and Madonnas is most exquisite—charming in tender yet subtle simplicity of outline."

ELIZABETH REED, '14.

Bellini (1428-1516).

From a list of the Renaissance painters who devoted their best talents to producing ideal representations of Christ's Mother, we should not omit the name of Giovanni Bellini, whose long life extended from 1428 to 1516.

His enthroned Madonnas have won for him a lasting fame. The author of "Modern Painters" thus states his estimate of one of these, the

"Madonna of San Giobbo": "It is one of the greatest pictures ever painted in Christendom in her central art power."

The "Madonna of San Zaccaria" possesses a beauty which it would be difficult to surpass or even rival. The rich, graceful draperies attract one's first glance, but the eye quickly passes from one form to another, surrounding the throne—St. Jerome, St. Lucy, St. Catherine, St. Peter, the angel musician, seated at Our Lady's feet—and, finally, rests with complete satisfaction on the sweet, majestic countenance of the Immaculate Mother whose eyes seem to rest, in turn, upon us, with a reassuring expression.

Bellini's half-length portraits of the Blessed Virgin are numerous and well known to the world, both from the original paintings and from copies of these. The "Madonna between St. George and St. Paul," in the Venice Academy, is a good type of this style.

In nearly all of Bellini's Madonnas, there is a certain preoccupation observable in both Mother and Child. Has not the artist, by this means, suggested to us that their thoughts are already turned to the three far-off years of suffering they two must bravely pass through before heaven can be opened to a degenerate race?

LIMA MCCALL, '14.

Fra Bartolommeo.

Fra Bartolommeo, called in his boyhood, Baccio della Porta, was born near Florence, in 1475, and lived little more than two score years, his death occurring suddenly, in 1517.

When quite young, he assisted his master, Roselli, on a fresco in the Convent of St. Ambrogio, where the serenity of the cloister, the happiness and peace of its inmates, as reflected in their faces, and the sacred subject for the fresco, "The Miracle of the Sacrament," seem to have permanently influenced his youthful mind.

After entering the Dominican Order, in 1500, he devoted his life and his remarkable talent to the service of God and the Church. Not for the applause of the world but for the love of his ideal, did he labor over his art.

Bartolommeo excelled in both portrait and enthroned Madonnas. His splendid composi-

tions, such as "The Madonna Enthroned," which is in the Church of St. Martina, Lucca, and "The Marriage of St. Catherine" in the Pitti Gallery, Florence, which is considered his masterpiece, fascinate us not only by the beauty of the different faces, the perfection of the figures and the graceful attitudes, but by the perfect balance, rhythm and harmony, secured by the artist, apparently, with the greatest ease.

Of the many great paintings of the "Pietà" that at present exist, Bartolommeo's, which is in the Pitti Gallery, is the ideally delicate, the ideally beautiful one, the one of strongest appeal to those who can feel for a mother with the best of sons dead in her arms. In this painting, St. John, supporting the Sacred Body, gazes with unseeing eyes upon the ground, pondering the incomprehensible tragedy. The Magdalen lovingly embraces her Saviour's feet, while the Mother of Sorrows encircles with one arm the thorn-crowned head of her Son, and with the other supports His arm. Her chaste, delicate face is bowed above His brow and we seem to hear her say, as on the day of the Annunciation, "Behold the handmaid of the Lord; be it done unto me according to Thy word." Before this painting, the treasure alike of art and religion, who could fail to learn something of the great lesson of submission to God's Will?

HELEN FOX, '14.

Leonardo da Vinci (1452-1519).

"The most meritorious act that a man of talent can perform is to communicate his gift to others," was a sentiment expressed by Leonardo da Vinci, the greatest genius of the Renaissance, a man of prodigious versatility, whose attainments in the different departments of scholarship, painting, architecture and engineering, seem to us almost incredible.

Many of his original paintings have been lost or defaced by time, but from those that remain and from copies, cartoons and diary jottings, we can form an estimate of the excellent work he accomplished in painting alone.

His Madonnas are beautiful and command the attention and admiration due to the finished touches of a master hand.

"St. Anne with the Virgin and Child" has the familiar pyramidal arrangement. Against a



MADONNA AND CHILD.

wonderful background of indeterminate, shadowy mountains, we see the saint seated and on her knee the Virgin Mother, bending to her Divine Child, Who, standing beside them, winds His arms about the head of a lamb. In the faces of both mothers, there is a tenderness and a depth of maternal love, while over St. Anne's features, particularly, plays the mysterious smile so characteristic of Da Vinci's portraits. The Child looks up to His Mother with a bewitching smile.

"The Madonna of the Lily," although a simple portrait of Mother and Child, haunts us with its exceeding loveliness. Form, features, expression, hair, hands, Mary's charming attire—how we linger over each, and dream of the unspeakable beauty of the souls dwelling within those enchanting earthly forms!

What more delightful picture of mother-love and interest can we find than that of the "Madonna of the Rocks"? Mary, seated within a rocky grotto, has passed one arm about the little St. John but holds the other lovingly above her own all-perfect Boy, upon Whom she gazes meditatively, with the shadow of a smile upon her lips. A remarkable variety in facial expression is shown in the three exquisite faces of the children and the angel, grouped about the Madonna.

EUPHEMIA ROGERS, '15.

Titian (1477-1576).

Of the beautiful works of art, left us by Titian, who stands in the foremost place among the great painters of all time, we find several representations of her who has ever been an inspiring subject to sculptor, painter and poet alike.

In his "Madonna and Child Adored by Angels," the Mother is seated at the foot of a tree, over a branch of which a drapery falls, forming a rather novel background. Beyond the tree, in the far distance, there is a lovely landscape. The Infant slumbers on His Mother's knee, while she, with hands upturned and clasped, regards Him with adoring love, so rapt in Him, that she appears unmindful of the two glorious angels offering their homage.

Another most interesting and beautiful picture is his "Presentation of the Virgin in the

Temple," in the Academy, Venice. At the entrance to the temple, stands the high-priest, a venerable man with flowing beard. Near him are three attendants. Up the steps, the child, whom "all generations shall call blessed," bravely advances, quite alone and wholly unconscious of the gaze fixed on her by those above and below. The little figure is full of grace and dignity. Of how little interest to us seem the rows of columns, with their exquisitely carved capitals, the massive structure, the variety in faces and apparel, when we have once looked on this tender maiden, about to dedicate herself to God's service in the temple!

"The Madonna of Pesaro" is a magnificent painting, possessing a certain historic value. The Virgin Mother, enthroned before one of two gigantic pillars, leans graciously to hear the prayers of the suppliants about her throne. At a distance above her, and between the two columns, is a mass of clouds on which are two angels with a cross, to commemorate the Crusade in which Pesaro took so important a part.

"The Entombment" shows us Mary, grief-stricken but heroic, wistfully gazing on the marred beauty of her All-holy Son.

A more divinely-inspired painting than that of "The Assumption," by this great master, could not well be imagined. We behold in it a choir of angels bearing upward from earth the glorified Mother, in whose face is an ecstasy of love and bliss. The Eternal Father descends to meet her; an angel holds the crown with which to adorn her fair brow, and, beneath, the apostles gaze yearningly towards her, their strong support, now leaving them for those celestial realms.

DOROTHY SOUTHER, '14.

Raphael's Madonnas.

Italy, the home of beautiful thoughts, beautiful works and beautiful souls, has an inexhaustible fund of greatness. She has excelled in the fine arts, and, when we think only of her paintings, we pause to wonder over the prodigious work accomplished by her fifteenth and early sixteenth century artists.

Raphael, the most beloved and, by many, considered the greatest of painters, lived but thirty-

seven years (1483-1520) and, notwithstanding this fact, his magnificent paintings are well-nigh innumerable. He was a student under the famous Perugino; in a short time, however, he surpassed his master, who, from the first, had appreciated Raphael's rare gifts.

Of all the exquisite subjects that attracted the exalted mind of this young artist, the Madonna was his favorite, and he is said to have painted, in the course of his brief life, a hundred pictures of this divine Queen. One has but to look at any one of these to realize that Raphael's noble efforts to represent the glorious Virgin, in a manner that would make her better known and loved, were crowned with the sublimest success.

In one of the simplest of these productions, known as "The Granduca Madonna," a half-length portrait, a beautiful young Mother is represented, holding the sweet, earnest-faced Christ-Child in her arms. "La Belle Jardinière," "The Madonna in the Meadow," the "Madonna dell'Impannata," "The Madonna of the Goldfinch," "The Madonna Casa Diotalevi," "The Madonna della Tenda," all portray the charming group—Virgin Mother, Child Jesus and St. John. In each case, there is evinced the Mother's loving interest in her Divine Son and His chosen precursor, but the "Madonna of the Goldfinch" has a surpassing loveliness that seems to place it first among those just enumerated.

In his beautiful "Madonna of the Fish," Raphael has represented the Divine Child in the arms of His Mother, who is seated on a throne. One little hand the Infant extends towards the Angel Raphael, who has brought the young Tobias to Him, and the other is laid on an open book, held by St. Jerome. The Mother's eyes rest tenderly on the boy, who carries a fish in his hand and is supported in a half-kneeling position by the angel. The contrast between youth and age is most effective in this picture. "The divine painter showed that he knew the heart of a mother and the love of a son; that he appreciated the majesty of age and the heavenly beauty of the angels."

Raphael's "Madonna della Sedia" gives us one of his loveliest conceptions of the Mother of Christ. Gazing on this ideal and beautiful group, there springs up within the heart a loving

reverence akin to that expressed in the face and attitude of the little St. John in the picture.

His famous "Sistine Madonna" is regarded by *connoisseurs* as the greatest picture in the world. Not at a first glance, nor even after years of art study, could one wholly appreciate the wealth of beauty and feeling in this immortal picture. The soft, rich curtains are looped back gracefully on either side to reveal the Madonna advancing upon the clouds—the calm, heroic Christ-bearer. Pope Sixtus appears, looking up with reverent but inquiring gaze. At the other side, St. Barbara humbly averts her face, as if all-unworthy to behold again this glorious vision. Two cherubs, in perfect repose, at the base of the picture, seem lost in happy contemplation.

What higher praise could be bestowed on this marvellous painting than this, by one who has made a comprehensive and sympathetic study of the world's masterpieces: "The Sistine Madonna" is above all words of praise; all extravagance of expression is silenced by her simplicity. Hers is the beauty of symmetrically developed womanhood. . . . Not one false note, not one exaggerated emphasis jars upon the harmony of body, soul and spirit. Confident but entirely unassuming; serious but without sadness; joyous but not to mirthfulness; eager but without haste; she moves steadily forward, with steps timed to the rhythmic music of the spheres. The Child is no burden, but a part of her very being. The two are one in love, thought and purpose. Sharing the secret of His sacred Calling, the Mother bears her Son forth to meet His glorious Destiny."

FLORANCE PETERSON, '13.

Andrea del Sarto (1486-1531).

Andrea del Sarto, styled by his contemporaries "the faultless painter," has left amongst his many fine art-pieces some celebrated pictures of the Madonna. In one, "The Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin" (Pitti Gallery), the sky and two great buildings with fine arches form a pleasing background. In the foreground, at one side, Mary stands, holding in one hand a book closed upon a finger inserted between the leaves, while with the other, slightly upraised, she expresses by this single gesture, rather than by her coun-



MADONNA OF THE HARPIES
(ANDREA DEL SARTO.)

tenance, the awe she experiences in the presence of the heavenly messenger, whom the artist has placed at the other side of the picture, kneeling with hand uplifted in salutation and bearing a lily, the emblem of his own purity and of that of her whom he addresses. Behind the archangel, are two other celestial visitants with strikingly beautiful faces and hands. The Blessed Virgin, though much older than in most paintings of this mystery, has beauty of feature and grace of form, but we miss from the countenance a certain soulfulness, without which, no true fascination exists in the human face.

In the Uffizi Gallery, Florence, may be seen his masterpiece, the "Madonna di San Francisco," or, as it is frequently called, from the ornamentation on the pedestal, "The Madonna of the Harpies." The Virgin Mother with the Babe in her arms, is attended by St. Francis, St. John and two lovely cherubs. The figures are, as in all his pictures, perfectly drawn, and the graceful draperies, the rich coloring, the intermingling of light and shade merit the highest praise; the one disappointment comes in the lack of that tenderness, nobility and spirituality which the great masters are wont to depict upon the faces of their Madonnas.

MARGARET FOLEY, '14.

Correggio's Madonnas.

In the paintings left by Antonio Allegri da Correggio, who lived from 1494 to 1534, there is a perfection in form and coloring, in light and shade effects, that entrance the beholder.

A favorite subject for the brush of this gifted artist was the Madonna. At the early age of nineteen, he painted for a monastery, built to the honor of St. Francis, in Correggio, his native town, the beautiful "Madonna San Francisco," now in the Dresden Gallery. The Virgin Mother, holding her Divine Child on her knee, is seated upon a lofty and highly ornamented throne. With hand outstretched as if in blessing, she looks down, with a benign expression, on St. Francis, whose upturned face expresses love and reverence for this gracious Queen. The Christ-Child has His tiny hand, likewise raised, as though imparting a benediction. Be-

side St. Francis, stands St. Anthony, while on the other side, are St. John the Baptist, and St. Catherine. Two cherubs float above the Madonna, one at either side, and the upper arch is filled with angels' heads.

Another of his early, but enduring works, is the "Madonna of the Rabbit," so called from the rabbit which he painted in one corner of the picture. His "Madonna with St. George" and "Madonna of St. Sebastian" are both unspeakably beautiful. In the latter, the sweetness and benignity of the Mother and Child, as they look down on the dear martyr, in his agony, seem to render him forgetful of his torture and he raises to them a calm, brave face, in which are read his love and loyalty.

Two of his simplest, yet most attractive, pictures of Christ's Mother are the "Madonna and Child" and "Madonna della Scala." In each is portrayed tenderest mother-love and a delightful responsiveness on the part of the Divine Babe.

In the mystic "Marriage of St. Catherine," the expression on Mary's face is one of loving interest, as she holds St. Catherine's hand to receive the pledge of sublime union from the baby hand of the Emmanuel.

"The Assumption of the Virgin" and "The Coronation of the Virgin" might both contend for first place amongst his representations of the peerless Queen; however, his "Holy Night," which has been called in our day, "The world's greatest Christmas picture," is considered his *chef d'oeuvre*. One looks at this picture and marvels at the light emanating from the newborn King. His Mother had cradled Him in her arms, supported on the rude bed of straw, and now gazes adoringly upon Him. Wonder and holy joy beam from the faces of the midnight guests, human and angelic. Beyond St. Joseph, in the background, can be seen the hill over which the first rays of dawn are streaming.

As we turn from one glorious work to another, executed by this master hand, we cannot fail to be charmed by the serenity and happiness depicted on the various faces, as if the artist wished to teach the great lesson of gladness to a world too full of woe.

MARGARET BAMPFIELD, '14.

LORETO ACADEMY, NIAGARA FALLS.

Spanish Art.

Murillo (1618-1682).

John La Farge has said: "One of the many reasons why religious art has given so many masterpieces is an apparent contradiction. It is that the subject has been used before, is very well known and has been the source of complete successes. On that account comes the desire to sing the old song again in newer meters, and another success is added from the very difficulty of the conditions."

One of the sweetest of these old songs and one which artists love to repeat is the Madonna.

The pictures of Our Lady may be divided into two classes: the devotional, which illustrate the doctrines or teaching of the Church; and the historical or those which portray the actual scenes in the life of the Mother of Christ. It is interesting to study the development of the portrayal of the Madonna, from the first rude carvings on the tombs in the Catacombs, on through the ages, until we come to the unequalled masterpieces of the Italian and Spanish artists of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

The children of the Church in Spain have ever been devoted to Our Lady, and, in the early ages, Spain and her colonies were placed under the protection of the Immaculate Conception. It is not unusual, even at the present day, for Spaniards to use the salutation, "Ave Maria purissima," the response being "Sin peccado concebida." In 1617, Pope Paul V. issued a Bull confirming the Dogma of the Immaculate Conception. This was received in Seville with great rejoicing and public celebration. Three months afterwards, in this same city, was born Bartolomé Esteban, the painter *par excellence* of the Immaculate Conception. According to a Spanish custom, he assumed his mother's name, by which he is familiar to us—Murillo.

He was the national painter of a country where all sentiment was still merged in the one sentiment of religion, and he is known to have painted very little, if anything, which was not of a religious nature. His life was pure and happy, only lacking that intangible something which comes from having suffered much. He loves to bring the sacred truths near to us, to show us the Divine all about us in our lives. The Ma-

donnas he has painted are numberless. He is said to have been the first of the great artists to reach out after American dollars, and many of his paintings are found in the churches of Mexico and South America.

His earlier Madonnas are what might be called commonplace, as there is nothing to distinguish them from pictures of beautiful women, posing in imitation of Our Lady. Among them may be mentioned a "Madonna and Child" in the Louvre; a "Mater Amabilis," "Apparition of the Virgin to St. Bernard," in the Museum in Madrid; "The Virgin of Seville," now in the Louvre; a "Madonna and Child" in the Pitti Palace, and another in the Corsini Gallery, Rome.

But the Virgin of his "Conceptions" is ideal. "Spotlessly pure, full of grace and repose, exquisite in refinement and delicacy, her hands folded on her breast and her sweetly serious eyes raised in prayer, a fitting companion for the angels about her."

Shortly after the publication of the bull of Pope Paul V., a Franciscan monk had a vision of the Immaculate Conception in sleep. From what he saw, he laid down rules for the representation of this subject in art, as previous to this time, no pictures of the Immaculate Conception had been painted in Spain. In general, his rules have been followed; the Virgin is very young, her hair golden, her robe white, and her mantle blue; the angels near her bear roses, lilies and palms; she stands on the moon, wears the starry crown, and the vanquished dragon is beneath her feet; her cincture or girdle is that of the Franciscans.

Murillo adhered to the colors prescribed for the drapery; he varied the tint of the hair and often omitted the cord of St. Francis. He never omitted the moon, but it was sometimes full rather than crescent, and he pointed the horns upward, while Pacheco directed them to point downward, and he usually omitted the starry crown, but his pictures are so lovely that he is never accused of being unorthodox.

He painted this picture twenty-six times and never repeated himself, although the differences are sometimes slight. Perhaps the best known of these are "The Immaculate Conception," in Madrid, "The Immaculate Conception," in the



IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.
(MURILLO.)

Louvre, and "The Virgin of the Mirror," in the possession of the Earl of Northbrook, London. This last receives its name from the fact that one of the angels is holding a mirror, perhaps to symbolize the title, "Mirror of Justice."

Some critics take these pictures to be the representation of the Assumption, but it is more likely the idea of the artist was to represent the Immaculate Virgin as conceived in the mind of God "before the world was," as we read in the Epistle for the Feast of her Nativity. The following lines from Aubrey de Vere are a most sympathetic and suggestive interpretation of the true beauty and inspiring qualities of the matchless picture in the Louvre:

"'A sign was seen in heaven; a Woman stood,
Beneath her feet the moon.' That waning moon
'Neath yonder pictured apparition curved,
Is Time there dying with his dying months;
The Spirit showed that vision to Saint John
Exiled in Patmos Isle. The best beloved
Deserved such solace best.

She stands in heaven;
Not yet the utmost mountain peaks of earth,
Forth from the hoary deep unlifted still,
Have felt her foot's pure touch. A cloud from
God,
On streaming like a tide, thus far hath borne
her
To the threshold only of the house of man,
Angelic heads and wings beneath her gleam,
And lily and rose and palm. Her knee is bent;
Her moon-like face is tearful with great awe;
Her universe is God, and other none;
Piercing all worlds, her gaze is fixed on Him,
She waits His will supreme.

* * * *

The painter's hand
Wrought well. Yon robe glitters, a pearl of
dawn:

Yon purple scarf, blown back by her advance,
Is dark with dew and shades of vanquished
night;

The raised hands, upward pointing from that
breast,

Are matutinal with some heavenlier beam
Than streaks our east. That sunless mist be-
hind her

Wins but from her its glow.

Oh, young fair face—
For though that form to maiden-graciousness
Hath reached, the face is maiden less than
child,

Or both in one, an earlier mystery,
Precursor of that Maiden-Motherhood
Which blends two gifts divine. Child-Prophet
soft—

What thoughts are hers? He only knows who
sends them.

From Him they come; to Him once more
ascend.

Child-Prophet sad; feels she the destined
weight

Of crown and sceptres, and the wide earth's
praise,

Honoring earth's humblest? She that would
be nought,

Must she be Queen of all?

Not yet; not yet;

Ere comes that day she must be Queen of
Woes.

This, this is the beginning, not the end;

A world redeemed must be a world sin-marred:
That world as yet exists not. This is she
Through whom, though man had never fallen,
his God

Then, too, had dwelt with man—so taught the
Seer—

Not victim, but triumphant. Sleep, O Eve,
Thy Daughter's foot—yon picture veils, yet
shows it—

Thy Daughter's foot, 'the Woman's,' the Fore-
told,

Whose sacred Seed, 'the Woman's Seed,'
through her

Shall bruise the serpent's head, not yet sub-
dues it:

Not yet that moon she treads hath gazed on
guilt.

* * * *

Child of Heaven,

The First-born, save thy Son, in those decrees,
The Elect, the Immaculate, the Full of Grace
Which, for that Son's sake, fenced thee from
His foe;

Foam-born from seas of sanctity alone;

Tested in all the sanctities of God,

And borne—that six days' work as yet un-
wrought—

Above the heaving crests of things to be,
 A Gift predestined, but a Gift reserved;
 Say, must that foot which treads yon waning
 orb,
 Descend one day to earth? It will not catch
 Her taint; but where it treads, those other feet
 Will leave ensanguined prints—the Feet of
 God."

M. G. A.

LORETO ACADEMY, SAULT STE. MARIE, MICH.

Our Lady of the Wayside.

One of the most ancient paintings of the Mother of God, attributed to the Latin brush, is that of "Our Lady of the Wayside." Very little is known of the origin of this picture, but there is undisputable proof that it dates from the fifth or sixth century. This beautiful piece of art was once a mural decoration. The portion of the wall upon which the picture is painted is unquestionably the work of the ancient Romans.

The painting represents the Blessed Virgin holding the Infant in her arms. One hand of the Child is uplifted in benediction, the other grasps a book. A star rests on the right shoulder of the Virgin. The sweet, tender smile of the Madonna seems to reassure all who invoke her that she will "guide their faltering footsteps to Heaven," as the star also signifies.

The title of "Our Lady of the Wayside" is, no doubt, due to the fact, that the painting was originally in a shrine upon one of the streets of Rome. In the twelfth century a pious Roman family, by the name of Astalli, erected a church in which the picture was preserved and honored. The church became known as St. Mary's of the Astalli.

Among the many devout suppliants who knelt at St. Mary's shrine, was St. Ignatius of Loyola, who, in the year 1523, came as a pilgrim to Rome. For hours the saint knelt in prayer, his dark eyes fixed with loving devotion on the tender face of the Virgin Mother,—and surely amongst the numerous clients who were gathered around, there were none whose hearts throbbed with more ardent and filial love than that of the hero of Pampeluna, Mary's most loyal son. On his return to Rome, in 1537, he, at once, hastened to pour forth his prayers be-

fore the beloved picture, and, after his ordination, he said Mass daily at the altar of the Shrine. Through his fervent prayers and patient waiting he gained possession of it for the Society of Jesus. It is now in the Church of the Gesù, considered one of the most beautiful churches in Rome.

Many saints have knelt before this miraculous picture—St. Francis Borgia, St. Francis Xavier, St. Aloysius and numerous others. A holy calm and heavenly peace reigns in this sanctuary of Our Lady, and those who pray there experience intense spiritual sweetness; it is as if they were kneeling at the very steps of Mary's throne. It is commonly remarked in Rome that at no other shrine in the city is such devotion felt as at that of the "Madonna della Strada."

"Lady of the Wayside!

Our way is rough and long,

Howe'er we may beguile it

With prayers and holy song.

Your loving smile, dear Mother,

Will turn our night to day.

O Lady of the Wayside!

Watch o'er us on our way."

DOROTHY HUGHES, '15.

LORETO ACADEMY, WOODLAWN, CHICAGO.

Through the proper use of time, the wonders of the world, the marvels of art and science, the splendors of literature, have been wrought. Nevertheless, we sit waiting for to-morrow to bring us a boon, though we are looking over one in gazing beyond the present hour, rich in abundant possibilities.

It is not the seeing one's friends, the having them within reach, the hearing of and from them, which makes them ours. Many a one has all that, and yet has nothing. It is the believing in them, the depending on them, assured that they are true and good to the core, and therefore could not but be good and true toward everybody else—ourselves included. Aye, whether we deserve it or not. It is not our deserts which are in question, but their goodness, which, once settled, the rest follows as a matter of course. They would be untrue to themselves if they were insincere or untrue to us.



MADONNA DELLA STRADA.

The Institute of Mary in Many Lands.



Loreto Training College, Albert Park,
Melbourne, Australia.

ON Friday morning, His Grace Archbishop Mannix, accompanied by Very Reverend Dean McCarthy, V. G., paid a visit to the Loreto Training College, Albert Park. There were also present—The Very Reverend Prior Kindelan, O. C. C., Reverend R. Collins, Messrs. D. Slattery and W. L. Bowditch, M. A., and representatives of the Catholic weekly papers.

His Grace first inspected the junior and senior day-school pupils, and gave them each a complicated puzzle to unravel, which caused much interest and merriment.

The Trainees at Work.

After inspecting the kindergarten classes of the college, and expressing pleasure at the manner in which they have been taught by the nuns, His Grace proceeded, with the rest of the visitors, to the class rooms, where a very interesting lesson was given by Miss Honor Bell.

Mr. Bowditch, M. A., who is a visiting master (Mathematics) at the college, in explaining the curricula, said:

We are gathered together to see some of the regular work of the Training College. The week's work, for the greater part of each term, includes four or five hours of lectures daily. A demonstration lesson and a criticism lesson are given once a week. One whole morning is devoted to visiting other schools for the purpose of observation, and one day is given up to teaching practice by the students. This morning it is proposed that a criticism lesson be given, followed by a display of kindergarten work, carried on by the students. The criticism lesson is a specially prepared lesson given by one student

in the presence of the others. It is the duty of the latter to follow the method of the lesson carefully, and write notes on it. The notes are then read and discussed, if necessary. The critics are required to look for good as well as weak points. Where fault is found, the students are required to criticise constructively—i. e., to suggest improvement. These suggested improvements may, in turn, be criticised by the others. The supervisor then sums up the points of method of the lesson, and uses it later as an illustration in lecture work. The advantage of such lessons is that each derives as much benefit as if she had given it. The lesson chosen for to-day is the Valley of the Ganges, and the teacher is Miss Honor Bell. A few words on kindergarten may not be out of place here. The kindergarten is designed for children who are too young for formal school work, but whose senses are opening, and who are so susceptible of impressions. It aims at developing them morally, mentally, and physically, by means natural to them—i. e., by play, but play organized for the purpose. The kindergarten shows more clearly than the higher work the principles which underlie all educational work. The children handle, touch, and see and hear; their work is concrete, and is associated with the children's life—e. g., they are taken on visits to parks and gardens and to the tradesmen's workshops. These visits give meaning to the songs and games and occupations which are always grouped around a central idea or interest. The physical development of the children is also provided for, the plays and occupations being arranged to develop, first, arm muscles; then, later, the finer muscles and nerves, by modelling, brush-drawing, weaving and sewing. This morning, some of the children from the Catholic Free Kindergarten, Bank Street, have been brought over, and we are to see some of the students assisting in the morning's work, while others are engaged in the manual occupations of the kindergarten. We must ask Your Grace to come into another room, as the space here is not sufficient.

The following are the outline notes of the lessons: Subject: The Valley of the Ganges. Time: 40 minutes. Class II.: Average age, 13 years. Preparation: A brief introduction to prepare children's minds to realize the work of

the Ganges and its influence on the people of India. Presentation: Children, with teacher, trace course and tributaries of river. Children led to deduce nature of soil, climate, products, and hence position of towns, density of population, reverence of people for river. Association: Compare work of Ganges with that of Nile, Mississippi and Rhine. Generalization: The Ganges, like the Nile, Rhine, etc., has had great influence on the destiny of a people.

The Lesson Criticised.

After Miss Bell had concluded the lesson, the trainees, who had followed it throughout, took the pupils' places, and were each asked to furnish a report, and give suggestions on the lesson. One of the nuns elicited their replies, which gave evidence of careful thought and keen attention while the class was under instruction by Miss Bell. The same nun also gave the trainees her own criticism of the lesson, and the mode of conveying instruction to the best profit and advantage of the pupils.

Free Kindergarten, Bank Street.

Subsequently, the Free Kindergarten, from Bank Street, South Melbourne, was put through some exercises. Much interest was taken in the work to which the little folk were put, such as sloyd work, modelling, etc. They seemed to fairly bask in the lessons, thanks to the kind, sympathetic manner in which their devoted teachers supervised and directed their tiny fingers. The past pupils look after this truly charitable work, and the nuns meet the mothers at stated times, such as is done under the direction of the English Hierarchy in London, Southwark, and other dioceses.

His Grace and the visitors expressed much pleasure and delight with their visit, which occupied about three hours. It may be added that this Institution is doing good work for the cause of Catholic education in preparing those who will take charge of the Catholic schools as time goes on.

Those who were privileged to be present, last Friday, to witness the criticism lesson and the kindergarten display—just a little sample of the regular work of the college—were struck by the splendid thoroughness, and yet simple, quiet unconsciousness of all those who took part in these

lessons. It was in itself an education to behold the scene.

Now, the teaching profession is a natural and suitable one for many girls, and here is a college open to Catholics and non-Catholics alike, at the same cost as that of the State. I feel quite sure that were the people of Victoria aware of the unique opportunities offered by this unrivalled Institution, its numbers would be doubled.

W. L. BOWDITCH, M. A.

A Tribute to the Memory of the Late Very Reverend Canon Sheehan.

"A TRIBUTE to the Memory of Very Reverend Canon Sheehan" was the subject of the November entertainment given by St. Ursula's Literary Association of Loreto Academy, Chicago, Ill. The dainty souvenir programmes were a combination of itemized numbers and apt quotations, which threw light on each selection. The first of these: "Behold a great priest who in his days pleased God," prefaced the sketch of Canon Sheehan's life, which was read after the introductory "Hymn to St. Cecilia." This was followed by Reverend J. B. Dollard's beautiful "In Memoriam," from which were quoted the words:

"Sheehan is dead—is dead!
And Doneraile is desolate!
All these his shadow-friends
Shall weep with Doneraile!"

The prelude to the "Book Reviews" was the prophetic assurance:

"Let none with tears my funeral grace, for I
Claim from my works an immortality."

The senior pupils then delighted all with their intelligent and interesting reviews of "Glenanaar," "The Blindness of Dr. Gray," "My New Curate," "Geoffrey Austin," "The Triumph of Failure," "The Intellectuals," "Luke Delmege," "Under the Cedars and the Stars."

A dramatized scene from "My New Curate" was very successfully carried out. "Mrs. Darcy" was personated in realistic fashion, "Fr. Lethaby," "wid' his gran' accent," was a striking contrast, while the rôle of "Daddy Dan" was assumed with all the benevolence of the original.

"Flowers From His Garden" was a very pretty number, consisting of selections from "Under the Cedars and the Stars," the substance of which was given on the programme in the following order: "Who is the watchman of the flowers?" "Life is for work, not for weeping." "Idealism is the land of dreams." "Music is the 'Lost Chord' that has strayed hither from heaven." "The voice of nature is the voice of loneliness." "Like his own skylark, Shelley never leaves the clouds." "The great men of our age are unknown." "Summer twilights are supremely melancholy." "The night cometh—Non omnis morior." From the same work was chosen an irresistible recitation, entitled "The Robin," and prefaced by the tribute: "But hark! that ripple, that cascade of silver sound, as if from the throat of an angel!"

Canon Sheehan's versatile accomplishments enabled him to offer a selection to even the musical portion of the programme. His song, "The Emigrant's Return," was a much-appreciated number. It was difficult to select a quotation for the programme, as every line of this charming song is filled with beauty and pathos. The nature descriptions, however, were summarized in the lines:

"Is the gorse quite as golden, the meadows as white

With the daisies and clover and wild bees a-humming?

Are the buttercups lifting their chalices bright?"

Canon Sheehan's poetic talent was shown to great advantage in the selections which closed the programme. "In the Mart" was recited by the Juniors with depth of feeling. One group represented the merchants with their sordid cares, another told the story, while the Poet uttered the sweet words:

"Alas! . . . I have but a song—

A song for birds and clouds and skies;
For the nimble shapes that leap and throng
The mirrored lakes of the children's eyes.

I have nought you would value; they're idle words,

Unless they sink in a certain soil.

What would you, grey-beards, with trill of birds?

With songs of streams, O ye sons of toil?"

From the poem to "The Dreaded Dawn":

"Ismene! we walked the sands together,
And I was winter and you were May,"

to the closing lines

"I was face to face with the dreaded dawn,"

all were interested in the pretty story and its charming interpretation. "The Voyage" was a fitting ending to the memorial programme, and the lines chosen as the key-note of the poem were pathetically suggestive of Canon Sheehan's own voyage to the shores of Eternity:

"We glide from out the mists of time. . . .
But when? No mortal may ever tell. . . .
Ere the dusk had vanished, the midnight fell."

CLASS RECORD.

WOODLAWN, November 25, 1913.

"V. V.'s Eyes."

WHAT could be more unusual, involve more and arouse one's curiosity of all that is involved, than the very quaint title of "V. V.'s Eyes"? No matter to what height our imagination has soared, I believe we will find this book of Mr. Harrison's a fit counterpart of our "thought pictures,"—and a pleasant surprise.

The story opens with the description of two houses, exactly opposite, yet linked together by a strange destiny. One the "Dabney House," a dilapidated old house of one time repute, situated in an undesirable portion of town, yet inhabited by people,—although of the lower class, in wealth of material value,—yet enjoying the very quintessence of wealth in the richness of goodness and truth. Here we find our hero.

In exact contrast is the house of "Heth," situated in the exclusive residential district,—beautiful and pretentious, and the fitting abode of a family of distinction and wealth. Here we find our heroine.

The two characters of different mould, dif-

ferent stations in life, hence, different environment,—separated by a gulf impassable,—yet—

Dr. Vivian, a lame young doctor, and an idealist, takes John the Baptist for his model, and makes himself a person of great renown, not only among his "charity patients" but among all with whom he comes in contact. Can we wonder at this when we learn that V. V. finds good in everybody, and is the possessor of a pair of deep, soulful eyes, that act as the conveyer of such thoughts as "They are all good," "They mean well."

In Carlisle, we find a character widely different; an only child,—pampered and admired, beautiful and sought after, and a girl, who, strengthened by the common attitude of her friends has developed selfishness as the predominating trait in her character. In other words, her thoughts and desires have always been, are, and seemingly will continue to be centered around the all-important "ego." We wonder not that with such a character as a sustainer, this girl falls short at the one important moment, and allows selfishness to prevail. One word of truth would have saved "poor Jack's" reputation, and probably his life, yet that one word of truth, which was not her own to reserve, was withheld.

"Cally," as she is known to her friends, is spending an "out of season" week-end at the beach, in company with her mother, with the one important object in view,—viz., to confront the very eligible Hugo Canning with the beautiful Carlisle Heth and convince him that she is the "one girl" to fill the honorable "position" as his wife. Just as this desired effect is well on its way of being accomplished and Carlisle is making the most of her beauty in the moonlit summer house,—a tall, lame stranger makes his appearance, and begs for a few moments of Miss Heth's time, which request she grants,—much to the chagrin of "Hugo." As the friend of Jack Dalhousie, this stranger begs Carlisle to tell the truth of the "boat accident" in which she brands his friend as worse than a coward. It is at this more than important moment that she hushes the whispers of her conscience and allows her selfish motives the predominancy. It is here, that she, Carlisle, is measured at her true value and found wanting; for the first time she hears

the true "measurements" of herself voiced in the almost unconscious words of V. V.: "All of that beauty without and nothing at all within; so lovely to the eye and empty where the heart should be."

Much as he appears here, so does V. V. continue to appear just at the inopportune (?) moment throughout the book; not always voicing his thoughts in words, yet present or absent, forever upbraiding, yet beseeching her with his eyes. The whole story is the evolution of this selfish, though not unusual, girl's character, through which the uplifting influence of the "better man" winds continually.

ROZELL HERWITZ.

LORETO ABBEY, TORONTO.

Canon Sheehan—A Sketch.

The Man and His Writings.

"Sheehan is the greatest living novelist."

—COUNT TOLSTOY.

IT is now twenty years since I first met Canon Sheehan, then Curate of Mallow.

Various incidents have since brought us often together. From the first I have been a careful and delighted reader of his books. On more than one occasion I was a visitor under his hospitable roof, where, the labours of the day being over, we spent the evening hours in freely discussing many topics of interest. It was during these visits the idea of writing this little sketch matured. I have since learned with pleasure that his publishers have determined to bring out shilling editions of his works. Thus, the teachings and the thoughts of Canon Sheehan will find their way into the homes of thousands who have not made his acquaintance before. These works, or their success, he never obtrudes, so that a person might live with him for weeks without knowing that he had written a line; but should you introduce the subject, and evince interest, you are treated with unreserved frankness, and everything placed before you with the artless candour of a child.

These facts constitute my credentials, and afford an assurance to the reader that I speak with some knowledge of the man whose name forms the title of this little sketch.

Those who know Canon Sheehan at a distance, and through his writings only, may be astonished at the prolific output of his pen; but when told that he is, besides, the conscientious pastor of Doneraile, a parish extending thirteen miles by seven, involving a multitude of serious official duties, they have still greater reason to wonder.

The Canon at Home.

In person he is rather slight and above middle height, the shoulders marked with the student's stoop; his features are angular, delicate, and penetrating, the head well poised, and the whole countenance showing reflective power and masterly self-possession. His pages so accurately mirror his mind, that for those acquainted with his works, there is scarcely any need to pourtray the man. They are prepared to hear of a character evenly balanced, a temperament sensitive in the highest degree and gentle as a saint's, a soul whose chords are as delicately attuned as the strings of an Aeolian harp that responds to the lightest touch, and vibrates to the faintest sigh of the midnight wind. The whole personality is glorified by the light of the supernatural which shines through all his works and thoughts. No matter how commonplace or uninspiring the subject may be, some beautiful thought of Our Lady or her Son comes breaking through, warm as the yellow crocus glowing above the chill surface of the April clay in his own garden. When you close a volume from his pen your uppermost thought is, there is a priest that makes his meditation and never omits his evening Rosary. In keeping with the rest of his beautiful character is his childlike simplicity. The incense of flattery and the applause of the world's greatest men have failed to disturb the equipoise of his mind. In habits of life he is almost ascetic. Order, taste, precision may be seen in all his surroundings; in this he differs from those literary men, dreamers wrapped in the elysium of their own imaginations, who have no thought to spare for neglected toilets or disordered tables. Canon Sheehan's home is a model of regularity; his library is unique, not only in the number, but especially in the quality of his books. The trashy ephemeral, no matter how loudly boomed, finds no place. The works of all his favourites are complete, and each has its proper place assigned. Carlyle, Macaulay, Dante are so def-

initely arranged that, blindfolded, their owner could place his finger on any book he wanted.

His Garden.

The same taste and regularity are observable on every side. In the well-trimmed garden no weed dare show itself, and everything is in its proper place. There are two summer-houses, where most of his reading and thinking is done; but penwork is reserved for indoors, the dining-room being his sanctum in winter, and the small library, facing the morning sun, in summer. There was a time when he seldom took up a pen till the evening lamp was trimmed and the fire crackled, but with increasing years and fame the passion for literary work has grown, and I fear, for his health's sake, has overmastered him. The number of sheets turned from his pen to-day is enormous. Hour follows hour in that silent house, but a listener at the door of his room might hear the pen ceaselessly flying across the paper as the well-stored mind unlocks its hoarded treasures and pours them over those pages to which we owe so many an hour of pure delight.

Mental Equipment.

It is now time to endeavor to examine the mental equipment he brings to his task. (1) He has a power of observing that nothing escapes. The antics of the street arab are as carefully noted as are the reddening hues of sunset, the hoarse beetling of the Atlantic, or the sigh of the waving pines before his own windows. The appetite of this receptive power is enormous. (2) He has a memory that is wax to receive and marble to retain. Nothing eludes it—a fact, a story, a droll incident once caught is held for ever. It stretches down to his childhood, and casts forth vividly on the canvas of to-day pictures of forty years ago. (3) An intellect stored with knowledge drawn from a variety of sources—books, men, travel, and observation. Not only does he show himself an omnivorous reader but from childhood he must have been a keen observer, a muser, and a dreamer. Hence every brain-cell is packed. (4) His power of penetrating analysis pierces through and through. No fibre or folding of the human heart escapes when he turns on the Röntgen rays. Without this gift, a successful novelist he could never be. (5)

But far rarer is his power of transmitting, by the alchemy of genius, all this knowledge drawn from external sources. It is not cast forth from his head as from a lumber-room; it is ruminated, digested, and assimilated into the life-blood of his own thoughts, and then sent out palpitating with natural life.

As the butterfly catches and retains the seven colours of the spectrum on its downy wings, as the bee manufactures honey out of the stray drops on the sycamore leaf or the juices sucked from the chalice of the lily, so the laboratory of his mind, fed from a score of sources, distils the rich stream of reflection over every page. This fertility is, perhaps, his most striking characteristic. There is not a barren page in any of his works; from any single book you might gather a string of the rarest pearls of human thought. The most trivial incident taps some hidden fountain and sets it flowing. A robin hops in his garden and lo!

The Robin.

"I was pulling up some withered asters to-day. A robin came over in a friendly way and looked on. I was grateful for the pretty companionship. It was familiar, and I hate stand-off and stuck-up people. I knew he admired my industry, if not my skill. He looked very pretty with his deep brown back, and scarlet breast-plate, and his round wondering eyes watching mine. Alas, no! he was watching something else. A rich, red, fat worm wriggling from the roots of the dead flowers. Robin instantly seized him, flung him down, bit him in halves, then in quarters; then gobbled up each luscious and living morsel, and looked quite innocent and unconcerned after the feat. He had swallowed as much raw meat as a grown man who would dine off three or four pounds of beefsteak; and he was his own butcher. And this is the wretch that poets rave about.

His Song.

"But, hark! that ripple, that cascade of silver sound, as if from the throat of an angel! Not the shrill, continuous anthem of the lark, as he shivers with the tremulous raptures of all the music in him; nor the deep bell-tones of the blackbird; as on a May morning he makes all the young forest leaves vibrate with the strong,

swift waves of his melody; but a little silver peal of bells on a frosty morning. Who is it? What is it? An Oread from the mountains, who has lost her way hither; or a Hamadryad from yonder forest who is drawing out her wet tresses after her revel in the silver cascade? No, but that butcher, that cannibal—that glutton. I'll begin soon to believe that *prima donnas* drink; and that poets eat like mortals." *

When the hour comes to clothe his thoughts with language, his power of expression is so lucid that each stands out like a crystal cube.

(6) But his writings receive their crowning glory from the light of the supernatural thrown over all. Every page exhales the spiritual aroma. The priest, the man of God, is always in evidence.

His Habits of Writing.

With most authors it is by rewriting, retouching, erasing here, developing there, that the idea is made to stand clear-cut as it lives before the writer's mind. Newman lays down a rule for a writer: "He should write sentences over and over again till he expresses his meaning accurately, forcibly, and in a few words." How he carried this advice into practice himself we know from his life. "I have to correct, rewrite, transcribe. Oh! what a trial it has been to me. . . . This book ('The Grammar of Assent') has tried me most of all. I have written and rewritten it more times than I can count."

Gibbon, even when he had written the "Decline and Fall," wrote his autobiography six times before he sent his sheets to the press. The task of recasting and retouching is known as polishing the diamonds of thought, and is one of the most delightful occupations of a literary life. As it is only by incessant rubbing and shaping the lapidary brings out the perfection of the jewel, so a similar task ordinarily awaits the writer that ambitions success. He is impressed with Michael Angelo's dictum, when asked why he spent patient hours in small details called trifles: "Trifles make perfection, and perfection is no trifle." To all this Canon Sheehan forms a singular, perhaps a unique, exception. His thoughts stand so definitely arranged in his mind, and the correct word to express the idea

*"Under the Cedars and the Stars," p. 80.

comes so unerringly, that he has never to re-write a line. When he revises the sheets he scarcely ever has to dot an i or cross a t. He writes with marvellous rapidity, and in a penmanship that must have earned him many a blessing from the printers. More remarkable still is the fact that he is engaged on three works at the same time. He says that it frequently happens to him, in evolving the plot of a story, he comes to a dead wall, and has to cry "Halt!" He cannot just now see further, so he throws that work aside and begins another. Once more he finds himself in a cul-de-sac, so he begins a third. Perhaps the first chapter is not finished when the light shines on his first difficulty; he sees his way through the thicket, and a clear path is bright before him to the end.

Literary Apprenticeship.

It would be interesting to have a complete list of those who began their literary careers in the columns of the *Irish Monthly*, and afterwards found fame. Katharine Tynan, Hilaire Belloc, Alice Furlong, Dora Sigerson, Oscar Wilde, and M. E. Francis are a few of those who graduated under the gentle aegis of that most painstaking of editors, Father Matthew Russell, S. J.

During twenty years the initials P. A. S. were familiar to the readers of the *Irish Monthly*; these letters stand for Patrick Austin Sheehan.

Father Russell discharged more than the mere duty of editor towards his contributors. He was their guide, adviser, friend. It was not his fault if the seedling of promise grew not to a full and beautiful flower. Many a timid aspirant to literary fame doing splendid literary work to-day would never have been heard of but for the unselfish labour, fatherly interest, and encouragement of Father Russell.

Why He Wrote Novels.

While on the English mission Canon Sheehan was impressed by the fact that the novel was the main channel through which men most successfully poured their views and convictions over the minds of others, so he determined to use it in order to secure a hearing. Had he published his thoughts in volumes of essays or sermons, they would probably have shared the fate of their

class, and his name never have been heard of by those millions whose hearts and minds he has now reached.

I think that the majority of readers will admit that in each new work he improves on the former. The born artist was in him, and when the dramatic instinct was called on, it responded to an extent that astonished and delighted his admirers. He did not creep nor walk, he bounded to fame.

Many people maintain that "My New Curate" is his best work, but to this opinion I cannot subscribe. It had this great advantage, that in it the author broke ground entirely new, and it had all the relish of freshness for the public taste. But I consider the workmanship shown in "Luke Delmege" is a distinct advance. "Doctor Gray" surpasses "Luke." The characters in this book are as distinct from each other, and as defined, as are the colours of a May-pole. They are drawn with so much skill that our acquaintance with each one becomes perfect, and they seem to stand out of the page and speak to us. But it is in "The Queen's Fillet" the author touches, so far at least, the zenith of his art. The French Revolution presented a world of rich materials to the novelist. With what delicate taste the characters are assorted! The architecture of the story, how beautifully finished! In "The Queen's Fillet" not a diamond of the mosaic is out of place. When the final chapter is read, you close the book with the conviction that it contains the most perfect picture we possess of that master-human tragedy.

The Parish Priest and "My New Curate."

As I have already said, the Canon is a parish priest as well as an author. As one might expect, his church is a model of neatness, the vestments are rich and beautiful, the altar requisites perfect, and his own punctuality unfailing; the striking of the hour finds him vested and moving to the altar; to his confessional he is most devoted, and the school can always count on a daily visit. No pressure of work is allowed to rob his beloved babies of their half-hour. To the tiny tots he is a divinity; to him they pour out their childish joys and sorrows, they crowd around his confessional, and their faces glow with pleasure when he enters the schoolroom.

His love of children is shown by the fact that he has handed over the proceeds from one of his works to support a cot in the Children's Hospital, Dublin. The first seven months' sale of this book brought the superiors of the hospital £97.

Those who know Canon Sheehan best assure me that every penny spared from his income as pastor is given in charity, generally by methods and ways devised to keep the donor's name a secret. He could not sleep if he thought there was a hungry person or a barefooted child in his parish. Surely there is no income a priest might claim with more honest pride, or devote with a safer conscience to his own personal use than that derived from his pen; yet not a coin from the proceeds of his works touches Canon Sheehan's fingers, for he has handed over the entire profits to the bishop for charitable works in the diocese.

Genesis of "My New Curate."

I had read four chapters of "My New Curate," then for the first time appearing as a serial in the *American Ecclesiastical Review*, when I met the author and referred to it. He asked my opinion. I told him that, though I thought I knew him, I never suspected that he had a ray of humour in his composition. He answered, "I never dreamt that I possessed it myself till I wrote that book." In the writing the unsuspected vein disclosed itself. He then told me the origin of the work.

The editor of the *American Ecclesiastical Review* called on him, and spent a night. During the evening he asked him to write something for the *Review* with a sparkle in it, as well as a substratum of pastoral theology, saying that American priests were hard-worked, and required a flash of humour to light up the pages of a serious review. The host assured him that he had never attempted anything of a light nature. Then a thought flashed upon him. There was a small bundle of manuscript stowed away in a back drawer. He had written it partly for amusement, and cast it aside. "The very thing I want," said the delighted editor, when he had read it. "Continue that." The tied-up bundle contained the first five chapters of "My New Curate."

A Puzzle for the Psychologist.

This leads to an interesting feature in Canon Sheehan. His mind absorbs facts, stories, and impressions like a blotting-pad. Yet, in many cases, he loses all memory of their origin. A dignitary of his own diocese asked him where he got the original of "Daddy Dan." He had not the faintest idea. His friend then reminded him that twenty years before he had supplied him with the whole character by describing a well-known Southern parish priest, then dead. That friend assured me that the Canon reproduces, in "My New Curate," that good parish priest to life; yet when he wrote he had forgotten the source from which he drew. Another illustration of this is the case of "The Queen's Fillet." Three of us sat at table. I asked the Canon what works he had read on the French Revolution that enabled him to master the details so thoroughly. His answer was: "I cannot tell, but I have been reading books on that subject for the past twenty years." The third man had not read "The Queen's Fillet," but was an earnest student of that portion of French history of which it treats. I had previously given him a brief outline of the story, and he declared the materials for the plot must have been taken from "Talleyrand's Memoirs." I asked him to tell the tale as preserved by that astute statesman. It tallied in almost every detail with the story as told by the author of "The Queen's Fillet." Yet the Canon has no recollection of ever having read the "Memoirs." Here is a striking case of lapse, doubly striking in a mind steel-ribbed in its strength on every other side.

His Own Judgment of His Works.

The diversity of judgment between the author and his readers on the relative merits of his various works is also striking. "Luke Delmege" and "My New Curate" are travelling through the European languages, and enchanting thousands who never heard the name of their elder brother. "The Triumph of Failure," yet that same eldest child holds first place in the parent's affection. "There is," he once said to me, "more thought packed between the covers of that book than could be found in a dozen 'New Curates.' But then," he added, with a smile, "you see, the public will have a touch of nature."

Through a decade and a half of years the world continues to bestow its garlands on these two favourites, yet time has failed to dislodge the eldest child from the warmest corner in the parent's heart.

Divergence of judgment between authors and their public is not peculiar to Canon Sheehan.

Charles Dickens had touched the altitude of his fame before going to America. The creations of his fancy were delighting millions, yet in his private letters home he has scarcely a word about his novels—and it might well be pardoned—while he gushes like a schoolgirl about his elocutionary powers. His mind was full of a subordinate accomplishment, on which his admirers scarcely bestowed a thought; while he is silent about those immortal characters with whom they laughed and wept.

The late Archbishop of Cashel was a favourite pupil of the great Father Passaglia, when his lectures on theology were drawing thousands of students to Rome. Young Croke was then prefect of the class, so it was his duty to accompany the professor and carry his books to and from the lecture-hall. There was many an interchange of thought between master and pupil. In the very blaze of his fame Passaglia was modestly silent about his powers as a theologian; but on one subject his vanity found a vent. As he paced his room, he frequently said: "Ah, Croke, do you know that I am a great Greek scholar?" Croke did not know, nor ever met any one who did.

Passaglia the theologian the world knew and admired; but Passaglia the Greek scholar remained unknown to all but Passaglia himself.

Dickens, bubbling over the triumphs of his elocutionary powers; Passaglia, patting himself on the back as a wonderful Greek scholar; and Canon Sheehan, hugging his eldest child and pitying the judgment of a world that at first gave his second work such a chilling reception—these afford reflection to the moralist.

Canon Sheehan as a Poet.

We have small space to speak of Canon Sheehan as a poet. He has issued but one slender volume from the press, under the title "*Cithara Mea*." These poems are for the most part somewhat transcendental and above the level of the man in the street; yet they have attracted at-

tention in strange quarters, and some people of highly cultured taste think that he might rest his fame on them alone.

There are many other fugitive pieces from his pen scattered through the *Irish Monthly* and some American magazines, which some diligent gleaner may yet gather up and publish in a complete form.

There is one which our readers will thank the Catholic Truth Society for rescuing from oblivion and giving to its readers, I mean Canon Sheehan's paraphrase of the "Magnificat," which appeared some years ago in the *Ave Maria*.

As a hymnologist he has not written as much as he ought; yet in his own words and music is a hymn to the Sacred Heart which will be appreciated by the choirs of the country, together with a lovely tribute to the Blessed Virgin.

Canon Sheehan's Critics.

The office of critic is useful both to the author and to the public when he holds the fair, unbiased, judicial balance and apportions praise and blame according to the recognized principles of justice.

But this function is sometimes usurped by small souls that they may pour out the rancour that naturally rises to the surface when they find themselves in the presence of a character grander and broader than their own.

"Criticism," says Dr Johnson, "is a study by which men grow important and formidable at a very small expense. The power of invention has been conferred by nature on few, and the labour of learning what may by mere learning be obtained is too great to be willingly endured; but every man can exert such judgment as he has upon the works of others; and he whom nature has made weak may yet support his vanity by the name of critic."

Yes, it requires little intellect and small knowledge to pull down what others have built up. It was inevitable that the jealousy of coarse and vicious natures would be aroused when a light appeared that rose suddenly and swiftly shot to fame.

While Canon Sheehan has little to complain of from the high-class reviews, especially abroad, at home his works, particularly in the early part

of his career, were subjected to venomous and most ungenerous attacks.

I wonder had the critics already tapped his blood or was it the gift of prescience enabled him to write the following dialogue in "My New Curate"?—

"There is but one thing for you to do; you must write a book."

"Look here, Father Dan," said he, "I am not much in humour for joking, any priest that would attempt to write a book nowadays should have the spirit of the martyrs who stepped into the sands of the Coliseum, and saw the brutal Romans in the auditorium and the wild beasts in the cages beneath. Don't you know that the ablest professors in your own time in Maynooth never ventured into print, they dreaded the chance shots from behind the hedge from the barrels of those masked banditti called critics."

In the publication of "My New Curate" a new star was seen to light in the firmament, and generous souls thanked God; with minds of smaller calibre it was the old trouble:

"If we let him alone all will believe in him."

So the new prophet was doomed to be stoned.

By the time "Luke Delmege" appeared, the weapons were sharpened and the war-whoops went up.

An eminent spiritual writer compares a charitable person to a bee which is blind to the dark spots that may here and there disfigure a meadow, and has eyes only for the beauty and the colour of the flowers. Send a beetle over the same ground and while to the flowers he is stone blind, the moment a black spot is espied, he folds his wings and alights on it with a satisfied buzz of delight.

Many of Canon Sheehan's critics could see in his works blemishes, and blemishes only. Their retinas, steeped in the vinegar of jealousy, became so shrunk as to be incapable of holding anything bigger than a speck, the larger perspective was beyond them. And what were the crimes that stirred their unrighteous wrath?

When the splutterings of malice and jealousy are brushed aside, they are found reduced to two.

Though in conversation and intercourse with others no man is more free from the faintest suspicion of vanity; yet in his early writings he showed a tendency to quote from German phil-

osophers and authors unfamiliar to the ordinary reader. This savoured of pedantry and betrayed vanity. Now, vanity is the most harmless and forgivable of human frailties, and is the peculiar outgrowth of simple minds. The proud man and the deep schemer are never vain.

Two Crimes: the Critics Saw.

When this defect was viewed through the critics' lenses it appeared a hideous deformity of Alpine dimensions. Then, he did not give his characters Irish names.

Lo! Here we have his twofold guilt. The thousand beauties of elevated thought that sparkle through his pages, the graceful imagery, the tuneful periods, the flashes of racy humour, the spiritualized light that shines through all his works were forgotten; the beetles discovered a dark feeding-ground to prey upon, congenial to beetle nature, and what cared they for flowers or honey?

Such men forget that in this world there is nothing perfect, that even in the sun there are spots; but surely the sun is not all spots. Michael Angelo's sculptured wonder—Moses—has a fracture in the knee. In Da Vinci's Last Supper the divine form of Christ is without a head. Judged by such canons of criticism Moses would be all a fracture, and Da Vinci's masterpiece a headless monster.

Such vicious puffs failed to blow out the blaze of a reputation that grows brighter with years.

Yet what silent agonies must not the gentle recluse of Doneraile have endured as he paced his garden and read these attacks.

But, probably, the strangest feature in all this gratuitous criticism is its inconsistency.

From the annual meeting of the Catholic Truth Society and sometimes from the Maynooth Union comes the cry, "We want great authors. We want men of first-rate ability consecrated to the service of God with pure pens to stem the tide of corrupt thought that flows to-day like corrosive poison over the young intellect of Ireland, men who could drape truth, beauty and virtue in all the attractiveness that crisp English and brilliant imaginations could lend, men who could beat back the demon of evil literature that daily tightens its grasp on the throat of Catholic Ireland."

Yet when such a writer does appear what do we give him? Bitter, unjust and unscrupulous criticism.

For when, as in the case of Canon Sheehan, the verdict of the literary world is on his side, surely there must be some injustice in the manner in which he has been assailed by his own co-religionists.

And let us ask where in the eyes of his home-critics does he fail? Is it in style? No one yet has attempted to find fault there. Is it in his intense Catholicism, never wavering in its preaching of the strictest dogmatic teaching; although Canon Sheehan knew that, perhaps, the majority of his readers were non-Catholics? Is it in its attractiveness? But no writer has ever yet blended the sublime and the humorous as he has. Cardinal Newman always held that the "Bride of Lammermoor" was the greatest of Scott's novels. His reason is that the deepest tragedy and most laughable humour march side by side through the pages of that book. Cannot the same be said, and in a higher degree, of Canon Sheehan? He has blended tears and laughter in a manner no modern writer has approached. And no one has attained such world-wide success in novels that do not contain one single line that could be construed into erotic suggestion.

His Real Crime.

Where then is his fault? In this. *He has succeeded.* The world says so. Posterity will repeat it. This is the head and front of his offence.

We well may ask what right have we to complain if our best writers fly to England, America and Australia and devote themselves to the secular press or by writing non-Catholic, and, in some instances, bitter and anti-Catholic works, and reap a rich harvest of their labours, free from all invidious criticism and helped on by every encouragement of their compeers in the press.

Oh, Lord! What an array of Ireland's most gifted children have sold their talents to the secular press, many alas, doing Satan's work abroad.

Let us, then, treat our authors as they are sure to be treated elsewhere. Let us encourage young Irish genius to dip its pen in the old holy

well of Catholic truth and give us works racy of the soil and redolent of its faith. Then we shall have no cause to complain of the poverty of our Catholic literature.

But critics can pursue their quarry just too far. Charity or refinement may restrain a man for a long time, but not for ever. Trampled authors will sometimes turn and teach the lesson that jibbeting is a game two can play at.

On the appearance of "Luke Delmege" a deluge of criticism was poured upon his head.

"Under the Cedars and the Stars" came next. In that book he has a revenge worthy of Swift at his best, but Swift without his coarseness. He draws a picture of the critics' Inferno, Dantesque in its ghastly weirdness.

The Critics' Inferno.

"And lo! we came unto a horrid lake, black as midnight seas, but still as a mountain pool, which sees nought but the eye of heaven. Far away on the shore, a spirit doleful read a book, and his words came to us wearily, like the cry of a lonely bird, that wings his way at twilight across the sedgy marshes. And lo! the oily surface was agitated, and there appeared, struggling as if suffocated, the inky heads of the tormented. When they had shaken the thick blackness from their eyes, they stared at me and shrieked. . . . And one, lifting himself above his fellows, whilst the inky fluid rolled down his shaggy breast, and he turned from side to side in grievous pain, said, 'In an evil hour we took up our pens and dipped them in vitriolic acid, and poured the contents lavishly on the heads of an evil race of men called poets. There was no one to check us in our course of homicide; for all men feared us; and now, alas! we are condemned to this frightful punishment for our iniquities in the light. This lake of Stygian horrors in which we are immersed is a lake of printer's ink. Every half-hour there drips from above a tiny rain of vitriol that burns our bald scalps, and streams into our eyes and blinds us; and we are compelled ever and again to eat and swallow and disgorge our own writings in the Yellow and Blue.'

"And lo! as the wretch spoke, I saw a mist gather above their heads and a thick rain fell. I saw each drop alighting on their bald scalps

and burning a hideous blister there, until their faces ran with blood and fire, and they flung with their hands the inky fluid on their heads to cool the burning torments which they suffered; and then plunged in the slimy waters and disappeared." (Page 227.)

There he leaves the poor suffering critics, smothered not only in boiling ink, but also in laughter and mild contempt.

**Vindicated by the World's Verdict.
Marvellous Tributes.**

What readers outside the shores of Ireland think of Canon Sheehan's writings can be seen from facts that speak with an eloquence beyond all question.

An Irish Jesuit drove up to the door of an Austrian parish priest; and found him reading "My New Curate" in German. "How like is humanity the world over!" he exclaimed. "The book might be a perfect picture of clerical life in Austria."

A Hungarian Jesuit, speaking to an Irishman, paid a most remarkable tribute to Canon Sheehan when he said: "His books read like a continuation of the Acts of the Apostles."

An American priest went to visit a neighbouring cleric. He was met at the door by his friend, holding a book in his hand and tears streaming down his cheeks. He had just been reading Doctor Gray's sermon.

An English parson wrote to say that, having read Canon Sheehan's works, it required a strong dose of controversial theology to keep him from becoming a Catholic. Another said he could never understand the Irish people's love for their priests till he had read "My New Curate."

An Irish bishop declares that he finds the same spiritual fragrance from Canon Sheehan's pages that he does in the Spiritual Exercises.

Instances such as these might be quoted by the score. This is the verdict of a world unbiassed by envy or prejudice.

We now turn to listen to what the best literary critics of Europe have to say of the pastor of Doneraile.

What the Germans Think.

A list of thirty-four notices from German reviews of "Luke Delmege" lies before us. Let us

take the first two: "This novel has but one fault, and that, doubtless, 'per accidens'—namely, it lacks the 'Made in Germany.' If it bore that imprint how proud might we German Catholics be of such an apparition in our belletristic literature.

"Yet its Anglo-Irish origin deducts nothing from our joy; for the good and beautiful is, like truth, a common possession of all nations, and is international in the noblest sense of the word. 'Luke Delmege' is, indeed, *the finest Catholic Novel which has appeared during the last ten years*; more significant than Coloma's 'Lappalien' or any of Fogazzaro's novels; it even surpasses Sheehan's earlier work, 'My New Curate,' and 'The Triumph of Failure,' although it was these that laid the foundation of the author's fame in Germany. The subjects are taken from the life of the Catholic priesthood; and here the author seems to have borrowed many colors for his painting from his own spheres of experience and observation. It is not so much in the description of outward occurrences as in the depiction of spiritual vicissitudes that lies the charm of this novel; and, in the latter respect, the book is a *truly wonderful masterpiece*; yes, we should be at a loss to find a counterpart to 'Luke Delmege' in modern Catholic literature. We are of opinion that it would be useless to give an analysis of its contents. It would be impossible to represent even in the remotest fashion the striking glorification of the Catholic clergy, which is the guiding strain throughout. *The author's skill rests on the summit of perfection.*"

(Otto von Schaching in "Deutschen Hausschatz.")

Again:

"How 'Luke Delmege' goes his way as man and priest; how he realizes the great mistake of his life; how the outward world sinks, and the golden kernel of a priestly vocation advances ever more brilliantly—from without, an apparent descent; from within, an ascension—all this is masterfully depicted. With psychological subtlety is drawn the Canon's personality, which elevates itself to the height of true heroism in the culminating scene of the novel wherein the author displays all his genius.

"'Luke Delmege' is a delightful treat. And yet another thing stands forth like a golden sun over the entire book. It is the love of the people from which one has sprung, the love of one's native soil. If we want to make comparisons it can only be with Coloma's 'Lappalien,' and Frenssen's 'Jörn Uhl.' He has the former's fine characterization and chiselled style of narration, and the latter's earnestness of conception before which even the small, the silent, inward being appears vast. Should we wish to give a final judgment then it would be: that this is altogether a truly great book, a pure delight, a bath for the soul and a priest's book of the first order, which must not be found wanting in any corner of land or town."

(A. E. M. in der Katholischen Kirchenzeitung.)

The others run in the same strain, all breathing admiration, heaping garlands on a book that Canon Sheehan's own countrymen attacked with a fierceness that bordered on savagery.

Here, too, is the opinion of Professor Pastori in his preface to the third edition of the Italian translation of "My New Curate":

"Io ritengo come verità dimostrata che 'Il Mio Nuovo Curato' sia il più grande lavoro letterario uscito in Europa dopo 'Quo Vadis.'"

"I maintain that it has been truly proved that 'My New Curate' is the greatest literary work issued in Europe since 'Quo Vadis.'"

It may surprise the readers of this sketch to learn that this work has been dramatized in America.

The theatrical manager arranged to have it staged once a week during last winter in Boston; it proved such a draw that at the demand of an enthusiastic public it was quickly billed for *three* nights a week.

We feel confident there is a big surprise in store even for the Canon's most ardent admirers, and many an exclamation of delighted astonishment will accompany the reading of this long list of victories.

It may be questioned whether there is another living novelist whose works have been translated into so many languages. And we must bear in mind that the book that can bear translation without losing its value carries the hall-mark of immortality.

The Scroll of Fame.

Here is a list of the tongues through which Canon Sheehan is speaking into the world's ear: his books have been translated into the following languages—

"My New Curate"—French, German, Dutch, Italian (3rd. Edition); Spanish, Hungarian, Slavonic, Ruthenian.

"Luke Delmege"—French, German (5th. Edition); Hungarian.

"Glenanaar"—French, German, Hungarian.

"A Spoiled Priest"—German and Dutch.

"The Queen's Fillet"—German and Dutch.

"Miriam Lucas"—German.

"The Blindness of Dr. Gray"—German.

"The Triumph of Failure"—German.

His works are to-day read in all the dialects of the Slav language. Many a wounded Bulgar and Servian soldier are forgetting the sorrows of Salonica and the hardships of Adrianople in laughing over Jim Deady's pledge or the advice of the three inseparables to the newly-ordained Luke before he faced the ordeal of Canon Murray's table.

Where is the Irish heart, especially the heart of the Irish priest, that does not swell with honest pride at the thought of this world-wide conquest by a child of our soil?

Had the "masked banditti" succeeded in breaking the purpose of his life, had they struck his hand nerveless in the beginning of his grand career, God alone could measure the mischief they would have done.

The waves of pure thought, that to-day are flowing over the world's intellect, would have been dammed at their source and, certainly, humanity would be the poorer.

Thank God, despite their attacks, he took his courage in both hands, and though often with a sinking heart and bleeding spirit, he steadily pursued his high vocation and continued to pour Catholic ideas into the minds of thousands, who were strangers to the light till he spoke. The star of his destiny beckoned him onwards; he arose and, without counting the cost, he followed it.

"The Triumph of Failure."

Having read the author's own opinion of his book, we felt assured that we missed a great deal of both the purpose and the beauty of the work

in the first reading; so we were tempted to take it up again, and were well repaid.

It would be difficult to name a finer psychological study in literature. It reminds one of St. Augustine's "Confessions," and Newman's "Apologia." No wonder that it is a favourite in the German universities, and that the volume before us bears on the title-page—Fifth Edition.

Geoffrey Austin tried to do without God by seeking contentment in philosophy. But doubts, contradictions, and scepticism formed a poor substitute for the Only Truth.

The soul that cried for Christ was bid to be content with Kant and Spinoza; like a caged bird he beats his wings against the bars on every side. Fortune betrayed him, human friendships proved frail reeds and broke, philosophy mocked the passionate longing of his heart for truth and peace. At last, he rises from the early grave of his idol—the youthful apostle of social reform—Charlie Travers—a new man. His eyes are opened to the delusions he pursued, his heart is chastened by many a sorrow; having sounded all the shallows, he finds himself in the harbour of peace. *Per Crucem ad Lucem.*

A Sublime Passage.

The efforts of the natural man meet nothing but failure, but, by that failure, the supernatural triumphs.

It may be doubted whether the author ever wrote anything to surpass the splendid apostrophe he puts into the mouth of Geoffrey at page 333, beginning with "I knew Thee, Alpha and Omega!"

A passionate, and now chastened, heart empties itself out over three pages in a lava tide of eloquence and poetry that never for a moment slackens. The limits of space will permit but a few pages:

"Thou that speakest, and all men should hear, art yet heard only in the silences and the midnight, when Thy whispers break on the bruised heart; and the thunders of Thy voice, ruling the rebellious spheres, break down into faint ripples of sound that wash on the sandy shores of deserted and desolate souls. . . . Thou art everywhere, and wherever the reason shoots its inquisitive rays, or the imagination poises its wings, they must needs touch Thee—the Im-

mense—the Infinite! The finger of science is guided by Thy hand; and it is Thy hand that glides over the glowing canvas, and touches the ivory keys. It is Thou who makest eloquent the dumb of speech, and makest fertile the barren of mind, weaving out of the stammering of sucklings praises that rival the melodies of Thy thrones, and out of the babbling of human speech, adoration that makes envious the courts of Thy heaven. . . . Thou hast followed me through life, chasing me with persistence, as if Thy love were hatred; Thy name has flashed across me in unexpected places, blinding me with excess of light. I have shut the windows of my soul against Thee; but Thou hast pierced them with the lightning of Thine eyes. I have closed my ears against the soft breathing of Thy inspirations, only to hear the thunders of Thy threats. And now, run down, beaten, subdued, the rags of nakedness not hiding my grievous sores, I stand before Thee, humbled and ashamed, confessing myself the least victim of Thy unwearying, Thy pitiless love."

The sight of Geoffrey Austin "run down," at last, breathing forth gratitude and admiration at the foot of the cross, naturally suggests to the mind a picture strikingly similar where the stormy passions of youth and the stubborn pride of manhood lie conquered, and a grateful soul, now serenely tranquil, lies bathed in the sunlight of love, breathing out its affections into the ear of God. It may be found in the ninth book of St. Augustine's "Confessions." It opens with these words:

St. Augustine.

"As the day now approached on which she (his mother) was to depart this life, that she and I stood alone, leaning on a certain window from which the garden of the house we occupied at Ostia could be seen."

That sentence has inspired an immortal picture. The clear-cut features of Augustine, the lofty brow, the finely chiselled mouth, the uplifted eyes with the light of rapture in them, all are there. There, too, we see the calm serenity, the peaceful joy in Monica's face. Her prayers and her tears have triumphed. Her son is won to God. Her task is accomplished. No earthly fetter now binds that spirit that yearns to be dissolved and to be with Christ.

These two figures of mother and son as they lean on that window, bathed in the sunset glow, are familiar to us all.

As they speak of God that evening, he tells us their souls were surcharged with love and wonder till speech seemed a profanation, and their thoughts soared upwards in silence and they lost themselves in the thought of God's majesty, till they "did gradually pass through all corporal things and even the heaven itself, whence sun and moon and stars did shine upon the earth; yea, we soared higher yet and by inward musings and discoursing and admiring Thy works."

A happy inspiration prompted the artist to seize upon that moment of rapture and transfer it to canvas.

Two Bleeding Hearts.

Both these beautiful effusions:—of St. Augustine and of Canon Sheehan—were uttered at those rare times when a writer finds himself in Patmos and, genius transfused by the light of faith, dares to open its unabashed eye and pierce even unto the white splendours of the eternal throne.

Here we see two young men who thought to fly from God, yet who, at the end of the struggle, find themselves prostrate at the feet of Christ, with broken wings and bleeding hearts filled with shame for themselves, and overpowered by the wonders of God's love that had pursued and conquered them.

Canon Sheehan's "I know Thee, Alpha and Omega!" and St. Augustine's "This heart Thou hast made for Thyself, O Lord, and Thou alone canst fill it," voicing the triumph of failure, speak from two scenes that should hang together as companion portraits, warning rebellious youth, for all time, that there is no rest for the human soul outside the peaceful sanctuary of the Sacred Heart.

Farewell.

Canon Sheehan has treated a great variety of subjects in his novels, but many of his readers might be disposed to regret that he was ever tempted to leave the field wherein he garnered such a harvest of fame. Canon Sheehan, the chronicler of the everyday lives of Ireland's priests and people, whetted our appetites so keenly that we grudged him to the new fields

of enterprise towards which he turned his face.

In the clerical novel he found his natural métier. While he walked through our rural parishes, showing us the lives of our dear people, in sunshine and in shade, we blessed our charming guide. On his clerical novels his more lasting fame will rest, outside them "The Queen's Fillet" is the only work of fiction in which he has achieved great success, yet we miss in it the natural aroma that exhales from those pages dealing with Ireland's priests and people. The scent of the woodbine and the smell of the turf fires are absent.

One feature of Canon Sheehan's novels disappoints us. I refer to the inevitable failure of all his heroes. Did it ever dawn upon the author that when he selected as a title for his second work, "The Triumph of Failure," he crystallized the destiny of many of his own heroes in those four words? Failure triumphs over them all.

When the end of each work looms in sight, the sunlight gradually dies out of the pages, and the leaden grey of evening deepens till the sombre darkness of failure settles down on the leading figure, and the banshee begins to cry. The weary sigh that all is dust is the burden of his plaint.

Poor Luke comes forth from his Alma Mater, radiant with the glory of being the "first of firsts." Like a young giant he strides to victory. What mountains of difficulty will not go down before him. Then, as years roll by, we watch the hand of Time brush the laurels from his brow. Star after star goes out in the heaven of his dreams. He folds his arms, sighs *cui bono?* And the banshee wails again.

Surpliced in foam, the waves chant a hoarse *De Profundis* over the shattered hopes of Father Letheby, that lie strewn among the wreck of the Stella Maris.

In Doctor Gray we see a man struggling against the mistrust of his people, and a host of griefs. When the last chapter is reached, the author puts an immortal sermon into his mouth. The pastor stands before his people, and bares a royal heart they never knew before. In the frigid champion of the law, they discover an unsuspected treasure of love. Hearts that lay congealed are bubbling, the fountains of the deep are breaking, and the spirits of pastor and peo-

ple, long estranged, now rush towards each other and embrace. But just as the ice-wall that separates them melts, and the dawn of a new life of trust and love begins to break, the actors are bidden off the stage, and the banshee cries once more. It may be dramatic to drop the curtain at that precise moment, but it sends a gulp of disappointment to the throat of the reader.

To those of us who know the child of genius, with high-strung nerves, the literary recluse, immersed in thoughtful reflection, the Irishman whose temperament reflects our changeful skies, and, above all, the priest in whose ears for ever sounds the sad refrain—*Quid prodest?*—what doth it profit?—to us it is no wonder that the serious shade should occasionally creep over his writings, and the tearful plaint should, now and then, break through his song. But why border the closing pages of every story with deep mourning?

This note of sadness jars upon the spirit of our times when the very air is instinct with the pulses of a new life, and the music of awakened hope is singing through the heart of Ireland.

However, this is but a small matter of taste. The services of his pen to Catholic Ireland can scarcely be measured in our time.

We live too near his day to appreciate him fully. The perspective of history is required to do him strict justice. To the next generation belongs the proper appraisement of his worth.

His Grand Achievement.

Previous to Canon Sheehan's advent in the world of letters, the reading public had to take their pictures of the Irish priesthood from Lever and Carleton. It is by contrast with these writers that we can best measure the service he has rendered. He found the Irish priest of fiction, God knows, low enough. He has raised him up and placed him on a pedestal. When the reader becomes acquainted with the priest, as drawn by Sheehan, the caricatures of Lever and Carleton read like literary nightmares. He will lay down the book with a prayer that God will enable every priest to live up to the high standard there set before him.

But perhaps the greatest fruit of his life-work lies in the fact that he has shown what an Irish priest can achieve in the world of letters.

He broke new ground; single-handed he carved a path to fame, even despite the slings and arrows aimed at him. To-day, standing as he does on the summit, he holds out a beacon light and waves an encouraging hand to the priest of the future. The higher walks of literature knew but few of them in the past. This was inevitable. The penal laws left a huge legacy to the priests of the last century. Churches, schools, and convents had to be built. That task was scarcely accomplished when they were called on to throw themselves into the forefront of the fight for the people's homes and lands. But the priest of the future is free, thank God, to engage in the battle where mind wrestles with mind.

A University has come to equip them for the task, and we may confidently look forward to seeing many treading on the path Canon Sheehan has opened.

Here we reluctantly part with a subject that for us always held a strong fascination, and, in the parting, while not daring to advise, we respectfully make a plea: "Dismiss the banshee that sits behind your pen. Permit no orchestral wailings of the Dead March through the final acts. Send your heroes from the stage, glowing under the halo of triumph, and cheered by the crashing music of 'Garryowen of Glory.'"—*Reverend Michael J. Phelan, S. J., in Catholic Truth Society of Ireland.*

To turn one's thoughts always toward the sunlight is as easy as to see always the shadows, and it makes all the difference in character between content and discontent. If we refuse to entertain in our thoughts the deformed and the discordant, and cling to the things that are helpful and inspiring we can positively change our character in time. When everything and everybody seem to go against us, when we seem thwarted on every side, when the sky is dark and we can see no light, that is the time to exhibit the best that is in us. Training under pressure is the finest discipline in the world. This is the time to get a firm grip on our thoughts and hold steadily to our task. No matter how hard it may be, if we keep up this rigid discipline, day after day, week after week, we will soon learn the art of ruling in our thought world.

Alumnæ Column.

Loreto Abbey, Toronto.

THE October meeting of the Loreto Alum-næ Association was held at Loreto Ab-bey, on Tuesday, October the seventh, at four o'clock—being the first meeting since the new election of officers in June.

The following musical programme, given by the pupils of The Hambourg Conservatory of Music, marked the occasion as one of especial interest and particular delight to all present.

RECITAL BY PUPILS OF THE HAMBOURG CON-SERVATORY OF MUSIC.

Directors: Prof. Michael Hambourg, Messrs. Jan and Boris Hambourg.

Song

MR. KENNETH ANGUS.
(Pupil of David Ross.)

'Cello Solo, "Star of Eve," from Tannhäuser...

MISS BEATRICE LEACH.
(Pupil of Boris Hambourg.)

Wind StudyMacdowell

MISS HAZEL SKINNER.
(Pupil of Edouard Hesselberg.)

Violin Solo, Morceau de Salon.....Wienawski

MASTER MAX FLEISHMAN.
(Pupil of Jan Hambourg.)

Impromptu Schubert

Valse Durant

MISS LEILA PRESTON.
(Pupil of Professor Michael Hambourg.)

Song, CarminaLane Wilson

MISS NELLIE GILL.
(Pupil of Laura Homuth.)

Valse BrillanteMoszkowski

MISS MADGE WILLIAMSON.
(Pupil of Professor Michael Hambourg.)

A sincere note of thanks was extended by the President—Mrs. Maloney—on behalf of the Alumnæ, to Professor Michael Hambourg, un-

der whose personal direction the Recital had been arranged.

Tea was served in the reception-room. The hostesses of the afternoon were Mrs. W. R. Murphy and Mrs. Sheedy.

At the November meeting of the Loreto Alum-næ Association, a most interesting and in-structive Lecture on "Modern Art" was deliv-ered by Mr. E. Wylie Grier—probably, one of the best-known of our Canadian artists. Mr. Grier dealt with his subject in its relation not alone to the art of color and canvas, but dwelt generally upon the artistic tendencies of the age, calling particular attention to the place to which commercial art has attained; pointing out and throwing much light upon its methods, its suc-cess, and the necessity of it in this age of ad-vertisement. Mr. Grier gave some very fine reproductions from the various schools of art, and, in conclusion, addressed the junior pupils of the Abbey, encouraging those to whom had been given the artist's talent to guard and de-velop it.

A sincere vote of thanks, extended by Miss Doherty and seconded by Miss Hynes, was gra-ciously acknowledged by Mr. Grier.

Tea was served in the reception-room. The hostesses of the afternoon were Mrs. T. P. Phelan and Mrs. Ed. Sullivan.

TERESA McKENNA.

Cheerfulness is absolutely essential to the mind's healthy action or the performance of its proper duties. It is an excellent working quality, imparting strength and elasticity to the character. It not only lightens labor, but the brightness it bestows on the disposition is reflected on all around.

The value of a day is continually emphasized in Holy Writ. John Ruskin hung a beautifully illuminated motto over his bed. It contained but one word—"To-day." He desired every morn-ing on rising to be reminded of the value of the new day: "Let every day's dawn of morning be to you as the beginning of life, and let every setting sun be to you as the close; let every one of these short lives leave its sure record of some kindly things done for others—some goodly strength and knowledge gained for yourselves."

Letter-Box.

DRESDEN, SAXONY.

DEAR MOTHER:

Professor Auer gave a *Musicale* the day before yesterday. The programme consisted of two ensemble numbers—the Bach concerto for two violins, played by the little Heyfitz and Seydel, the two Wunderkinder; and the Sinding suite for two violins, played by Miss Bersen (a Russian) and Mr. White (an American). It was most interesting, and tea was served afterwards. The critic of the *Musical Courier* from Berlin was present. He made quite a speech, in German, upon the occasion (I understood it, too) in which he said that he had heard the Bach number before rendered by very famous artists, but he could truthfully say *never* had he heard it better played, nor even as well played as by these two youngsters; that he counted it a most momentous performance and that he felt privileged to have been invited—and very much more in that strain. Then he fell on Professor Auer's neck and kissed him, Auer returned the compliment, and both embraced each other. It was so spontaneous that it looked just lovely—see how readily I am acquiring the correct foreign attitude towards such demonstrations.

The Professor was quite pleased with my last lesson and gave me the Vieuxtemps concerto in D minor to study, which is, I may add, some piece.

Did I tell you that Professor Auer, when he heard I was contemplating a trip to Paris, was quite disturbed? He considered it anything but good for me, and thought that, after having worked hard all the season, to go to a hot city and run around sight-seeing, would be the worst thing possible. He considered it much better for me to remain here, and if I made any change for my holiday, to go to a seaside resort. Of course, he did not actually forbid me to go, but you can realize that his slightest wish is of great importance in my eyes because it is so much for my good.

Three of us went off to a picture show on Tuesday, when returning from tea at the Russian lady's. It was absurdly funny, and we

giggled so heartily that we had all the stolid Germans looking at us in wonderment that people, I suppose, could so far forget themselves as to really laugh and enjoy life.

To-day is Sunday. I went to ten o'clock Mass, and, as I had a seat, remained for High Mass at eleven o'clock—are you surprised? There was, of course, the orchestra, as the opera has started again. In the afternoon, at four o'clock, I attended an organ Recital at the American church. Evelyn Starr was assisting and played, as she always does, well. She is beginning concert work this year, after having been here five or six years, both in Berlin and with Auer. I think she will succeed splendidly.

* * * * *

The pieces Nicole played at the lesson at which you were present, were—La Chasse, by Kreisler; The Devil's Trill, a Polonaise of Wienawski's; Rêve d'Enfant, by Ysaye; and some other little things by Ysaye. In her repertoire she has, among other difficult concertos, the Tschaïkowsky.

Did I tell you how much the Frau here likes even my practising, and raves about my lovely tone? Every one wants me to play. It will not be long now before I shall leave for Russia.

I have seen *Carmen* and *La Tosca*. They were simply splendid. Certainly, they know how to give opera here.

* * * * *

We have been at a new art exhibition where all kinds of cubists and ultra-modern things were shown. They are queer, I can tell you—very much like a nightmare.

I saw *Siegfried*, for the first time, and went afterwards to the Italienische Dörfchen and had supper. The opera began at six, you know.

A new pupil, Mr. Hochstein, is here—and is going to Petersburg. He was one of the Sevcik pupils who came out in London, England, at the same time as Frank Williams, and, I believe, was one of the greatest successes.

* * * * *

I expected to get a letter off last night, but callers took my attention. Evelyn Starr and her mother have been very kind to me. Evelyn gave me a book (*The Scarlet Rider*) and a picture of

herself, which I greatly prize. At the station I saw Professor Auer, and he was so gracious. Evelyn was jollying me about the nice things he said of me. I am sorry to say good-bye to German just as I have the hang of the language. Now it will be all French and Russian, as the landlord of my new pension in Petersburg is French. I had to make my arrangements with him, through the post, in French—think of it! There are advantages though in studying in Russia, one does not have nearly so many distractions, or see so many American and English people, and one is actually obliged to learn there a foreign language.

* * * * *

When we were walking along Unter den Linden Strasse we saw Kreisler in a café, eating away like any ordinary mortal. Auer is the guest of honor at a great banquet here (Berlin) where, among other celebrities, will be Kreisler and Carl Flesch.

Berlin seems very busy after Dresden, and gives me a little of the impression of New York. Oh, I bought a basket trunk—my heavy trunk from Petersburg to Dresden cost me as much as my ticket—no more of them for me, where luggage costs so much a pound. This trunk was \$12.50, and the cover eight marks, but when you consider that just from Stockholm to Dresden I paid over twenty marks for carrying the heavy trunk, it would seem as if in the end this investment will save me money. It is quite as large as the other and is very light. I have bought, too, a Russian book and a dictionary—I mean to know the language.

* * * * *

ST. PETERSBURG.

I arrived here this morning, at a quarter to twelve. I was completely exhausted, not having slept for two nights, so I rested for half an hour before Miss Barbara Treat and her mother came to see me. Miss Treat had written to me in Dresden about her difficulties in procuring suitable accommodation, but she is comfortably domiciled now. She is tall and good-looking, and seems to be exceedingly nice.

The journey was pleasant. A Hollander talked to me during the greater part of the way

to Wuballen, where we changed and showed our passports and had our luggage examined. I think I was the very last to receive a returned passport, and I was quite alarmed, fearing it was lost. I had to run in order to secure my sleeper, and then dash after the train. There were two ladies and a little girl in the compartment—one French, the other Russian. They talked in French all the time, and, occasionally, included me in their conversation. It was a great satisfaction to find I could really understand everything.

I took dinner at the pension where the T.'s are boarding, and got a good dinner for sixty kopeks—I intend to see what luncheon there would cost. It is the place where Evelyn S. was last year.

In the train I studied Russian all the way and have been gradually acquiring a little knowledge of this difficult tongue. Petersburg looks much the same as when we left last spring—with the same extraordinary church towers glaring at one.

* * * * *

The maid understands my Russian, which, to me is a marvel. I am going to rent a piano. It will be eight roubles a month.

It is lovely weather, and, wonder of wonders, very sunny, but conditions here are a decided change from tidy Deutschland.

I was shopping on my way home from Frau Rossmeyer's (who was very glad to see me again) and purchased a pound of tea, some biscuits and two apples, as I intend to get my own tea. The samovar is brought to my room ready and there will really be no trouble about it. I went into the store bravely, and the man looked most intelligent after I had *discoursed* in Russian. I lamented that I could only talk a little, and he complimented me and said he could very easily understand. He then proceeded to tell me about some English people who expected him to understand their wants by pantomime. Then he told me how difficult Russian is (imagine my understanding him!) Now I must speak French with M. Schienski—or some such name—of the pension, and then, of course, German where I take dinner, so I do nothing but splutter in one breath Da, Oui, Ja—yes, and I shall for-

get my blessed English the way those people always do who spend six months abroad!

Pasha is coming in preparing the samovar—have just made my tea. You would be amused at your little daughter and her toy housekeeping.

* * * * *

I have had my first lesson since my return. Professor Auer thinks I am quite improved. He seems greatly interested. You know I had the last three movements of the Vieuxtemps concerto to play, and it is exceedingly difficult. He was quite pleased with my work.

* * * * *

I went to the Conservatory class to-day and heard two pupils play the same piece—the first movement of the Tschaiikowsky concerto. One boy played a part of the Vieuxtemps concerto I am studying, and, incidentally, he played it very badly. Many of the private pupils have not yet returned. Those who are here are nearly all new. I have arranged with the young lady who accompanied Evelyn Starr, last winter, to accompany me, paying a rouble and a half an hour. I expect her to begin on Tuesday.

* * * * *

To-day I have been playing with Sonja Mursky, whom Evelyn recommended, and I think I shall do so at least once a week—probably, oftener. I wanted to try over my Vieuxtemps concerto, as my lesson will be to-morrow and I do so hope I have made progress. Professor Auer takes the tempo at a most unholy pace. I do feel I have learned a great deal more from this one piece than from any other.

* * * * *

I have just been practising my new piece. My lesson was yesterday—and it was not too bad. Professor Auer said he would like me to play at his first party (Recital). It will probably be next month, so I must practise most furiously—it will be the Vieuxtemps concerto and, as I have already told you, it is very difficult, but a ripping number if played well. It is Ysaye's star piece. When I think of that party, and the pupils, not to mention the array of mothers, it surely does give me a queer feeling.

I was interrupted here by the arrival of Mr. Hochstein. He played a little bit of the Paganini

concerto and the Cadenza, by Sauret. Honestly, mother, you never heard such playing. It is something perfectly tremendous, and a technique quite in the class of Elman's. It leaves me quite gasping for breath, and I see myself working more and still more. Any of the other students sounds pretty tame after him, and he is really very modest about it all. Certainly, one has no idea how very wonderful students may be; and yet, a really good technique is not sufficient, one must have every gift phenomenally.

Yesterday afternoon, at tea, we had a pound of the most delicious cakes—almost like candy. They are celebrated all over Petersburg. Ivanoff, or something like that, is the name of them.

Professor Auer has asked me what I would like to study, and, of my own free will, I chose the eighth concerto of Spohr's because I considered it beneficial for little me—it is also quite beautiful, and I feel I shall learn a lot from it.

I begin on Monday to exchange English lessons for Russian with Sonja Mursky, the accompanist.

* * * * *

Good things certainly do come together. First, your lovely letter, and then who should come hopping in but Greta von Silene—you will remember having met her in Dresden. I was delighted to see her. She had just had a lesson, and came in on her way to her aunt and uncle's home, where she is staying. She gave me a most pressing invitation to go and see her there. Most certainly I shall do so.

Some students called and I could not finish. They told me I looked tired and that I must not work so hard. I began to feel so sorry for myself that as soon as they left I went to bed. To-day, as I was preparing to go out for dinner, in came Thelma Given. She had just arrived from Paris, after having had a gorgeous time. She came to dinner with me and then we went to the Conservatory, and you never saw such a gathering of private pupils. Little L. was the first to meet my eye, and then Rachelle, and Beatrice Hesburgh. Among the newcomers were a man from Australia, and a boy from America. Two little bits of things (Conservatory pupils) played to-day—one so tiny I could not see him over the top of the grand piano. Both looked perhaps nine years of age, and one was especially

talented, but they were ridiculously small. A girl played appallingly the Caprice Viennois. Professor Auer teaches so much in German—I can understand all of it—and even an odd spurt in Russian.

I gave an English lesson on Monday, and I shall get a Russian one to-morrow. I am determined to know something of this difficult language—although Thelma asserts absolutely that Professor Auer will not be teaching in this city next year, but one can never tell, so I shall not trust Dame Rumor.

I heard from my accompanist, Sonja Mursky, that Evelyn Starr is going to play with orchestra in Berlin. Is not that fine? You will remember she is the Canadian from Nova Scotia of whom I have spoken so frequently in my letters and—yes, of course, you met her and her mother in Dresden the night we heard “The Meistersingers.”

Speaking of Berlin, please send me Louise’s address so that I may write her. It would be so lovely to see her here at Christmas. I know she will come if at all possible. I keep reminding myself that I shall see her in May, at all events, in Berlin, should she not be able to visit me here.

I am working on the Spohr concerto, the Gesang scene, because it is so good for bowing and has all varieties of it.

This concentration “bug” has me so badly that I feel I must keep my mind absolutely on what I do, and I have stopped practising because my attention was wandering.

I saw the opera, “Boris Goudonow,” by a Russian composer, but shall tell you of it in another letter.

Lovingly,

JULIA.

HOTEL DU NORD.

DEAR M. M. F.—

At last, my account of our crossing the Périades (Mont Blanc Chain) is ready. This ascent will always stand out in my memory, not because of its technical difficulty, since it possesses very little, but because my friend (also feminine gender) and I undertook it with no other professional assistance than that of a Saas guide, who knew little about the district. In fact, so

hazy were all three of us as to the best method of attacking our peak that we had to take a map, which was frequently consulted—always when we felt that a rest was desirable, but preferred not to say it in so many words. *En passant*, I strongly recommend a guide, strange to the locality, and a map, as very useful adjuncts to climbers addicted to weariness of the flesh and desirous of more halts than a guide, acquainted with his climb, considers necessary. We had intended to engage a Chamonix porter, as we did not wish to lay the sole responsibility of two ladies upon the guide—a responsibility which he obviously did not care about, and small blame to him—but the porter promised by the guide-chef at the Montanvert where we were staying, did not appear, and there was no possibility of engaging another to take his place.

Accordingly, at 3.30 a. m.—we had intended to start at 2.30., but *femme propose et le sommeil dispose*—we joined the guide on the terrace outside the hotel and asked him whether he would take us without further professional assistance. He said “Yes” very shortly, and cast a look of concentrated dislike at me, whom he evidently considered the primary cause of having thus to risk his life with two feeble women as his sole supporters! It certainly was largely on my account that the climb was undertaken, as Ludwig was Miss A.’s guide, and she had most kindly offered to lend him to me, and only came herself at my special request. But, nevertheless, as I pointed out to Ludwig before we started, I had no desire to be the cause of his wife and family being bereaved of the breadwinner—the family I discovered afterwards consisted of one infant aged six weeks—nor did I wish to terminate my own existence in a hurry, in spite of having just insured myself, and therefore I was quite willing to give up the climb if he considered it unsafe.

He vouchsafed no answer, but another flash of dislike, and, shouldering the rucksack and rope, strode on, and we followed meekly in the rear. He complained of the weight of the bag, and I suggested that as we were all apparently going to be killed, food seemed immaterial, and he might just as well leave it behind. This suggestion did not improve matters, and he strode over the Mer de Glace at such a pace that we were soon left panting far in the rear, and had

to overcome the difficulties (?) of the Mer de Glace alone and unaided.

We went at such a breakneck speed that we had very little time to admire the sunrise, though the occasional glances we managed to throw behind us showed that it was magnificent. Having traversed the length of the Mer de Glace we turned to our left and went up the Glacier de Lechaux almost to its base, and then turned to the right and began the ascent of the Glacier du Mont Mallet.

We then realized that poor Ludwig had some cause for his reluctance to take two ladies over a glacier unknown to him, and which looked very forbidding and dangerous even at that early hour—it was not yet six o'clock.

It had a curiously rotten look, and was obviously seamed with crevasses more or less efficiently covered with snow. However, we roped up, Ludwig first, Miss A. next, and myself last, and proceeded on our way. We soon got into the sun, and that the state of the glacier was not belied by its looks was almost immediately evident by the way in which we sank, often knee-deep, in the snow. We had to keep skirting huge crevasses yawning on each side of us, and to cross them by the most dilapidated-looking snow bridges imaginable. Two or three times they almost gave way under me, not because of my weight, let us hope, but because the passage of the other two had been as much as they could bear, and, on one occasion, one foot went through, and the rope came into requisition for pulling me up. After six hours' going, we sat down on a snow slope of a fairly stable-looking nature for food and a prolonged study of the map—the second occasion on which this had been found necessary. I spent the time cogitating as to what would happen when I had to lead down this glacier in the afternoon, when the snow would be at its worst, for it had taken all the skill of the guide to avoid the crevasses coming up. I decided to leave the problem to solve itself. Once again we started, the guide grumpier than ever, and we proceeded to tackle the most dangerous part of the glacier. We had to pass under some very toppling séracs (cliffs of ice), which looked as if a breath would send them hurtling down on us, and yet we could not go fast, as every step had to be carefully sounded with an ice-axe.

We had just reached a particularly nasty-looking place, Ludwig telling us to be as quick as we could, when a large block of ice detached itself, fell, and, rolling down the snow, started an avalanche, which swept my friend out of her steps. Fortunately, Ludwig and I managed to keep our feet, and she was only carried down the slope the length of her rope, and very soon managed to extricate herself unhurt from her snowy grave. I was not so lucky, however, as the rope running through my hands had cut two fingers through to the bone, and, any one who has had a similar experience, knows that it is not an agreeable one.

After this adventure we reached the rocks without further mishap, and an hour or two spent in scrambling up crumbling rocks, brought us to the top. There once again we had a meal, a consultation of the map, and a council of war. Ludwig opened the proceedings by the agreeable announcement that we were all doomed unless we could find some other way back than the way we had come, and we decided to try another route. He suggested that we should work off the ridge and ascend the Aiguille du Tacul and descend it the ordinary way. At this my heart sank, as it would have been a very long business; however, I cheered up when I remembered that I should be leading down and could turn a deaf ear to the charmer, charm he never so wisely. This I fully determined to do, as go over the Tacul I would not. Before leaving the top we had some splendid rock climbing on the big slabs along the ridge, and Ludwig was considerably cheered by finding some crystals, which he intended to give his wife. I concluded from this, though I held my peace, that he had, at any rate, some hope of being restored to the bosom of his family.

On leaving the top we had to go along some very sensational snow patches, lying at a steep angle, and, in spite of Ludwig's remonstrances, I soon left these and worked down the ridge at the left.

We proceeded without further incident till we got to the Col du Tacul, where we halted again to decide on our route. Ludwig still had a hankering for toiling all the way up the Tacul; at least, he pretended he had—but Miss A. and I insisted on going down to the Glacier des Pérides, and working home that way. This we did

very slowly, because the rock was in a shockingly rotten state, and my companions had to be most careful not to send down stones upon me. We had to move one at a time, and I was obliged to keep out of the line of fire, when possible, as they gingerly moved down, in turn.

When we got to the glacier I suggested that Miss A. should lead, as she had had far more snow experience than I; but Ludwig, evidently thinking it was cowardice on my part, sternly refused, saying if any one was to fall into a crevasse it should be I. I therefore marched on, and, though the glacier was infinitely better than the one we ascended in the morning, it was still considerably crevassed, as I soon discovered. In prodding carefully with my axe for concealed crevasses, I made my finger bleed again, and, as it was very painful, I became careless, walked without the preliminary prod, and plump! I was down a big snow-ridden crevasse before I knew where I was. I fell the whole length of my rope, and landed most conveniently with a leg on each side of a tongue of ice, where I sat comfortably, if somewhat coldly, till my companions could haul me out. Suddenly it flashed through my mind that I had tied the rope on myself, and that very carelessly, and I hastily looked down to see where I should fall if it came undone—the bottom was not visible. Thereupon I yelled my loudest to my companions not to pull till I told them—they could not see where I was, as they dared not get too near—and just as I had untied myself they pulled the rope up, not having heard my shout, and left me in isolated grandeur in my crevasse. They thought I was done for, and the guide crept to the edge on all fours to see what had happened, and his relief was great when he saw me astride my tongue of ice. He threw the rope down, and I tied it on again, and, with much heaving, in the course of which my ice-axe descended irretrievably into the depths of the crevasse, I was dragged up. After that, finger or no finger, I proceeded with greater caution, and no further mishap befel us, though we lost our way several times, and we reached the Montanvert at seven that night, after a very exciting adventure.

The next day, an honorarium and many expressions of gratitude for the saving of my life, soothed the guide's feelings, and we are now dearest friends, and he even offered to act as

guide to me at some future date. But, seriously, he did his work remarkably well, though it would have been better if he had concealed his anxiety till he had got us safely back.

My friend and I had included the Aiguille Verte on the list of mountains which we hoped to climb, partly because it is said to be one of the most dangerous mountains in the Alps—a most foolish reason, I own—and partly because it is seldom climbed by women. In fact, one of the best-known Chamonix guides—Joseph Simond, to wit—emphatically says that it is not “une montagne pour les dames,” and we were consequently very keen to discover wherein its unsuitability lay to our sex! Having successfully climbed it, it is my humble opinion that it can be ascended in a far more ladylike manner, if I may use the term, than the Aiguille de Grépon or the Dent du Requin, for instance, which demand on occasion gymnastic attitudes of a not wholly graceful nature.

Animated, therefore, by curiosity and a noble ambition to uphold the mountaineering capacity of our sex, and carefully concealing from each other a feeling of abject terror as to what horrible dangers we were to encounter on this mountain of ill-repute, we set out from Argentière, one hot morning, for the seven and a half hours' tramp up to the Couvercle hut, where we were to spend the night.

In blazing heat we reached the hut at about 2.30 and, flinging down our rucksacks and ice-axes, we sat down and gasped on the rocks outside while our guides went in to boil water for our tea, the necessity for which meal they never could understand.

They came out, with long faces, to tell us that there were already fourteen occupants in the hut (meant to hold twelve); that we brought the number up to eighteen, and that they knew of three more coming, for certain! This meant close quarters with a vengeance, to say nothing of stuffiness, as the guides do not approve of ventilation, and our only consolation was the thought that, as we were to start at midnight, we should not have to endure this purgatory very long.

I should here say that so early a start is necessary in order that the party may be out of the steep couloir (snow and ice gully) up which the route lies, before the sun has sufficient power

to start the avalanches which descend during the heat of the day.

Accordingly, punctually at midnight we stepped thankfully out of the reeking hut into the wonderful silence of that ice world, illumined by the gentle light of the moon, which softened the rugged faces of the peaks towering all round us, and glistened on the frozen surface of snow and glacier, providing us with one of the most glorious sights it is possible to imagine.

It was a very warm night, so that as we tramped steadily over the snow-covered glacier lying between the hut and the base of the Aiguille Verte, we soon discarded our woollen gloves and jerseys, which, however, we were only too glad to resume later, when, with day-break, an intensely cold wind arose.

When we had reached the foot of our peak we had to halt for a few moments to put on the rope, as it was then necessary to mount to a glacier some hundred feet above us by means of steps cut in the solid wall of ice. It took our guide some little time to hew our way up the hard, steep ice, and it required careful going on every one's part to avoid a slip which, had it occurred, might have entailed unpleasant results. We then took to the rocks, which afforded us some of the most objectionable and irritating climbing I have ever come across. They were of a loose, crumbling nature, more frequently than not covered with verglas (ice) and deeply powdered with snow, so that as we cautiously wormed our way up the slippery, treacherous rocks, everything seemed suddenly to give way and start slipping down, to the great detriment of our fingers and tempers. To make matters worse, the moon had disappeared, and there was only the faintest glimmer of daylight just appearing, so that it was no easy matter to make our way up the rocks, which seemed strangely forbidding in that curious semi-darkness. The wind, too, had risen, and the cold was intense, so much so that there was no question of a halt for food—though we had eaten nothing for some hours; but we pushed on till the dawn tinged with pink the great snow and rock peaks around, giving promise of welcome warmth later.

After a short rest and food we had to take to the great couloir leading to the ridge which connects it with the snow cone forming the summit. Up we went, kicking steps for our feet, and driv-

ing our ice-axes firmly into the snow, which was in good condition at that early hour. We kept to the right, close to the rocks, to avoid as far as possible the track of the avalanches which go down the middle. The couloir became steeper and steeper, and, at last, near the top, turned to ice, which made our progress much slower, every care having to be exercised owing to its steepness. How we longed to reach the patch of snow on which we could see the sun shining above, as we stood in our ice-steps, tapping our feet when the step was sufficiently large to allow it, and every tooth in our heads chattering!

But our joy was of brief duration, for we were only in the sun about ten minutes before we reached the crest of the ridge, and were assailed by a furious and bitterly cold wind, which soon reduced us to freezing and speechless misery. The crest of the ridge was so narrow that we had to sit astride of it, with the usual alluring precipice on each side, and, as we sat there—no very pleasant matter owing to the fury of the wind—we were able to study the uninviting corniced ridge lying between us and the summit.

However, the cold soon obliged us to rise very cautiously from our precarious position and resume our way to the summit.

Slowly, in the teeth of the wind, which threatened our unstable equilibrium considerably, we made our way along the ridge, sometimes keeping to the top, which was so narrow as to allow room for one foot at a time only, sometimes cutting steps on the side of the slope to avoid getting too near the top of a cornice, which might have slipped away from the mountain and carried us with it. At last, we gained the summit at 7 a. m., and the view was wonderful, with a panorama of almost the whole of the Alps, whilst the valleys being blotted out by the mist made us seem quite alone in this wilderness of snow and ice. However, the cold soon drove us away, and we started on our return journey once again along the ridge, which required even more careful negotiation than before, as it sloped down at a considerable angle. It was with a feeling of deep thankfulness that we left this wind-swept crest and descended into the shelter of the couloir, where the sun was now shining with considerable power. But we found the snow, which had been hard frozen on our way up, was now rapidly melting and in a very in-

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coherent state, and demanding every precaution on our part to avoid starting an avalanche—a not unlikely contingency, considering the steepness of the couloir. We therefore went down backwards, as on a ladder, moving one at a time, with the spare rope coiled around the axes driven into the snow, and paid out as each member of the party descended cautiously in turn. We suffered as much from the heat as we had previously done from the cold, and when we at last left the long couloir, where we had been busily engaged in dodging stones loosened by the action of the sun, and anxious to alight on our heads, the rocks which had been ice-bound on our way up were now covered with melting snow and trickling streams of water. What with the condition of the rocks, the thunder of avalanches in close proximity to us, the falling stones, the unstable look of the séracs which we had to pass, I quite agreed with the guide who expressed it as his opinion that the “Aiguille Verte is not commode”; but I am still unconvinced that it is particularly unsuited to members of the weaker sex if they are foolish enough to wish to climb it.

Au revoir.

C. M. C.

If we are spiritual-minded enough to see the Babe of Bethlehem through the eyes of the Magi, who were our representatives at the crib in the dim past, we will find no difficulty in presenting Him with what their gifts symbolized—the gold of love, the frankincense of prayer, and the myrrh of penance.

Memory brings regrets, but let us not mope. We are on earth yet, and that very thing should buoy us up with new courage, for every hour is a new creation with God's cherished purpose persevering in our every hour, reminding us every hour of our destiny, animating us every hour to its realization and dominating us every hour, despite our stiff perverseness. Notwithstanding, then, the sombre colorings of memory and the sorry twinges of regret, let us step to the future with confidence and joy. Let us give our hand to the all-wise Father, who leads us by His hand, gentle yet strong. Let us not fear the sorrow that the coming year may bring, when our heart faints, as the bell tolls for the past.

October! when the leaves turn red, brown, and saffron like Joseph's coat, when the squirrels scamper up the bare branches with the apparent nonchalance of the sure-footed, when the birds fill the sky with their farewells and heaven frowns at their departure and covers you over with a cloud of sorrow! Then you must leave these things from without for the sweet memories you hold within. And your spirit friends, dearer to you than valorless cities and garish crowds, rise up around you while you turn your eyes away from autumnal darkness to write about their lives.

October the second—The First Year Arts girls are talking about to-day's brilliant and beautiful lecture on Theology, delivered by the Reverend D. Meader, B. A., of the St. Michael's College staff. The Reverend lecturer said that it was grasping the great principles of theology and harmonizing our actions with the knowledge of them that ennobled our lives and secured our future happiness. To sit at the feet of a professor whose every act and life-work correspond with the high principles inculcated is the desired of desired privileges.

October the sixth—This untimely autumn day snatches away from the earth the master soul of one whom we love. A great genius dies to-day in Ireland. One who loved the sea, and loved the stars, and loved the poor, and loved little children. One *electae ex millibus* whom God smiled on here—

“Leaning His hand out of the sky

To bless him, with honey in His tone”—

and whispering into his soul sweet secrets for his wizard pen to write about. And how truly, and how charmingly has Canon Sheehan told to the world the inspiration that came to him. The songs of the angels were in his brain: he gave them to the world, and they have blessed it. May God reward him abundantly forever.

October the twelfth—To-day we were favored by a visit from two distinguished gentlemen—

the Reverend T. Burke, C. S. P., the Paulist Father who has recently come to Toronto, at the request of Archbishop McNeil, to establish "Newman Hall" for the spiritual welfare and supervision of the Catholics attending Toronto University; and the Hon. Dr. White, Principal of Ottawa Normal, who was remaining in Toronto for a few days. Dr. White is a brother of Mother M. Colombière, local Superior at Loreto Abbey.

October the thirteenth—This afternoon we were honored by a visit from His Lordship Bishop McNally of Calgary, accompanied by Reverend J. Dollard and Reverend Dr. Burke, of Toronto. His Lordship could delay but to confer his blessing on all before setting out for his distant home by the Rockies.

October the twenty-second—Reverend J. R. Urquhart, a friend of Miss Rhoda Laurence, called to-day and was shown through the Abbey. He remarked particularly on the brightness and cheerfulness of the school and surroundings. His charming open manner was so attractive that Miss Laurence was the recipient, subsequently, of many favorable comments on her elegant friend.

October the twenty-fifth—A formal reception was held by the young ladies of the Third Year College Class, this afternoon. Miss Teresa Coughlin and Gertrude Ryan in caps and gowns received the students of the other years. Tea was served in one of the lecture rooms, where floral decorations in smilax and red and white roses enhanced the effect of dainty china and delicious "eats." Reverend Mother Stanislaus graced the occasion by her presence, and by her words of sympathy greatly encouraged the anxious, if delighted, participants. Mother Colombière and many of the nuns also called, and the varied scene was one of beauty and consequence.

October the twenty-sixth—This afternoon we were formally presented to Reverend Mother Stanislaus and to Mother M. Colombière, local Superior. Reverend Mother was so gracious that we lost the proverbial fear pending formal receptions. Why should we ever fear? No one likes making mistakes and being awkward under the Argus eyes of Etiquette, I suppose.

October the twenty-eighth—A few of the girls had the pleasure of seeing the Company in Henry IV. during its week's stay in Toronto, and, consequently, were better prepared for the charming and sincere portrayal of the English King by Mr. Benson at Convocation Hall to-day. The huge crimson hall was crowded and the actor's slight figure and ringing sentences agreeably impressed the audience of his thorough knowledge of art and Shakespeare's position therein. In Part Second of the play, Mr. Benson showed the king in his later days—a delicate frame linked with a statesman's mind. And in the great scene between the two Henrys, the wonderful portrayal of the part left the audience breathless when the curtain finally descended. To see Mr. Benson is, indeed, an education, liberal in itself, of Shakespeare's art.

October the twenty-ninth—We were delighted to see Archbishop Pascal, of Edmonton, again. The pleasant recollections of a former visit from the same great prelate, when he gave us a talk on the "West," made us wish, like little Oliver, for "more," and we were disappointed to-day when we learned that his time would not permit a repetition of the privilege. He was hastening on to the West.

October the thirtieth—We were very glad to hear about the honors which have fallen upon the brother of Miss Marion Smith, one of our bright First Year Arts girls. Mr. Neil McCabe Smith, cadet, has become one of the celebrities of Toronto owing to the admirable courage displayed in rescuing a lady from drowning.

"Without divesting himself of his clothing, Smith dived into the lake twice unsuccessfully. The third time he swam along the bottom, and keeping his eyes open, he found the woman, brought her to the surface, put her in the boat, brought her ashore, and assisted in the work of resuscitation until medical service arrived."

In recognition of his heroism, the Royal Canadian Humane Society Medal was presented to him, this afternoon, at the Armouries, in presence of a distinguished audience, by the Hon. Sir John Gibson, Lieutenant-Governor. During the ceremony, Archbishop McNeil congratulated the brave young man for the noble deed, observing that the third dive into the treacherous element stamped the perseverance of the hero, and was

quite as glorious as facing the bullets of the enemy in a good cause. Then followed the congratulatory words of the Hon. Adam Brown and others.

If he is most noble who shows most valor, we believe Miss Marion has a valorous nobleman for a brother. We congratulate them sincerely.

October the thirty-first—Hallowe'en!—for impromptu concerts! To be summoned to the platform, to make your best bow to an august audience—all this without the slightest intimation of the next demand to be made upon your trembling good nature!

"A song!"

But you never sang before!

"So much the better—a song!"

You sing!—feeling as comfortable as Ixion tied to his wheel.

The following list gives in outline the various performances of the evening at this memorable impromptu:

Chorus—Miss B. Farrell, I. Robson, J. McBrady, G. Wiess, L. Kelly, T. Canning.

Potato-Competition-Race—Miss G. Connolly, M. Flanagan, M. Smyth, K. Peters.

Sketch (Light That Failed)—Miss M. Finan, A. McDonald, R. Johnson, K. Snyder, K. Moran.

Highland Fling—Miss A. Millar, E. Dodds.

Fortune Game—Miss L. Rodway, D. Hammel, M. Smith.

Violin Solo and Dance—Miss O. Meehan.

Sketch (Flowers of Loreto)—Miss R. Lawrence, N. Quinlan, D. McGillivray, M. Robins, K. Lee.

Song, My Country, 'Tis of Thee—Miss E. Rodway, M. Downey, F. Barry.

Description, "My Ideal Girl"—Miss E. Barry.

Hoop Game—Miss M. Murphy, C. Maloney, V. McCausland, A. Morrissey, E. Fournier.

National Song—Miss A. Cassavant, A. Toupin, L. Brown.

Speech, Votes for Women—Miss K. Cray.

Peanut Chase—Miss C. Parker, M. Doyle.

Imitations—Miss I. Poulin.

Fishing for Apples—Miss O. O'Shea, I. Dodds, M. McIntyre, E. Flanagan, M. E. Flanagan.

Romeo and Juliet—Miss O. Frawley, M. Downey.

Undecided Victory—Miss H. McGillivray, M. Laidley, C. Dwyer, M. Moran, A. Lamy.

Raisin-Stringing—Miss R. Herwitz, H. Whalen.

Training a Bear—Miss K. O'Reilley.

Sword Dance—Miss F. Mitchell.

Grand Opera—Miss A. Barthelmes, I. Poulin, O. Frawley, E. Alguire.

Ghost Story—Miss H. Hagen, C. Lovering, E. Cosgrave, M. Foy.

Piano Solo—Miss M. Burns.

November the fourth—The lecture on Art by Mr. Wylie Grier was deeply interesting. Lantern views illustrated his descriptions. The French "Impressionists" and the "Pre-Raphaelites," especially, were effectively elucidated and no one could fail to follow, profitably and pleasantly, the distinguished lecturer. Truly, it takes an artist to talk about art. Mr. Wylie Grier is a great artist. His lecture was a masterpiece.

November the thirteenth—Flower-gifts came in all day as so many sweet reminders of St. Stanislaus' Feast, and our dear Reverend Mother's festal day. Soon, however, they found their place on the altar and the chapel was perfumed with the odor of roses. But sweeter were the prayers that ascended to God from her spiritual children in Christ—that He whom she has followed from her tenderest youth may continue His blessings to her of health, and holiness, and length of days.

November the sixteenth—It was our privilege, this morning, to hear Reverend M. Staley speak on "Confidence in God." He chose for his text, "Lord, save me, or I perish." We perish, he said, in the hour of temptation because we place our trust in ourselves rather than in the strong Arm that is never straitened. We pile difficulties upon our path and convert it into the sinner's rough road rather than take His outstretched hand and be charged from the Strength Inexhaustible.

November the nineteenth—Among the visitors who called, this afternoon, were Reverend J. McAuley, of Peterboro, and Reverend F. Kelly, of Norwood. Their visit was tidings of great joy to many friends at the Abbey.

November the twentieth—Reverend J. Lenhard, the zealous and enterprising pastor of Carlsruhe, visited the Abbey, this afternoon. His friends were delighted to see him once again after the lapse of years.

November the twenty-first—Reverend F. Langdon, secretary of the illustrious Dom Gasquet, called this afternoon, in company with Mr. Jas. Murray, of Toronto. We were sorry to hear of the illness that incapacitated his distinguished master, Dom Gasquet, from proceeding farther than New York on his projected journey. It is he who has been occupied for the past twenty years in researches concerning the life of Mary Ward, foundress of the Institute of Mary. Loreto was looking forward to his visit, with fond expectancy,—hence the general disappointment.

November the twenty-seventh—Reverend John Burke, of New York, editor of *The Catholic World*, called this afternoon. Father Burke is a brother of the Reverend T. Burke, of Newman Hall.

November the twenty-ninth—Pontifical High Mass was celebrated in the Abbey chapel, this morning, for the late Mr. Eugene O'Keeffe, in gratitude for his generous benefaction to Loreto. The celebrant, Reverend A. O'Malley, was assisted by Reverend E. Kelly, as deacon, and Reverend F. Hayden, as subdeacon.

November the twenty-ninth—Labichè's "La Poudre aux Yeux," presented by our Arts students, this evening, in the Abbey concert hall, was a delightful treat. Too much praise cannot be given to the clever young actors who made their French speeches with the fluency of natives. The impersonations were as follows:

Mme. Malingear—Miss G. Ryan, '15.

Mme. Ratinois—Miss Edna Duffy, '16.

M. Malingear—Miss T. O'Rilley, '16.

Frédéric (son of Ratinois)—Miss T. Coughlan, '15.

Emmiline (daughter of Malingear)—Miss I. Long, '16.

Robert—Miss M. Power, '15.

An Upholsterer—Miss E. Madigan.

A Caterer—Miss M. Davis, '17.

Alexandrine (a maid)—Miss M. Smith, '17.

Josephine (a maid)—Miss E. Madigan, '17.

Sophie (a maid)—Miss M. Davis, '17.

A little negro—Miss Ella Canning, '17.

Afterwards a reception was held in the Abbey drawing-room. Among the guests were Reverend R. McBrady, President of St. Michael's College; Reverend A. O'Malley, Professor and Mrs. Squair and Miss Squair, Professor and Mrs. Fraser, and M. St. Elme de Champe.

November the thirtieth—The sermon, this morning, by Reverend A. O'Malley, delighted and surprised and puzzled, and did us good. He spoke on the words of the Epistle for the Sunday—"Put ye on the armor of light." Under the charm of the night, human nature loses, so to speak, much of its virility and man seems less strong to resist temptation in the shadow than in the sunshine. He is encompassed by the darkness and it presses him towards the earth, and so the great Apostle of the Gentiles sounds the note of warning, "Put ye on the armor of light."

Father O'Malley's sermons are always inspiring and delightful.

December the eighth—The Forty Hours closed, this morning, with the usual Pontifical High Mass, celebrated by the Reverend F. Scully, C. SS. R., assisted by Reverend A. O'Malley, as deacon, and Reverend D. Meader, as subdeacon. Nothing could have been added to those three days, in the way of spiritual favors. The beautiful chapel, aglow with lights and flowers, and the Blessed Sacrament in the midst of the beauty and the peace, looking down upon us with a love unfathomable. To be able to make our annual three days' retreat during this period is surely a wonderful favor, and this was our privilege. The Redemptorist Father, Reverend F. Scully, conducted the Exercises. His simple, direct style rendered doubly impressive the great verities inculcated. This retreat must always remain one of the happiest memories of our lives.

KATE CRAY.

GENEVIEVE ROACH.

You will probably suffer in some way if you always do what your conscience tells you is right, but you will have all the martyrs for company.

Loreto Convent, Niagara Falls.

October the seventh—Our annual marsh-mallow roast took place this evening. At seven o'clock, a band of happy-hearted maidens came out to the moonlit grounds and found a great bed of glowing coals in readiness for the marsh-mallows, sweet potatoes, corn and wieners that were presently to be held over it, on the ends of long pointed sticks. The sport commenced immediately and continued for two hours. Before the close of the evening, cocoa was served; then, old-time songs were sung, as, hand in hand, we danced in a magic ring.

October the eighth—A very enjoyable afternoon at Brock's Monument. As some of our party had never before seen this particular place of interest at Niagara, much enthusiasm was evinced by these as well as by teachers and experienced pupils, who were quite resolved that no point of beauty or interest should remain unseen by the newcomers. A vivid description of the battle was given to us, as we walked over the scene of the encounter, by one well acquainted with the facts.

October the eleventh—At St. Catherine's Literary meeting this evening, a new and interesting number was presented on the programme by the Secretary, Miss Elizabeth Reed. The *characteristic trait, specialty, object of affections and favorite expression* of each member were given, the individual not being named but left to be recognized from these peculiarities. There was little difficulty over the recognition, and much merriment, all seeming to enjoy seeing themselves as others (and especially their esteemed Secretary) see them.

October the fifteenth—St. Teresa's Feast-day! A delightful and extensive programme was carried out this evening by the members of the S. T. L. for the entertainment of the St. Catherine's Literary. After the last number, Miss Helen Fox, President of the S. C. L., expressed in a few earnest and pleasing words the appreciation of the audience. During the applause following her remarks, a treat of another kind was afforded—ice-cream and cake having just been brought in on trays. We take this opportunity of again thanking the members of the St. Te-

resa's Literary for the pleasant proceedings of the evening.

October the eighteenth—On assembling in the study-hall this evening, we found that we were to be honored by a social call from Mrs. Dunn, of Hamilton. When the pleasant conversation had continued for some time, with her accustomed graciousness, she recited, at our request, several beautiful selections. The evening's entertainment also included a recitation by Miss Helen Fox, a solo by Miss Elizabeth Reed, accompanied by Miss Margaret Bampfield, and a song and sprightly Spanish dance by Miss Elena Weatherstone.

October the twentieth—Canadian Thanksgiving Day celebrated by a "Poverty Ball" in the evening. The marvellous resourcefulness of schoolgirls was evidenced in the elaborate, if somewhat grotesque, costumes prepared during the afternoon. Miss Marguerite Bracken received the prize awarded for the most ludicrous attire. In the course of the evening a musical contest took place, various compositions having to be recognized and named from certain simple passages taken from them. Miss Helen Marra won the prize awarded in this competition. Cocoa and sandwiches were served after the ball.

October the twenty-second—One of our classmates, Miss Margaret Bampfield, enjoyed the privilege of a visit to Buffalo, in company with her mother, to hear Madame Trentini in "Fire-fly." Margaret's pleasing account of the opera rendered the musically-inclined amongst us somewhat envious.

October the thirty-first—Hallowe'en—a half-holiday enjoyed by all. Among the pastimes of the evening was a peanut "Hunt," followed by weird tales related by our champion ghost-story-teller.

November the third—A delightful afternoon and evening in Buffalo for the musical members of the class. Our kind hostess, Mrs. Fox, was our chaperon at the superb recital given by the world-famed Paderewski.

November the twenty-seventh—American Thanksgiving Day. Our pleasure was greatly increased by a visit from some former Loreto pupils—Miss Jean Sears, Helen McCarnéy, Ruth Fox, Ida Shuart and Genevieve Valencourt.

A little play, composed for the occasion, was given in the evening by the young ladies of the school, after which, Miss Jean Sears entertained us with some beautiful songs, Miss Ida Stuart and Miss Margaret Bampfield, in turn, accompanying her.

November the twenty-eighth—Another welcome visitor, Miss Marjorie Vrooman, arrived to-day. Having heard much of Marjorie's voice, we were most anxious to hear it. This evening, she and Jean gave us a delightful entertainment. Marjorie's selections were, "When the Roses Bloom Again," sung first in German and then, by special request, in English; "Resignation," "Life," "The Songs I Sing to You," and a glorious "Ave Maria," while Jean's were, "Il Bacio," "I Heard a Thrush at Even Sing," "Laddie," and "Rose in the Bud." In "At the Close of a Perfect Day" and other numbers, the two rich, true voices harmonized perfectly and reached not only the ears but the hearts of the favored listeners.

A welcome extended to Reverend Mother Stanislaus, of Loreto Abbey, Toronto, who returned with our dear Mother Superior to-day and will now spend a few days with us.

As a climax to our Thanksgiving week-end festivities, Rev. Father Rosa brought his lantern and a new collection of slides—the first series for simple amusement, the second, a choice collection of religious paintings, which aroused more serious thought and won our admiration. Some of the most beautiful of these were "The Annunciation" (Murillo), two pictures of the "Madonna and Child" by Gabriel Max, "Child Jesus" (Hoffman), "The Nativity" (Hoffman), "The Angel Messenger," "The Magnificat," "Behold I Bring Tidings of Great Joy," "Holy Night," "First Christmas Morn," Correggio's "Holy Night," "The Holy Family," Botticelli's "Virgin and Child," "Adoration of the Wise Men" "Wise Men in the Palace" (as seen in Ben Hur), "Babe of Bethlehem" (Sinkel), "Glory to God" (from a fresco), "Mother and Child" (Bernatz), Doré's "Star of Bethlehem" and "Massacre of the Innocents," "Flight into Egypt" (Plockhurst), "Holy Family in the Desert" (Aubert), "The Peacemaker" (Dietrich).

During the past term, Reverend Father Jerome, O. C. C., has given us, in addition to the

bi-weekly instructions, occasional Sunday sermons, full of practical helps for our spiritual life. Those of the *last* Sunday of the Ecclesiastical Year and of the first Sunday of Advent (which is the *first* of the Ecclesiastical Year), were particularly impressive expositions of the great truth set forth in the Gospels of these Sundays, the necessity of an unremitting preparation for the final and inevitable judgment. We wish, here, to chronicle our thanks for Father Jerome's many kind words of instruction and encouragement.

Loreto Convent, Mount St. Mary, Hamilton

October the thirtieth—Working as busily as bees and accomplishing much is the encouraging record of the Minims for the past month; therefore we were not altogether surprised at the high "marks" attained by these industrious little maidens when their averages were read, on Note Day, in the bright, sunny room—their new quarters—which seems a reflection of the heart and countenance of each cheery occupant. Fate was kind to Genevieve Arland, who scored the highest average and was fittingly applauded and congratulated by her teacher and classmates.

After the undue (?) pressure of the month and the triumphs achieved, as a result, the spirits of the victors rose in a gala celebration of Hallowe'en, which fairly eclipsed anything witnessed on former occasions. In the early afternoon there was a class-room fête—and a merry fête it was, with such an abundance of dainties that we feared for the success of the evening party, but when the time came, the appetites of one and all, whetted perhaps by the sweet surprises and quaint, decorative table effects, proved equal to the demands made upon them and gave no evidence of earlier feasting.

Everything that tended to suggest the Hallowe'en spirit, with all its fun and frolic, was to be seen in the decorations of the refectory. A golden pumpkin, filled with fruit, formed the centrepiece of the Minims' table, in close proximity was a witch holding a broomstick, from which were leading ribbons to each place with favors—"crackers"—attached, while all around twinkled the grinning smiles of illuminated pumpkin faces, and streamers and festoons of

orange and black paper lent an air of mystery to the scene. Indeed, the inventive genius of the committee of entertainment—Mary Burdette, Eileen Murphy, Juliette Vloberg and Irene Cook—under the supervision of Gertrude Murphy—is worthy of high praise.

After supper, the student body assembled in the recreation hall where all kinds of games, carrying out the sentiment of the season, were played. Prizes were won by Marie McCarthy, Mary Taylor and Leora Peabody.

November the sixth—A wedding of interest to the Faculty and pupils of Loreto, Niagara Falls, and Mount St. Mary, is that of Miss Marjorie Beck. "St. Joachim's Church," writes our Edmonton correspondent, "echoed with a paean of nuptial gladness at 11.30, yesterday, when Miss Marjorie Clare Beck, second daughter of Mr. Justice Beck, became the bride of John Camille Landry, son of Mr. Justice Landry, of Dorchester, N. B.

As the bridal party entered the church, G. Pepin played appropriate music at the organ and throughout the impressive Nuptial Mass, one of the most imposing rites of the Catholic Church. Reverend P. M. Cozanet, O. M. I., officiated. In striking contrast to the white marble altar were the tall green palms and the clusters of crimson bloom.

The bride, who was given away by her father, was very charming in her beautiful snow-white wedding-robe of charmeuse satin, made with a long, pointed train, which was finished with a true lover's knot of raised satin, outlined in pearls—the draped skirt opened over a petticoat of white Spanish lace,—the corsage was swathed in the same lace, and a French bow with a stole en suite was caught on the left side of the bodice. A long bridal veil of the finest tulle was caught, mob-cap style, with a wreath of orange blossoms. A handsome gold bar pin, inset with sapphires and diamonds—the gift of the bridegroom—completed this bridal toilette. A shower bouquet of roses and lilies-of-the-valley was carried.

Miss Emily Watson and Miss Emily Brown were the bridesmaids.

A reception followed afterwards at the bride's home. The bridal party stood in the drawing-room under a wedding-bell fashioned of white

chrysanthemums interspersed with trails of smilax and banked with palms.

Receiving with the bridal party and Mr. Justice Beck, was Madame Milton Martin, sister of the bride, in a charming creation in the new French blue tones. A black hat of picture dimensions, finished with willow plumes in the grey blue tones, was worn.

In a chivalrous little speech, H. H. Parlee proposed the toast to the bride, whose health was drunk in sparkling vintage, and her future painted in the rosiest hues by the well-wishers present. The bridegroom, who was showered with congratulations, responded.

In the happily spacious hall up-stairs, in which was fashioned a bower of greens, Turner's orchestra discoursed sweet music.

In the den, an array of exquisite china, silver, cut glass and other handsome gifts was much admired.

As ever, 'the bird of time was on the wing,' and the bride had to slip away to don her travelling costume of navy tailored cloth. A modish French hat of black velvet, finished with a new ostrich mount, was worn. A handsome set of black bear furs—one of the gifts of the bride's father—finished her travelling costume."

November the twenty-first—Of special appropriateness and significance, was the programme of music and song, rendered this evening, in honor of the Queen of Sacred Song—St. Cecilia.

The various numbers were executed with taste and skill—vocal and instrumental music being interspersed with illustrative readings—exceptionally interesting and effectively delivered—an incentive to assiduity in the cultivation of our musical talents and to their employment, when occasion offers, in the service of God. Following is the programme:

Hymn to St. Cecilia.....*Myerscough*
Sketch of the Life of St. Cecilia.

G. DOYLE.

Venetian Boat Song, No. 1, op. 19..*Mendelssohn*
G. MURPHY.

"St. Cecilia in Art."

E. WALSH.

Humoresque, op. 101, No. 7.....
A. HINMAN.

- "Song for St. Cecilia's Day".....*Dryden*
A. O'DONOHUE.
- Sous Bois, op. 6.....*Staub*
M. OLES.
- Evening and Morning*Oakley*
M. OLES, E. WALSH, E. ADDISON, D. BROHMAN.
- "Abide with Me"*Moak*
"GOD SAVE THE KING."

November the twenty-second—The following item, from *Saturday Night* of this date, will be of interest to RAINBOW readers, as well as to the members of the Loreto Abbey Alumnae Association: "Lady Evelyn Farquhar and Miss Yorke, lady-in-waiting to Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Connaught, were the guests of honor at a very bright and enjoyable tea recently in Ottawa, given by Mrs. Arthur Sladen, who looked very charming in a gown of taupe velvet. The pretty tea-table, centred with a large vase of pink chrysanthemums, was presided over by Mrs. Lawrence Taylor and Miss Annie Moylan"—the latter, the bearer of a dear name sacred to auld lang syne, and a loved alumna of Loreto Abbey, whom time and distance have never prevented from remembering frequently her "convent days."

November the twenty-ninth—A representative programme of classical and modern compositions, excellently interpreted by the Hamilton Ladies' String Orchestra.

The artistic growth of this organization since its last appearance was apparent, and the programme gave evidence of Miss Hunter's ability to develop technique, colored by musical expression.

When Miss Hunter raised her bâton for the opening March, enthusiasm and expectancy vied with each other for expression on the faces of her audience, and, as number followed number—a succession of unalloyed delights—we were led along beautiful musical paths till the mellow singing tones of the 'cellos inspired the rapture that lifted us above the level of the everyday world into realms of hope and promise.

An agreeable variety was given to the programme by the singing of Mrs. Aldous, whose engaging charm of voice and manner never fails to elicit appreciation.

The musicians held the audience in rapt attention and the spell was not broken till the final note.

A warm greeting, hearty applause throughout, and an insatiable clamor for encores were elements of the occasion.

PROGRAMME.

1. (a) March and Soldiers' Chorus from
Faust *Gounod*
(b) Adagio *Aldous*
(c) Minuet *Aldous*
2. (a) Egyptian Ballet, Allegretto, Andante Sostenuto *Luigini*
(b) Evening Sounds, from Suite "In Holland" *Kriens*
3. Morning on the Zuyder Zee.....*Kriens*
4. Gipsy Suite—
Valse ("Lonely Life").....*German*
Allegro di Bravura (The Dance).
Minuetto (Love Duet).
Tarantella (The Revel).
5. Song, Annie Laurie
MRS. ALDOUS.
6. (a) Gavotte du Palais Royal.....*Lee*
(b) Pizzicati Serenade*Iliffe*
(c) Quartet from Rigoletto*Verdi*
7. Carmen Selection*Bizet*
GOD SAVE THE KING.

November the thirtieth—It was our privilege and pleasure to accept the gracious invitations of Right Reverend Mgr. Mahony, V. G., D. C. L., and Very Reverend Dr. Walter to attend an Illustrated Lecture—"St. Cecilia in Art"—in St. Mary's Hall, this afternoon.

Various scenes in the life of the seraph-haunted Queen of Harmony were vividly portrayed, while Dr. Walter, with his usual facility and eloquence, described the historic representations.

The following Sunday, "The Madonna in Art" was the irresistible attraction.

Raphael's Sistine Madonna, of world-wide celebrity, first met our gaze—

"The Infant God, with His sublimest charms,
Throned in the clasp of her maternal arms."

In this painting the most tender beauty is woven with mysterious vision. There is a di-

vine earnestness and power in the eyes of the Child, while those of the Mother look at you—but they see you not—they are thinking—looking back into her past, with its mysteries—looking forward into the veiled and significant future. These eyes once seen are never forgotten; they draw you again and again to look into their unfathomable depths. No marvel that the hum of voices which prevails throughout the Dresden Gallery, where the original of this picture occupies a room of its own, is hushed in wonder when visitors enter this apartment.

A study of this beautiful picture can but elevate for it embodies all that is pure and dignified and heavenly.

In charming contrast was Raphael's lovely Madonna della Sedia, familiarly, and even affectionately, known as the Madonna of the Chair. It were difficult to find a picture anywhere that has so much of the human note—a glorious type in character of all that is hallowed to us. "The whole of maternal love seems to be enclosed within the perfect circle of this picture."

With the Madonna del Cardellino, known by the name of the Virgin with the Goldfinch, we were not so familiar as with those already shown. The Madonna is seated with a book in her hand. The Infant Jesus presents a bird to John, with that look of holy affection which Raphael knows so well how to portray.

The Madonna Granduca, Madonna of the Baldacchino, Madonna di Foligno, Madonna of the Fish, Madonna of the Candlesticks, Madonna of the Veil, Madonna of the Rose, Madonna of the Garden, Madonna of the Lake, &c., and a few of the masterpieces of Fra Angelico, Guido Reni, Botticelli, and Murillo were a delight to the eye and the heart. Did time and space permit, we would like to describe them all. At the close, Raphael's awe-inspiring "Transfiguration," which was nearing completion when the "Prince of Painters" fell suddenly ill and died, was presented. When his body lay in state, the still wet "Transfiguration" hung above the panoply, and was carried in procession at his funeral obsequies. Vasari says: "In this work the master has of a truth produced figures and heads of such extraordinary beauty; so new, so varied, and at all points so admirable, that by common

consent of all artists, it is declared to be the most worthily renowned, the most excellent and most divine."

The afternoon had been profitable and delightful, and we realized as we had never done before that Art and Religion must go hand in hand—Religion as the inspirer of true Art—and Art as the handmaid of Religion.

December the eighth—The presence of our beloved Bishop in our midst gave a deeper radiance to the joyful celebration of the Feast of Our Lady's Immaculate Conception.

Rarely, if ever, had it been our privilege to hear so beautiful a sermon, one having so distinctly practical an application to the conditions and needs of the present day, as that delivered by His Lordship, after Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

"The Church had always believed that the Blessed Mother was never, for an instant, under the dominion of sin," said His Lordship. "It was, however, the privilege of our own time, when circumstances rendered it necessary to establish the fact as a matter beyond all dispute, to place a new crown of glory upon the brow of the Queen of Heaven and earth by the solemn declaration of her Immaculate Conception as an article of faith. This was done by Pope Pius IX. in the august assembly of all the bishops of the world, on the 8th. of December, 1854. Hence she is represented as the glorious woman of the Apocalypse, clothed with the sun, a diadem of stars upon her head, and the moon beneath her feet. She is seen to be crushing the serpent, thus recalling the promise made by Almighty God to fallen man at the gates of Paradise."

Incidentally, His Lordship mentioned that he was present at the first celebration of the Feast, after the promulgation of the dogma—had, in fact, assisted in decorating the cathedral for the occasion—and that the memories which cluster around that day still gleam, undimmed, through the mists of years.

For His Lordship the Feasts of Our Lady have a perennial charm—he is never happier than when joining in the grand chorus of praise that rings throughout the universe on these occasions—and the years but serve to intensify his devotion to her.

Continuing, His Lordship reminded us that the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, occurring during the season of Advent, throws into a brighter light the truth of the Incarnation. The spotless Virgin Mother is honored as the second Eve through whom a Saviour is to be given to the race which fell because of the first Eve's transgression, and, in honoring her, the desire to commemorate the advent into the world of her Blessed Son, is strengthened in the Christian heart.

His Lordship emphasized the paramount importance of forming habits of virtue while we are young and our minds are plastic and susceptible of receiving instruction from those whose sole object and aim is to impart all that is ennobling to the human mind and heart; and concluded by expressing the wish that our lives might be a reflection of the virtues that characterized the Immaculate Mother of God.

December the sixteenth—All the world's a-shopping these days—lips curve into a smile of sheer happiness at the sight—and golden opportunities are offered on every side to make some one happy with a gift—to devise means which will most fittingly express sentiments of affection for those we love, on the occasion of the year's most joyful event. But what a temptation to lavish extravagance, to wander, in delightful indecision, from counter to counter, and look at the new and wonderful things of every size and description that the modern St. Nicholas has made for the modern child; or to think of the expectant little people at home and the letters they have been laboriously penning to the patron saint of Christmas! How they loom up and fill the horizon of our thoughts as we gaze at the glittering array! And we will not forget those who, in their circumstances, most resemble the Christ-Babe—waifs in city streets, homeless and friendless, aliens to Christian charity in Christian lands, spurned from rich men's doors as He was spurned in the Judean hamlet, nineteen centuries ago.

December the eighteenth—Matinée Musicale.

PROGRAMME.

Senior Choral Class, "Jolly Winter"....*Vincent*
"A Christmas Greeting."

J. MORISSEY.

Piano—

- (a) Gavotte Intermezzo*Perrier*
(sur le motif de Gossec)
I. AND E. MÜLLER.
- (b) Étude, op. 45, No. 2.....*Heller*
A. O'DONOHUE.
- (c) Canzone Amorosa, op. 25, No. 3...*Nevin*
R. SMILEY.

Senior Choral Class, "Sweet and Low"...*Barnby*
Piano—

- (a) Doll Dance*Mercadante*
G. MURPHY.
- (b) Valse Caprice, op. 16.....*Karganoff*
M. BURNS.
- (c) Arabesque *Meyer-Helmund*
F. WIER.

Semi-Chorus—Hark! the Joyous Bells.....

Piano—

- (a) Valse in E minor*Chopin*
E. ADDISON.
- (b) Novelletten, op. 21, No. 2....*Schumann*
M. MCCARTHY.
- (c) Liebesträume, No. 3.....*Liszt*
M. OLES.

Senior Choral Class, "Twelve by the Clock" *Lloyd*
ADESTE FIDELES.

December the eighteenth—Santa Claus has come!!! To the children to whom Santa Claus is still a warm personal friend there is nothing quite so fascinating as to hear his sleigh-bells jingle merrily and then see the dear old burly form in their midst, his pack filled to overflowing with the things they most desire, his face beaming behind the white bushy beard, his red, fur-bordered jacket threatening to burst as his glee expands and shakes within it. Away with the iconoclast who would relegate Santa Claus to the realm of fancy! The illusions of children are innocent, and the destruction of them, a sorry and useless task. They disappear all too quickly.

The room, dressed with evergreen and holly, looked like a corner of Fairyland, and paper angels, with sparkling wings, were flying through the air, but the fondest hopes of the little ones hung upon the Christmas tree, as yet concealed from view.

The appearance of Santa Claus who—disdaining the orthodox mode of entry—had come down



MADONNA OF THE INSTITUTE OF MARY.

NIAGARA



RAINBOW

Earth's noblest thing—a woman perfected

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Mater Mea.

Mother, I cannot fashion praise or prayer
In manner fitting thy unmeasured worth,
My fairest words but emphasize the dearth
Of human numbers to proclaim thee fair.

The merest outline of thy form or face
I cannot, but with sorry art, essay,
Nor voice have I to sing nor skill to play
A hymn to celebrate thy smallest grace.

And yet, were all these gifts at my command,
Music, and art, and language that should tell
What mortal ne'er has told nor dreamed so
well,
In fruitless impotence I could but stand.

Those syllables, the tend'rest ever heard,
Make tears from deeply buried springs upstart,
Which cancel every effort of my art,
And keep me idly musing o'er each word,
"Mater Mea"!

C. A. C.

LORETO ABBEY.

Relation of Loreto Abbey to Toronto University.

ALL thoughtful persons must be aware of the powerful influence exercised in every community by men and women of superior culture and education. Usually, however, in our age and country, intellectual attainments, to be thoroughly effective, must be attested by the official seal of a great institution of learning. Such recognition at once lifts the University Graduate to a position of eminence whence he

may diffuse, even unconsciously, an influence which will leaven society, while the character of that influence will depend largely upon the principles and ideals with which he has been imbued in the course of his education.

The prestige which attaches to mental superiority is particularly noticeable in the case of teachers in High Schools and Collegiates to the better class of which only University Graduates are appointed. Few Catholics, however, are eligible owing to the well-known fact that hitherto Catholics have not claimed their fair share of the opportunities for higher education afforded by the Province.

This may be, in part, ascribed to a certain apathy regarding higher, and even secondary education, which seems to be prevalent among our people. Hence valuable opportunities for making Catholic standards better known and appreciated among thinking people are lost. The unfortunate prejudices which exist in the minds of so many can in no way be so easily dispelled as by the influence of cultured Catholic men and women.

It is certain, however, that one grave cause of the small percentage of Catholics receiving a University education, up to the present, has been a sense of the dangers besetting young men and women in a large city, while attending lecture courses in a purely secular institution, and withdrawn from religious influences. This objection, which was certainly a valid one, has happily been removed under the present constitution of Toronto University.

Catholic students of both sexes may now receive all the benefits of a University education while pursuing their studies in a Catholic college. The situation may thus be briefly summarized:

Toronto University embraces a federation of four Arts Colléges, all of which enjoy equal rights—University College, which is undenominational; Victoria, which is Methodist; Trinity, which is Anglican, and St. Michael's, which is Catholic. The first three are co-educational, and each maintains a women's residence in connection, viz., Queen's Hall, Annesley Hall and St. Hilda's College, respectively.

Owing to the principle of segregation which prevails in St. Michael's, as in almost all other Catholic Colleges, Catholic women have not until recently enjoyed the same advantages as those of other denominations. Now, however, they may register at St. Michael's College and attend the lectures at Loreto Abbey under a staff of teachers approved by the Faculty of St. Michael's, to which the University leaves their selection. The college professors personally conduct two of the lecture courses—Religious Knowledge and Philosophy. The students of all the Federated Colleges must attend the lectures at the University in what are known as University subjects, e. g., Geology, Chemistry and Political Science. The practical work in all the natural sciences is conducted in the magnificently-equipped laboratories of the University.

The Arts Students of Loreto Abbey have thus a unique advantage, that of pursuing their studies in a Catholic college and of obtaining their degree from a University whose high standing is recognized both throughout the British Empire and in the United States. It rests with the Catholics of the Dominion to correspond with the liberal opportunities for higher education thus afforded them.

Status of Loreto Abbey College.

Loreto Abbey is therefore a Women's Residential College, in which are held lectures in all the subjects of an ordinary Arts course, other than those above specified as belonging to the University. Its relation to St. Michael's is the same as that of St. Hilda's to Trinity previous to 1894, when the present co-educational system was begun.

Aim of Loreto Abbey College.

It is the object of the Faculty to infuse and foster distinctly Catholic ideals, while maintaining a high standard of efficiency in every branch of secular knowledge.

Courses.

The college at present offers a General Course and the following Special Courses: Classics, Moderns, English and History, all leading to the degree of Bachelor of Arts.

Requirements for Admission.

Junior Matriculation admits to the General Course.

The Special or Honour Courses require Honour Matriculation standing as follows:

(1) For Classics—Latin and Greek, and one of the following: A Science, a Modern Language, Algebra and Geometry or Trigonometry.

(2) For Moderns—French, German, and one of the following: A Science, Latin, English, Algebra and Geometry or Trigonometry.

(3) For English and History—Latin, English, French and German.

Senior Matriculation admits to the second year of a General Course or the first year of an Honour Course.

A first-class non-professional certificate admits to the second year of a General Course or the first year of a Special Course.

For American Students.

Graduates of an American secondary school who have the following credits: Algebra 2, Geometry 1, Ancient History 1, French 2, English 4, German 1, Latin 3 or 4, Biology 1, or Physics 1, may register as non-matriculants, and, if successful, may complete the course in four years.

Full information as to courses and terms of admission will be found in the University Calendar.

Prizes and Scholarships.

In conformity with the desire of the college authorities that no deserving young lady who has ambition and ability shall in future be debarred, through want of means, from a University education under religious auspices, the Abbey pupils of former years, and others interested in this movement for the spread of Catholic culture and influence, have already begun to contribute toward the establishment of prizes, bursaries and scholarships.

1. Loreto Alumnae Scholarship, of the value of \$50.00, for the highest First-class Honours in

an Honour Course, to be competed for by all the years.

2. Mary Ward Memorial Scholarship, of the value of \$120.00, the gift of the Faculty, open to all resident students, whether in the General Course or in the Honour Courses, for the highest First-class Honour standing in an Honour Course or the highest First-class Proficiency standing in the General Course. In making the award, First-class Proficiency in the General Course will be considered equal to First-class Honours in an Honour Course.

3. Prize of \$50.00, the gift of Mr. Paul Hahn, for the year 1913-1914, open to all students resident and non-resident under the same conditions as above.

The Faculty respectfully beg the Reverend Clergy to encourage their parishioners to take advantage of this opportunity for Catholic University education for women.

This being the first formal announcement of Loreto Abbey College, it seems fitting to state that the results of the work hitherto have been such as to warrant a claim to public confidence:

At the May examinations of 1913 all the students of Second Year General obtained General Proficiency standing. All the Honour students were entirely successful, securing First, Second and Third-class honours, and some receiving credit in two Honour Courses, while a student of the First Year General Course led the entire University in Mathematics.

The Faculty is composed of Religious of the Institute of Mary (popularly known as Ladies of Loreto) who are honour graduates of Queen's and Toronto University. A native German teacher of wide experience and well known in University circles conducts the classes in that language. The Religious of the Institute of Mary having, in different countries, houses where higher education is carried on, have special opportunities of keeping in touch with the best educational methods in Europe.

Food and exercise have much to do with bodily vigour, and good literature has much to do with mental strength; but some people are foolish enough to suppose that they can believe what they please in religious matters and still be "as good as other people."

Chaucer.

ALTHOUGH we are led to believe that "The Complaynte To Pite" was one of Chaucer's first experiments in the use of the decasyllabic line, we must admit that he achieved great success even in his early venture. This success was due to his naturally metrical ear, which enabled him to write very correctly from the beginning, and by gradually becoming master of this measure, he used it as a medium to express his thoughts with freedom and finally with wonderful power and rare beauty. This development of the poet's power is easily traced through the stanzas of "The Complaynte To Pite," which show his skill in versification, and then through his "Troilus and Criseyde," which not only delights our ear, but impresses us as being a masterpiece of poetry.

We find ease of movement in "The Complaynte To Pite," in the first stanza: the accent is regular, the overflow natural, and the words musical. The fifth stanza lacks melody:

"That no wight woot that she is dead but I.
So many men as in hir tyme hir knewe.
For I have sought her ever ful besily."

This last line has not the grace of the opening verse:

"Pite, that I have sought so yore ago."

In stanza eight, the regular accents and the easy movement are found again, but in "The Bille," the uneven accentuation takes away from the graceful movement:

"Under colour of womanly beautie"

does not run as smoothly as

"With Bountie, Gentilnes, and Courtesye,"

unless we bear in mind that the French accentuation of the words keeps the rhythm smooth.

There are many graceful lines in the remaining stanzas, which show that the poet is becoming familiar with this form of versification:

"Alas that your renoun should be so lowe!"
"That you have sought so tenderly and yore."
"For goddes love, have mercy on my payne!"
"Thus for your deth I may wel wepe and pleyne
With herte sore and ful of besy payne."

When we turn to "Troilus and Criseyde," we feel the poet's marvellous power in writing lines not only of perfect melody, but of deep meaning and exquisite beauty. The poet has so mastered his metrical scheme that he is evidently not thinking of constructive methods any longer, but in a charmingly natural way gives expression to thoughts of great depth and originality.

In the first Book we notice how some stanzas impress us with their refreshing originality, as stanza 15:

"Nas noon so fair, for passing every wight
So aungellyk was hir natyf beauteie,
That lyk a thing immortal semed she,
As doth an hevenish parfit creature,
That down were sent in scorning of nature."

Others are noted for their beauty, as:

"Of Aperil, when clothed is the mede
With newe grene, of lusty Ver the pryne,
And swote smelling floures whyte and rede,"

but as we read on, the poem assumes a deeper meaning, and we realize the poet's skill in reproducing an old story in new form. The dramatic force increases from stanza 31, when he begins to moralize:

"O blinde world, O blinde entencion!

* * * * *

For caught is proud, and caught is debonaire."

His keen insight into the workings of the human heart is revealed in a few lines of wonderful depth, in stanza 35:

"Men reden not. . . .
This was, and is, and yet men shal it see."

As the story advances, interwoven with reflections which startle us, they are so true to life, and captivate us, they are so cleverly worded it is difficult to select any particular stanza as an illustration of the poet's skill; one after another has a witchery peculiar to Chaucer, as if he were fully conscious of his power of psychological discernment, and quietly pleased with his manner of portraying it.

Stanzas 44, 46, 53, 55, give within their limited space, the various scenes of a life's tragedy:

"Sodeynly him thoughte he felte dyen
Right with hir look, the spirit in his herte;

Blessed be love, that thus can folk converte!"
"His wo he gan dissimulen and hyde."

"And thoughte he wolde werken prively,

First, to hyden his desir in murve. . . .
Remembring him, that love to wyde y-blowe
Yet bittre fruyt, though swete seed be sowe."

Although the poem is teeming with such maxim-like truths as the above, they are not told in hard polished lines, but in a natural form of expression:

"For ay thurste I, the more that I it drinke."
"And ay the ner he was, the more he brend."
"Thus ofte wyse men ben war by folis."
"By his contrarie is everything declared."

Criseyde interests us at once, when we read lines 172-5: "In beauteie first . . . so bright a sterre," the whole of stanza 41, and finally the impression she made on Troilus, lines 424-5:

"But whether goddesse or woman, y-wis,
She be, I noot, which that ye do me serve,"

lines 523-4:

"But al so cold in love, towards thee,
Thy lady is, as frost in winter mone."

The plaints in Bk. V. are pathetic in the extreme. The fluctuations of the lover's heart are easily discerned in the marked antitheses used by the poet in stanzas 78, 79:

"O thou lanterne, of which queynte is the light,
O paleys, whylom day, that now art night."
"O ring, fro which the ruby is outfalle,
O cause of wo, that cause hast been of lisse!"

This is the expression of a man's sorrow, made all the more intense by contrasting "The pleausance and the Joye," with the line:

"The which that now al torned into galle is."

The woman's sentiments, less deep in this case, are told in calmer words and gentler tones, in stanza 104:

"So tenderly she weep, both eve and morwe
Hir nedede no teres for to borwe,
And this was yet the worst of al hir payne,
Ther was no wight to whom she dorste hir pleyne."

The closing stanzas give expression to noble sentiments. Stanza 263 is particularly beautiful;

the accents are regular, the movement easy, the verses musical, the lesson wholesome:

"Repeyreth hoom from worldly vanitee,

* * * *

This world, that passeth sone as floures fayre." Stanzas 264-267 bring rest and trust in God after the tragedy of false love. Chaucer has shown himself at his best in this poem; no lover of true poetry could remain insensible of its charms, its intense, almost terrible power and beauty, particularly its power of penetration into the inmost depths of the human heart, shown in the love and suffering of Troilus; the quaintness and demureness shown in the simple similes:

"Right as our firste lettre is now A,
In beautee first so stood she, makeless,"

in the metaphors in Bk. V., stanzas 78, 79, when Troilus finds "hir dores sperred alle," and he apostrophises her "paleys" as a "lanterne, of which queynte is the light," a "ring, fro which the ruby is outfalle"; in the descriptions of nature when the dew seems to glisten on his "Fresshe floures"; and perhaps the greatest impression of all is made by the old truths which we all know but which few of us—if any—could put into such graceful wording as:

"The day is more, and lenger every night,
Than they wont to be, him thought too;
And that the sonne wente his course unright
By lenger way than it was wont to go."

The whole poem is one of admirable naturalness, a subtle and powerful criticism of life, a sweet love-story with a sad ending, so sad that the gentle poet is himself moved to tears.

"The double sorwe of Troilus to tellen. . . .
These woful vers, that wepen as I wryte."

The Legend of Dido.

Although Chaucer's "Legend of Dido" corresponds with Virgil's in the main facts, there is a marked contrast between his treatment of the legend and Virgil's. The ancient classic is invested with all the pomp and splendour of the Augustan age. Aeneas was a majestic being, the father of the Roman nation, hence the hero of the national epic, almost a god.

"Rex erat Aeneas nobis quo justior alter
Nec pietate fuit, nec bello major et armis."

These lines illustrate the principal characteristics of Aeneas, piety and valour. Virgil endows him with moral virtues which make him a tender son, an affectionate father, a faithful husband to Creusa. These virtues with his deeds of prowess in war, have ennobled his character and exalted him to the highest degree. There is no reflection made on his conduct to Dido; even after abandoning her, he is still the "pious Aeneas," the calm, self-controlled hero, who rises superior to every danger and misfortune. In great contrast to this god-like hero, was Dido, "forma pulcherrima Dido," the impetuous, passionate woman, whose whole life was changed by the coming of Aeneas to her shores. Before this event, she was all interest in the building of Carthage; her city was alive with activity, so that Virgil compares the industry of the Carthaginians to that of bees:

"Qualis apes aestate nova per flora rura
Exercet sub sole labor."

But the appearance of the hero changed all this. She was so infatuated with Aeneas, that everything was forgotten save her unrestrained love. The pretended marriage in the cave,

"Conjugam vocat: hoc praetexit nomine, culpam!"

the flashes of lightning the only nuptial torch; the howling of the mountain nymphs the only music, were forebodings enough:

"Ille dies primus lethi, primusque malorum
Causa fuit,"

but Dido, "male sana," heeded nothing but the joy of the passing hour, or, rather, of the passing season:

"Nunc hyemem inter se luxu, quam longa fovere,
Regnorum immemores, turpisque cupidine captos."

Just as unrestrained as Dido's love had been, so was her fury when she learned of Aeneas's intended departure. The poet shows a marked contrast in the two characters in this climax of their tragedy. The hero remains calm, the heroine is wildly agitated, "qualis commotis excita sacris Thyas." The man reasons logically, at least according to the times, urging Destiny as an excuse for his action; the woman's reasoning is

actuated by guile, and expressed in tender, persuasive words. Aeneas has the strength to follow the guidance of Destiny, leaving himself under suspicion of ingratitude and insensibility and base desertion of the queen; Dido, inconsistent to the end, after breaking forth into bitter invectives against Aeneas, intimates that he is the cause of her death. Not satisfied with this tragic result of her disappointed love, she has recourse to one more threat, that her ghost will haunt him wherever he goes.

Virgil relieves the intensity of the tragedy now and then, with beautiful descriptions, comparisons and episodes, but throughout the story can be traced his exaltation of the hero, his idealizing of "pious Aeneas" and his lack of sympathy with the woman.

Chaucer's treatment is not as tragic as Virgil's; it is descriptive, while Virgil's is dramatic. His "Dido" is a more gentle lady,

"Holde of all quenes flour,
Of gentillesse, of fredom, of beautie."

He calls her "this lady swete," renowned for "trouthe and seemliness and geednesse." "And many a gentil word she spake him to." We never lose the knowledge of the fact that Chaucer is telling a "Legend of Good Women," and that his sympathy is consequently with Dido. Although he tells her love-story with some warmth, it is not as passionate as Virgil's rendering:

"She hath lost her hewe, and eek her hele. . .
She syketh sore and gan herself turmente
She waketh, walketh, maketh many a brayd."

Her death has nothing of the tragic setting of Virgil's poem, yet in two lines he tells the sad ending with deep pathos:

"Upon the fyr of sacrifys she sterte,
And with her swerd she roof her to the herte."

Aeneas is only of secondary importance and is not such a paragon as Virgil's creation. Chaucer does not hesitate to apply a harsh epithet to the hero, who is always "pious" in the Aeneid:

"And as a traitor, forth he gan to saile."

The ending lacks the picturesqueness of Virgil's mythological episode of Iris, but it is true to human nature in the middle ages; it is romantic and pathetic, and while we are filled with admi-

ration for Virgil's beautiful closing lines, we are conscious of being in the realms of fancy only, or rather of the "large utterance of the early gods." Chaucer, on the contrary, leaves us with a touching reality, sweetly told:

"For thilke wind that blew your ship away,
The same wind hath blew away your fey."

UNDERGRADUATE.

LORETO ABBEY COLLEGE.

The Knight's Tale.

THE Knight's Tale was probably a revision of the poem written by Chaucer some years earlier and mentioned with his other works in the Prologue to his "Legende of Good Women" as "all the love of Palamon and Arcite of Thebes." The story was originally based upon the Teseide of Boccaccio, but like Shakespeare and other really great authors, Chaucer took his material "ther as him liste," and in using it, showed the mark of genius. What his fancy was attracted by in French, or Italian, or Latin became his own, and he gave it forth in his own melodious tones to share with others the pleasure it was to him. Boccaccio's Tale, the "Teseide," was of 9896 ll., while Chaucer's story is only 2250, and of that nearly two thirds is entirely his own. Still the story even where it follows Boccaccio closely, has the ring of the Chaucerian touch, the touch which feels within itself the power of expressing fittingly even the thoughts and descriptions of another. We might apply to himself the words of his Knight—"Wel couthe he peynten lyfly that it wroughte."

The Knight was the member of that company of nine and twenty to whom belonged most properly the distinction of telling the first story, and his story is just such a one as a "very parfit, gentil Knight" would love to tell, of "bataille and chivalrye" in the cause of love. With confidence in the interest of his audience, he details the many pictorial descriptions so that we can almost put them on canvas. The gay home-coming of Theseus from his conquests, interrupted by the procession of women "tweye and tweye y-clothed all in black" and weeping as they brought to him

their woful petition; the return to war against Thebes when "alle the feelds gliteren up and down" with the banner of Mars and battle array; the sweet lady Emelye in the garden when Palamon and Arcite saw her first in the fair May morning, as she weaves her "subtil gerland"; the cousins in the grove overtaken by the hunting party of Duke Theseus, including the queen and Emelye; the broad, gorgeously decorated lists; the "unyolden" Palamon taken to the stake; the death-bed scene of Arcite, where the bond of friendship proves its beauty; and the grand funeral procession with Palamon with "flotery berd and ruggy ashy heres, in clothes blak, y-dropped all with teres," and Emelye "the rewfulleste of all the compaignye," and all the great and noble of the city. And so to the end the tale is a succession of vivid, bright pageants.

It is more in this picture-making than in characterization that the story's beauty lies. And yet we get some settled knowledge of the mighty Duke Theseus, who was so quick to avenge the wrong done to the mourning women, so severe to the knights, and yet so ready with a human interest to understand that "every man wol helpe himself in love if that he can." "Pitee renneth some in gentil herte," and the great Duke proposed the combat to decide their love, and had the great lists with their three altars built. It is the Duke who guides the story and settles the different events even till he ordains the happy ending by giving Emelye to the loving Palamon.

Palamon and Arcite are cousins, having lived and fought together, more than brothers, and yet we begin to know them apart. Palamon looks upon Emelye as a goddess, Arcite, though loving, too, sees the uselessness of their striving, and when fortune favors them with the happy combat, Arcite wends his way to Mars to beg for victory, while Palamon addresses himself to Venus and leaves to her the manner of granting her petition. Arcite dies, the chivalrous, generous warrior, and Palamon remains to grieve and wait till Venus shall answer his prayer. The fair Emelye is a sweet picture and we know her as much beloved, but nowhere is any marked character given her. Indeed, the Knight tells how she favored Arcite because fortune did. Still we are conscious of her presence, and its meaning to her two knights in the garden, in the grove, at the lists and at the death-bed scene and fu-

neral and we take a last view of her, happy and peaceful, living with Palamon.

In all the story we do not forget for long the relater of it. Each little diversion or return to a point of the story is marked by the quaint simplicity of such lines as:

"And ther I leftte, I wol ageyn biginne,"

* * * * *

"Now demeth as you liste, ye that can,
For I wol telle forth as I bigan."

And all the details of the funeral pyre that "shal not be told for me." Likewise, when it is a touch of theology or philosophy we recollect it is the Knight's voice and the Canterbury company as audience.

"His spirit chaunged hous and wente ther

As I can never; I can not tellen wher,

Therefor I stinte, I nam no divinistre;

Of souls finde I not in this registre,

No me ne list thilke opiniouns to telle

Of him, though that they writen wher they dwelle,

Arcite is cold; ther Mars his soule gye,

Now wol I speken forth of Emelye."

And since it is the Knight of "honour, truth and chivalrye" who tells the tale, the same Knight who had ridden "no man ferre" as "wel in cristendom as in hethenesse, and ever honoured for his worthinesse," we will understand why Athens, and the Duke, and the amphitheatre, and the funeral are such a mingling of mediaeval picturesqueness with ancient customs, and why gods and goddesses are alternated with scraps of philosophy. It is true that mediaeval literature gives many another example of the like inconsistency, but when we set ourselves to read the story, its musical flow and winning language win us over quite, and we are willing to forego for a while both geography and history, and indulge our desire to listen to this Knight who tells his tale in so attractive a way.

We may read that Chaucer is a master of English melody, that the charm of his poetry is not to be withstood, and we put a latent faith in it, till we step down, as it were, from our position of onlookers and join this varied throng of Canterbury pilgrims, and listen to such a tale as the Knight's. It is hard to decide just wherein the charm lies, but we cannot read without little

bursts of enthusiasm over the happy, spring-like nature touches and the quaint way of saying ordinary things. The verse seems to flow along so blithely that we realize the honour due to Chaucer for having introduced the heroic metre into English. There is the fascination of words about it, too, and of quaint comparisons, such as the lover's mood, "now up, now down as bokets in a welle," and as on the combat day when

"Venus wepeth so for wanting of her wille,
Till that hir teres in the listes fille,"

and as when the great trees of the forest were felled for the funeral pyre,

"how the goddess ronnen up and down
Disherited of hir habitacioun
In which they woneden in reste and pees
how the ground agast was of the light
That was not wont to seen the sonne bright."

How expressive, too, are such old words as we find in "dusked in eyen two," "day bigan to springe," and how persistently the expressions of the philosophy cling to our memory—

"This world nis but a thurghfare of wo
And we ben pilgrimes passing to and fro,"
* * * * *

"He moot ben deed, the king as shal a page
Ther helpeth nought, al goth that ilke weye
Than may I seyn that al this thing moot dye."

However, Chaucer's "mind is remarkable rather for breadth than depth, for extent of interests rather than intensity of convictions" and thus even the thoughts of Arcite,

"What is this world? What asketh men to have,
Now with his love, now in his colde grave
Allone withouten any compaignye,"

do not take away the impression of the whole story as of joys and bravery, and the extract best fitted to contain our memory of it is the musical portrayal of morning—

"The bisy larke, messenger of day,
Salueth in hir song the morwe gray,
And fryr Phebus riseth up so brighte,
That al the orient laugheth of the lighte,
And with his stremes dryeth in the greves,
The silver dropes, hanging on the leves."

UNDERGRADUATE.

LORÉTO ABBEY COLLEGE.

Ballad Poetry.

FEW branches of English literature are more invigorating to the fancy or more inspiring to the spirits of readers of all ages than Ballad Poetry. The vigor and vivacity with which the popular legends—generally dealing with the personal prowess and reckless daring of a national hero—are depicted by the minstrels in their rugged verse and lilting measure, are only two of its many charms which though simple are well-nigh irresistible. "Ballads," says Andrew Lang, "sprang from the very heart of the people. They make music with the splash of the fisherman's oars and the hum of the spinning-wheel and keep time with the step of the plowman as he drives his team. They are a voice from secret places from silent people, and old times long dead; and as such they stir us in a strangely intimate fashion to which artistic verse can never attain."

Almost all the characteristics of the primitive ballad as to structure, spirit, and style, are well exemplified in Sir Patrick Spens and Hind Horn. Having originated in an age when the masses were still ignorant of even the arts of reading and writing, they were necessarily preserved by oral tradition and are now known in various versions.

The ballads were usually composed to celebrate some martial event, or the warlike prowess of some great hero, whose achievements were well known to all. A member of the community, but more often, a minstrel, skilled in music and song, was the leader on such occasions. He would improvise a few rude verses, giving out to the people assembled the refrain, which they repeated in chorus, while he meditated on the next verse. Although the melody and very often the words emanated from the individual, the sentiments were universal and the poem, marked by the total absence of the subjective element, showed no trace of individual authorship.

These ancient ballads are quite remarkable for the lack of poetic adornment and style. The theme is developed in a charmingly naïve and artless manner, often extremely broken by abrupt transitions from description to dialogue. This latter characteristic is well marked in the opening stanza of Sir Patrick Spens:

"The king sits in Dumferling toune,
Drinking his blude-reid wine;
Oh, whar will I get guid sailor,
To sail this ship of mine?"

The narrative is taken up without any labored preparatory description, while throughout the poems all superfluity of detail is assiduously avoided. Both of these ballads deal with a pathetic theme, but Sir Patrick Spens exhibits this quality to a much greater degree than the other, for the young Hind Horn after wandering for many years over the boundless heaving sea, returns to claim his bride, but

"O lang, lang may the ladies stand
Wi thair gold kems in thair hair,
Waiting for thair ain deir lords:
For they'll see theme na mair."

The brevity of Sir Patrick Spens prevents a complete representation of all the characteristics of the ancient ballad. Thus in this poem we find no refrain while repetition, the leading characteristic of ballad style, is rendered unnecessary. "Sir Patrick Spens" and "Hind Horn" are written in the usual ballad measure, having four verses in each stanza, the first and third of which each contains four, and the second and fourth three iambic feet. This movement, however, is not infrequently varied.

Among the many writers of the nineteenth century who imitated the ballads was Sir Walter Scott, the great representative of the romantic tendency in our literature. His boyish enthusiasm had been stirred by the vivid recital of the deeds of men who had lived amid the perils of the Scottish border, and his poetry usually delineates in vigorous and fluent verse the adventurous and picturesque aspects of life in the age of chivalry.

The "Lay of Rosabelle" recalls the ancient ballads chiefly in its artless manner and unaffected naïveté. The story is told in a very effective manner most touching, perhaps, in its simplicity and pathos, as for instance in the description and fate of the heroine—

"There are twenty of Roslin's barons bold
Lie buried within that proud chapelle;
Each one the holy vault doth hold—
But the sea holds lovely Rosabelle!"

A great deal is left to the imagination of the reader, the circumstances being narrated with very little detail or poetic elaboration. This ballad characteristic is quite in evidence in the following two lines, around which another poet would without doubt have woven a pathetic love-tale:

"'Tis not because Lord Lindesay's heir
To-night at Roslin leads the ball."

This poem is written, like the ancient ballads, in four-lined stanzas, with alternate rhyme. But there is no refrain, and repetition is very rare. A slight variation appears also in the number of accents in the lines, the second and fourth, each containing four iambic feet.

"Lochinvar" possesses the features of a genuine ballad in its style and subject matter but shows a marked difference in structure. Its principal charm seems to arise from the daring spirit and stirring movement of the verse, which is so admirably suited to the theme. True to the ancient ballad characteristics, it gives merely a succession of circumstances and events, a little more in detail perhaps, but entirely free from any tendency to subjectivity or moralizing. This will appear in the few lines which follow and which illustrate the style of the whole:

"He stayed not for brake and he stopped not for
stone;
He swam the Esk river where ford there was
none;
But, ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented,—the gallant came
late;
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar."

The form of this poem is quite different from that of "Sir Patrick Spens" and "Hind Horn." Each stanza contains six lines of varied metre, many of the feet being trisyllabic. The lines rhyme in pairs and neither the refrain nor the repetition is employed.

GERTRUDE MCQUADE, '16.

LORETO ABBEY COLLEGE.

To be conscious that you are ignorant is a great step to knowledge.

Elizabethan Literature.

THE great intellectual revival of the fifteenth century, termed the Renaissance, which originated in Italy and swept like a great tidal wave over Western Europe, departed from the spirit of the middle ages and revealed to the modern world the riches of more ancient thought. When this intellectual revolution reached England it found the country ready to respond. The literary fields had lain fallow since Chaucer.

However, new circumstances and ideas must have time to become assimilated; hence the first hundred and fifty years of the Revival period in England were destitute of genuine literature. They were years of preparation during which the intellectual world was becoming acquainted with great ideals and imbibing the suggestive mythology and the noble poetry of the Greeks and Romans. Two names, however, will ever be associated with the beginnings of the Renaissance movement in England,—Erasmus and Thomas More. The latter, perhaps, was the noblest product of the Renaissance in the union of literary prominence with religious faith.

The middle of the sixteenth century ushered in the dark period of the Reformation which plunged the nation into political, religious, and intellectual turmoil. During this period literary development was necessarily checked, for literature is one of the arts of peace.

It was not until the reign of Elizabeth—after the storm clouds of the Reformation period had dispersed—that the sun of intellectual activity burst forth in all its splendor, and Renaissance literature reached its flood-tide. Its dominant notes were those of passion and imagination.

The Elizabethan age was an age of unbounded enthusiasm and adventure,—due to the exploration of new lands of almost fabulous riches, and the voyages made by daring seafarers. It was the time of all times for the poet and the dramatist. We may trace, however, in Elizabethan literature, a tendency to revert to pagan ideals which had grown out of the Renaissance divorced from religion. Imagination and delight in life and beauty found expression in lyric verse such as that produced by Sackville, Sydney, Chapman, and Drayton. "Over all England the spirit of song had arisen like the first chirping of birds after a storm." But Elizabethan poetry reached

its culmination in the work of Edmund Spenser. He was "the poet's poet"—the poet of the ideal rather than of the real. In the "Faerie Queen" he poured forth all the exuberance of his marvelous fancy. The effects of his poetry may be summed up in two words—picture, and melody.

Practically contemporary with Spenser were the early dramatists, whose work paved the way for the dramatic art of Shakespeare. These were the so-called "University Wits," the first of whom was John Lyly. Lyly's court comedy, "Endymion," was an allegorical compliment to Queen Elizabeth. Thomas Kyd is best known as the author of a Senecan drama, "The Spanish Tragedy." Robert Greene plays an important part in the early development of the romantic comedy, and in his "Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay" he shows considerable skill in the creation of natural character. The last and greatest of the University Wits was Christopher Marlowe who by his use of blank verse in such plays as Tamburlaine, Doctor Faustus, The Jew of Malta, and Edward II., proved himself "the master of the mighty line."

The aroused national spirit and growing interest in the history of the past which were prevalent during the age of Elizabeth, rendered popular that branch of drama known as the Chronicle Play. This type of drama was developed by Peele, Greene, and Marlowe, and in the latter part of the sixteenth century it gave place to the historical plays of Shakespeare.

Thus each of the minor playwrights, Kyd, Lyly, Peele, Greene and Marlowe, did something to bring English drama to the point where Shakespeare, "the heir of all ages," began to work upon it. Shakespeare the "myriad minded" holds by general acclamation the foremost place in the world's literature. He has developed and perfected all the elements and characteristics of the pre-Shakespearian drama, and has woven them into a great harmonious whole. In his work the song of life is sung and will be sung forever.

TERESA O'REILLY, '16.

LORETO ABBEY COLLEGE.

Spread the light, scatter good books and papers, let our neighbours see the Catholic side. The truth is strong. All it needs is a fair field.

"Endymion."

THE court comedy, "Endymion," written by John Lyly about the year 1579, is one of the best and most typical of his plays. It is a dramatic allegory dealing, under transparent fictions, with social and political incidents of the Elizabethan period. "Endymion" was played before the Queen and her courtiers by the children of St. Paul's in September or October of the year 1579.

The play, "Endymion," opens with a scene in which the hero tells his aspiration to his friend Eumenides, his love is not devoted to Earth, personified in Tellus, but to beauty that is high above the Earth. Tellus, the earthly mistress, who loves Endymion, but is abandoned for his celestial lady, persuades a witch to charm him into a deep sleep upon a bank of lunary. There he slumbers forty years, till his friend Eumenides discovers from an oracle in Thessaly that Cynthia's kiss will bring him back to life. The great queen of the night, hearing this, deigns to visit Endymion and finds him grown in his long sleep from "comely youth to grizzled age." Cynthia stoops above the bed of lunary and speaks to him, kissing him. At her kiss Endymion returns to consciousness; and when the charm has been removed and his youth has been miraculously restored, the handsome admirer concludes the play with this courtly speech: "The time was, Madam, and is and ever shall be, that I honoured your highness above all the worlds, but to stretch it so far as to call it love, I never durst." He therefore resolves to consecrate the whole of his life to the contemplation of Cynthia's perfections.

Although in the prologue to this comedy its author expresses a hope that "None will apply pastimes because they are fancies," and facetiously adds that there liveth none under the sun, that knows what to make of the Man in the Moon, in the epilogue he claims the Queen's protection against "the malicious that seek to overthrow us with threats yet do but stiffen our thoughts." Thus it is obvious that he desired a particular meaning of his play to be accepted, if approved by the authority to whose commendation it was addressed.

The words of Endymion to Cynthia quoted above are exactly applicable to the relations of

Leicester and Elizabeth, which almost certainly form the groundwork of the play. "Endymion" forms a studied panegyric of the Queen's virtue, beauty, chastity and wisdom. "What thing (my mistress excepted) being in the pride of her beauty, and latter minute of her age, that maketh young again?"

Besides the veiled representation of these incidents in Elizabethan court life the play has a humorous underplot, of which the central figure is Sir Tophas. "He is an admirable specimen of the Miles Glorious, a type which had already been introduced from the classical stage in "Roister Doister"; and in his mixture of bragging and pedantry he specially anticipates Don Armado. He at first loudly protests his scorn of love, but soon becomes infatuated with the witch Dipsas, and at the end when she is found to be married, he is paired off with her maid Bogoa. This degrading union completes his contract with Endymion, who remains unwedded because he has fixed his affections on a being above the sphere of earth.

"Endymion," while it exhibits the style and sentiment of its author's contemporary non-dramatic work, instead of bearing closely on any classical original, derives a semblance of life from the contact between its action and the real experiences of real personages. It would have been out of keeping with the purpose of the play, even had it been in Lyly's power, to infuse much human passion into the amorous declamation of his hero. But he is not wholly devoid of charm—while the laughing character of the bragging soldier and the foolish pedant Sir Tophas happily supply the comic element in an action, which it would perhaps have been a mistake to sustain in too continuous a key of sentiment.

Lyly's distinction is to have discovered the fitness of prose for dramatic purposes and to have handled it with notable success. The dialogue in this play often exhibits the full-blown peculiarities of Euphuism, e. g., the scenes in the play in which Sir Tophas figures are full of puns and conceits, and many speeches are in Latin; these are found chiefly in the soliloquies and other set speeches. The soliloquy of Endymion on Cynthia contains some unnatural natural history which is one of the chief marks of Euphuism. The volleys of wit between the characters are frequently exercises in extremely

"thin-spun" repartee but the dialogue at its best moves with exemplary ease and vivacity and has a true ring of distinction. The pert pages are always breaking in to chaff the ridiculous braggart, Sir Tophas, or to worry the stupid watch, or to join in a song.

In this play there are striking scenes, e. g., the scenes in which Cynthia deigns to visit Endymion, on earth, and free him from his long sleep. But they are too artificial to be truly dramatic and are spoilt by Lyly's strong weakness for conceited style. Everybody speaks in antithesis, some noteworthy examples being Tellus: "As good sleep and do no harm as wake and do no good"; and Eumenides, "She of all women the most forward and I of all creatures the most fond," and the intolerable fancy similes drawn from a kind of imaginary natural history are sometimes as prominent as in Euphues itself, e. g., "Timely crooks that tree that will be a cammock." The contrast drawn between Friendship and Love by Geron in Act III. Scene IV., quite accords with the social philosophy of Euphues. "Love is but an eye worm, which only tickleth the head with hopes and wishes; friendship, the image of eternity, in which there is nothing movable, nothing mischievous. As much difference as there is between beauty and virtue, bodies and shadows, colours and life, so great odds is there between love and friendship."

Lyly's theatre represents, in short, a mere "backwater" in the general strain of dramatic progress, though many allusions in other men's works show us that it attracted no small attention. Lyly deserves praise for his originality, even had the intrinsic merit of his work been less than it is. But in fact it is very great, being almost a typical production of talent, helped by knowledge but not mastered by positive genius, or directed in its way by the precedent work of others.

"Endymion" has not much dramatic movement or plot nor can it claim to be a play in the stricter sense: it partakes more of the qualities of the masque than of those of the play. It is nothing but a "censer of exquisitely chased silver, full of incense, to be tossed before Elizabeth on her throne with Leicester and her ladies by her side." Lyly has treated the theme of purity in a royal maiden with quaint and courtly grace, though the flattery of Elizabeth is in the

accepted fulsome tone of the literary men from whom she expected fawning attention. The placidity of the piece seems well suited to those childish actors whose tender years and boyish voices were more in harmony with Lyly's studied diction and tranquil fancy than with the terrible passion and heroic utterances of a Marlowe or a Shakespeare.

EDNA DUFFEY, '16.

LORETO ABBEY COLLEGE.

"Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay."

FRUAR BACON and Friar Bungay" is without doubt Robert Greene's best play. It dates from 1589 and seems to have been produced in consequence of the popularity of Marlowe's Faustus. It belongs to a group of dramas of a matured period of Greene's art, written in a far purer and less ornate verse than the majority of the plays produced by his contemporaries, with whose names his own is so closely associated.

To affect the tendency of his age for selecting Italian themes, Greene shows in his play a thoroughly national spirit. It is quite English, with perhaps the sole exception of the superabundance of classical allusion. In it are mingled, after a favorite fashion of the time, a certain amount of history, or at least a certain number of historic personages, witchcraft and magic. To this is added a very graceful and prettily-handled love story. Greene was desirous of showing that just as his English magician was capable of checkmating mere German professors of his art, on their own ground, so an honest English story of the black art could hold its own against imported tales of deviltry and necromancy. But the more attractive part of the action and the real centre of interest is that concerned with the love of Edward, Prince of Wales, for Margaret, the fair maid of Fressingfield.

In the opening of the action, we find Edward in love with Margaret, the daughter of the keeper at Fressingfield, and Ralph, the court jester, straightway devises a plan, whereby the Prince can win her without serious difficulty. In accordance with his advice, Lord Lacy is sent to woo her by proxy, but alas! the very first time that

Lacy and Margaret meet at the Harleston fair, they fall in love with each other.

"But when mine eyes survey'd, your beauteous looks,

Love like a wag, straight div'd into my heart
And there did shrine the idea of yourself."

In the meantime, the German Emperor, accompanied by Jaques Vaudermast, a magician, the King of Castile and his daughter, Elinor, have come to Hampton Court, and, at the Emperor's request, King Henry rides down to Oxford with them to visit the universities. Here, in the street, on the same day, Ralph, disguised as the Prince and followed by Edward himself and the rest of his company, encounters Friar Bacon and his "man" Miles and is overcome by witchcraft.

By means of the friar's glass, the Prince discovers the mutual love of Lacy and Margaret and is determined to have revenge. He hastens at once to Fressingfield and confronts the lovers. He finds them determined to die for each other, if necessary, and so he gives up Margaret to the earl. After partaking of refreshment, the Prince in the company of Lacy, "posts" back to Oxford to meet his father and Elinor and to "hear dispute 'twixt Friar Bacon and learn'd Vaudermast." The former proves himself master of the German in the black art and sends him off to Hapsburg, there to await the coming of his Emperor.

To test the strength of Margaret's affection for him, Lacy writes to her from Oxford, putting an end to their betrothal. Meanwhile, the time has come for the "Brazen Head," upon which Friar Bacon has worked so long and so carefully, to give out its secrets, which would make England impregnable.

Miles is left to watch but he fails to arouse his master, who has fallen asleep, until it is too late. Bacon in his anger curses Miles, sending him off with these words,

"Some fiend or ghost haunt on thy weary steps,
Until they do transport thee quick to hell."

When Lacy returns from Oxford, he finds that Margaret is about to "leave the world, and vow to meditate on heavenly bliss, to live in Framlingham a holy nun." Instead, however, she consents to go with Lord Lacy to the court, where they will celebrate their nuptials on the same day as

Prince Edward and his charming bride, Elinor of Castile.

The story contains two threads, each one interesting in itself, which become united, when the Prince seeks aid in his love-making from the friar. It is intensely interesting and dramatic and more characterization is introduced than was usual in dramas of that age. Although it has no well-defined initial incident nor climax such as we find in Shakespeare's plays, the plot is well connected, with the exception of a few little incidents, which, strictly speaking, do not belong to the action of the comedy—for instance, the strife and the sad fate of Lambert and Serlsby.

The "dramatis personae" are rather numerous, so I will only attempt to characterize the most important. The thirteenth century learned scientist, the Franciscan Friar, Roger Bacon, had so impressed the English nation with his wondrous knowledge, that popular tradition had by the sixteenth century, converted him to a magician—a supposed mediaeval conjurer, and it is in this character we find him representing witchcraft and the supernatural in this play. He outwits Friar Bungay, his colleague and fellow-practitioner in the magic art. The arrogant German wizard, Vaudermast, who has come across the channel to exhibit his skill throughout English domains, is likewise obliged to yield to Bacon's power. The German professor, whom he sends back to Hapsburg under the conduct of Hercules, describes Friar Bacon thus—

"Lordly thou look'st as if that thou wer't learn'd,
Thy countenance as if science held her seat
Between the circled arches of thy brows,
Never before was't known to Vaudermast,
That men held devils in such obedient awe,
Bacon doth more than art or else I fail."

And even Hercules exclaims:

"See'st thou not great Bacon there,
Whose frown doth act more than thy magic
can."

A very diverting comic character and one more interesting than the Friar, is supplied in the person of Bacon's servant, Miles, a late type of the Vice as presented in the old Moralities. Miles plays the fool unabashed by either crowned monarchs or by supernatural phenomena, and, in the end, cheerfully consents to be carried off by a

devil, on being promised that in the quarters for which he is bound, and which he "has long desired to see," he will find a "lusty fire, a pot of good ale, a pair of cards" and other requisites for a comfortable life.

Greene rises vastly superior to his predecessors in his portrayal of female character. In Margaret, the fair maid of Fressingfield, "whose beauty, temper'd with her huswifery, makes England talk of merry Fressingfield!" we get one of Greene's delightful miniature portraits of women. She is practically the first charming heroine in English drama, a type of noble and chaste womanhood. She immediately wins, or rather increases our sympathetic interest by her fidelity to her lover when she defies King Henry's son to kill the earl and then adds with charming modesty:

"Fore the morning sun

Shall vaunt him thrice over the lofty east
Margaret will meet her Lacy in the heavens."

Nowhere, however, do we find a more pleasing description of Margaret than that poured forth with such deep emotion and such exquisite poetic touches, by the Prince after his first meeting with her,—

"Whereas she swept like Venus through the house,

And in her shape fast folded up my thoughts,
Into the milk-house went I with the maid,
And there amongst the cream-bowls did she shine

As Pallas 'mongst her princely huswifery:
She turned her smock over her lily arms,
And div'd them into milk to run her chuse,
But whiter than the milk her crystal skin,
Checked with lines of azure, made her blush,
That art or nature durst bring for compare."

And Prince Ned, who engages his friend, Lord Lacy, to win the "love of lovely Margaret" to himself, is a noble forerunner of Shakespeare's madcap, Prince Hal. He goes roaming about the country in disguise with his "wags," consorting with magicians and dairy-maids, and letting his own servant impersonate him for a time, in order that his father may not miss him from the court.

Ralph, "King Henry's only lov'd fool," serves admirably to bring out the vivacity and variety of

Greene's humour. He it was who undertook to teach "Ned" how to deceive love by assuming the guise of a fool, because, as he explained, "Love was so proud, he never meddled with fools and children."

Greene's felicity in the choice and inventiveness of treatment of his dramatic themes are alike remarkable. "Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay" is an excellent example of his power in this respect. He deals with vastly different materials in a spirit of rare buoyancy and freedom and unites the threads of his story, by means of Friar Bacon's "prospective glass" which "worked so many woes." There is ample variety of action and all the dramatic motives are attractive in their own way.

His diction often shines with ornament. This pleasing comedy breathes that indescribable freshness and fragrance, blown from over English homesteads and meads, which belong to none but a wholly and truly national art. His versification never reached Marlowe's majestic level or even Peele's at his best, but, nevertheless, his style is fluent, shows quickness of thought and facility of expression. The humorous scenes are in prose. Overflow is not uncommon while a variation in pause makes the lines more rhythmic.

His language, likewise, is graceful and clear, with less bombast and fewer euphuistic speeches than we find in the works of his contemporaries. The Prince's description of Margaret's beauty and Lacy's letter are the main examples of this. Classical allusion finds also considerable place in this comedy, but even with all this, we must acknowledge a great debt to Greene, in freeing the verse of the stage, in no slight degree, from pedantry and overloaded diction.

"Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay" like Greene's other plays of the same class, occupies no mean position in the history of the drama. Here Greene presents to us an embodiment of the tastes and tendencies of his age, in introducing to us these men, skilled in witchcraft and the magic art, whose conjurations are mingled with the humor of Ralph, the King's fool, and the ridiculous stupidity of Miles, Friar Bacon's man. We have likewise the first adequate dramatic representation of sentimental love and idealized character in Margaret the fair maid of Fressingfield. Thus Greene's play represents the development of comedy from rude farce to a refined



LORETO ABBEY, TORONTO, ONT.

and poetical form of entertainment. They prepared the audience and the actors for the great enchantments that were to follow in the productions of Shakespeare's genius and they showed the material and some of the means whereby these enchantments might be wrought.

GERTRUDE McQUADE, '16.

A Chord of Color.

My lady clad herself in grey,
That caught and clung about her throat,
Then all the long grey winter day
On me a living splendour smote;
And why grey palmers holy are
And why grey minsters great in story,
And grey skies ring the morning star,
And grey hairs are a crown of glory.

My lady clad herself in green,
Like meadows where the wind waves pass,
Then round my spirit spread I ween
A splendour of forgotten grass;
Then all that dropped of stem or sod
Hoarded as emeralds might be
I bowed to every bush, and trod
Amid the live grass, fearfully.

My lady clad herself in blue
Then on me, like the seer long gone,
The likeness of a sapphire grew,
The throne of him that sat thereon,
Then knew I why the Fashioner
Splashed reckless blue on sea and sky,
And ere 'twas good enough for her
He tried it on Eternity.

Beneath the gnarled old knowledge tree
Sat like an owl, the evil sage,
"The world's a bubble," solemnly
He read, and turned a second page;
"A bubble then, old crow," I cried,
"God keep you in your weary wit!
"A bubble—have you ever spied
The colours I have seen on it?"

G. K. CHESTERTON.

The English Chronicle Play.

THE Chronicle Play is one of the many and various strands which, twisted and interwoven, form the brilliant Elizabethan drama. It was not only deeply influenced by the wealth of other forms of Literature which dealt with the general subject of English History, but it influenced, and was in turn affected by many other varieties of drama that flourished simultaneously with it. But whatever the superficial influences upon it, it remained from first to last in character essentially national, and English. It was little affected by artistic selection of material or, by scholarly avoidance of incongruity and anachronism. The past was frankly translated into terms of the familiar present. The success of this drama was due to its faithful reproduction of the actualities of every-day life.

The high tide of popularity of the English Chronicle Play began with the flow of patriotism which united all England to repay the threatened invasion of Philip of Spain. Literature responded at once to the awakened national spirit in a renewed interest in the past, evinced in the translation and re-publication of history written before this period. The Chronicle Play in its first form, sprang from two sources, from the comedy part of the old sacred drama and from the non-religious pageantry of the middle ages and old balladry. From the first the "Play of St. George" is derived, from the second that of "Robin Hood," frequently represented in the May-Day Games, and the few pageants commemorative of local historical events such as the "Hock Tuesday Play" of Coventry. As the representation of an historical event in action by means of dialogue, of a character altogether secular and animated by a purpose free from didactic intent, the "Hock Tuesday Play" must be regarded as the earliest dramatic production, fulfilling, if rudely, the conditions of a national historical drama.

The distinguishing marks of the Chronicle Play as a class, are a freedom from extraneous and literary influences, a realism of method, a deep interest in the story, for the story's sake and a consciousness of nationality. There are two groups into which this great branch of Elizabethan drama falls. The one includes those plays which deal with history and the biographies of

actual historical persons; the other, those in which the subjects are legendary or at least such as involve a more or less conscious departure from historical fact. Marlowe's "Edward II." may be taken as a type of the first class, while Greene's "Scottish History of James IV." is a typical example of the second class.

The growth of the Chronicle Play was marvellous; within the period from 1586 to 1606 some one hundred and fifty Chronicle Plays were written dealing with a variety of English historical subjects, from the mythical coming of Brute to England up to the events of the preceding reign. Among the earliest Chronicles written were "The Famous Victories of Henry V." in 1586, the "Life and Death of Jack Straw" in 1593, and the "Troublesome Reign of King John" in 1591. These plays, for the most part, have no dramatic structure; nevertheless, they are the forerunners of Shakespeare's historical plays. Prior to this time a group of plays such as "Gorboduc" and the "Misfortunes of Arthur" had been written taking their story from early English history, but they had expressed no national spirit. In the period from 1590 to 1600 the Chronicle Play attained its greatest popularity; about eighty plays were written during these years. With the coming of the new century the interest of the people in the Chronicle Plays flagged and only some thirty were left extant, most of these being played only for a few years after 1600; and of these less than half have survived.

In the "heyday" of its popularity the English Chronicle Drama was wholly of the people. Few plays were performed at Court; the first Company of players was probably the Queen's, who occupied the old theatre in Finsbury Fields. Greene, Lodge, Peele and Marlowe all wrote Chronicle Plays, though Greene alone continued when it became less popular. The vogue of the Chronicle Play was general and shared in by all the public companies of adult actors.

The "coterie" of playwrights, known as "Shakespeare's predecessors," gave the Chronicle Play its earliest development. Of this group of dramatists John Lyly and Thomas Kyd alone have no association with the Chronicle Play. Lodge has left no play entirely of his own composition and his traffic with the stage was, of

short duration. Peele is the undoubted author of one historical drama—"Edward I.," and Marlowe of "Edward II."

The subject matter of these plays was drawn from Hygden's works, from Stow's "Summary of English Chronicles," which was the accepted short history of the day; from the Latin Chronicles of the middle ages, which were reviewed and rewritten and from Holinshed's "Chronicles of England, Scotland and Ireland." These Chronicles were all written in a rambling, unscientific manner which is found reflected in most of these plays. The constructive excellence of Marlowe's "Edward II." is unusual. When its early date and the lyrical quality of Marlowe's genius are considered, the play in its restraint becomes worthy of the highest possible praise. The period of the action of "Edward II." extends over the events of twenty years and has been condensed into dramatic cohesion with no common skill.

Marlowe and Shakespeare have written plays in partnership, but it is not from these that we discern the slender thread dividing the Chronicle Play from the historical play of a later date. Marlowe's plays, which he wrote by himself, are Chronicles, in the main, since they are a scenic representation of historical events, which is the essence of the Chronicle Play. In his "Edward II.," however, there is more development of structure than in the earlier plays. Shakespeare has added to Marlowe's power, compression and unity of dramatic structure, poetic delivery and a more searching insight into character. In "Richard II." Shakespeare passed beyond the period of interpolation and imitation but he still had his great rivals in mind. The subject matter of "Richard II." is the same as that of "Edward II."—the struggle of a weak and unprincipled sovereign to maintain his will and finally his crown against a group of rebellious subjects. It is not till the period of Shakespeare's historical plays—"Henry IV." and the succeeding plays, that we pass altogether from the Chronicle to the true historical play. History is used by Shakespeare as material for a genuine centralized drama, with lyrical and Chronicle interest as secondary.


Thus the transition of the Chronicle Play into the historical play is a very gradual one, and can only be appreciated when plays embodying the

characteristics of the former, of the latter and of both have been examined and studied.

EDNA DUFFEY, '16.

LORETO ABBEY COLLEGE.

The Spanish Tragedy.

 WING to the love of Elizabethan playgoers for sensational drama, the playwrights used every conceivable means to stir the passion and excite the feelings of their audience. Hence arose a special kind of play which may be styled the "Tragedy of Blood," existing, apparently, solely in and for the portrayal of slaughter. This type of tragedy was composed of crude elements of terror, interspersed with pathetic interludes or perhaps the soliloquies of a crazed spirit. The first and most popular of this species of drama or rather melodrama, was the "Spanish Tragedy" of Thomas Kyd.

The play opens with a speech of the Ghost of Don Andrea, a nobleman of Spain, who has been slain in a duel by a Portuguese, Balthazar. Balthazar is taken captive and brought back to Spain by Horatio, a friend of Andrea. During life, Andrea had been in love with Bellimperia, daughter of the Duke of Castile; and after Andrea's death, Bellimperia bestows her affections on Horatio. However, Lorenzo, brother of Bellimperia, is determined that she shall marry Balthazar. He, therefore, murders Horatio and hangs him to a tree in his father's garden. The body is discovered by the father, Hieronimo, whose desperate grief and craving for revenge become the keynote of the climax, and the accomplishment becomes the catastrophe of the action. He devises a play at Court, in which he and Bellimperia, Lorenzo and Balthazar act several parts. At the close of the tragic piece, Hieronimo and Bellimperia stab the two traitors, and they afterwards put an end to their own lives upon the stage.

We see from the plot that this play contains all the elements of a "Tragedy of Blood." The supernatural plays a part in it in the ghost of Andrea, which cries out "Revenge"! "Vindicta mihi!" as it haunts the stage. There is a noble lover, young Horatio, treacherously murdered. There is a father, old Hieronimo, crazed with

grief at the death of his son; and there is a court villain, Lorenzo, who is ever devising schemes of secret malice. There is a beautiful lady, Bellimperia, whose story begins with a love-scene and ends in bitter tragedy. The striking device of the play within the play, such as Shakespeare employs in Hamlet, facilitates the bloody catastrophe.

Besides jealousy, malignity, and madness there are two hangings, six other murders, and three suicides enacted on the stage. This is the Ghost's summary of the fates of the dramatis personae:

"Horatio murdered in his father's bower;
Wild Serberine by Pedringano slain;
Falso Pedringano hang'd by quaint device;
Fair Isabelle by herself misdone;
Prince Balthazar by Bellimperia stabb'd;
The Duke of Castile and his wicked son
Both done to death by old Hieronimo;
My Bellimperia fall'n as Dido fell;
And good Hieronimo slain by himself."

Horrors and atrocities were introduced from the Renaissance drama of Italy, and the Tragedies of Seneca, which had a great influence on English drama. In the "Spanish Tragedy" we have a typical representation of the horrible, which by the hand of Shakespeare was to be woven into the terrible.

Although the highly complicated plot of the Spanish Tragedy is managed with great dramatic skill, there is in the play very little character development. We are able, however, to distinguish certain characteristic traits of some of the dramatis personae. We picture old Hieronimo as a generous, open-hearted gentleman, forced to work out his plot of vengeance by craft, and crazed with intolerable wrongs. Yet he maintains a method in his madness, and he mingles reason, and even poetry, with his frenzy. His bombastic poetic tendency is revealed in such a passage as—

"The blustering winds conspiring with my words,
At my lament have moved the leafless trees,
Disrob'd the meadows of their flower'd green,
Made mountains march with spring-tides of my tears,
And broken through the brazen gates of hell."

Young Horatio impresses us as being a courageous, straightforward, manly character. We

know very little of Bellimperia except that her rôle is one of love, pathos, and unmerited suffering. Lorenzo is a court villain of the darkest dye. Balthazar, like Lorenzo, is also a brutal and unscrupulous villain.

Notwithstanding the large quantity of bombastic language in this play, the tone of the dialogue is bright and direct, and it possesses a certain naturalness; while the changes of scene impart to the action a lightness of movement.

The play is written in blank verse, but since there is an absence of overflow, the metre has almost the same monotony as the rhymed couplet. Parallel and antithetic sentences are developed to a great extent. The language, though in places excessive and bombastic, is forcible.

Some of the lines, such as "Evil news fly faster still than good," and "They reck no laws that meditate revenge," are almost proverbial. A remarkable feature of the style is the free use of classic mythology and Latin verses.

This play combines Senecan rhetoric with the style of the Italian Renaissance. The author has adapted a Senecan theme to the popular stage, but has done so without displaying a too servile imitation of Senecan tragedy. The influence of the Roman tragedian on this play is shown in the supernatural, the main theme of revenge, the philosophising, the introspection, and the rhetorical antitheses and repetitions.

In "The Spanish Tragedy" the plot is better constructed than that of any previous English drama. It consists of a single thread, and is marked by an absence of unwelcome digression. Hence Kyd's contribution to the development of the drama was the evolution of a plot. His play was, as some one has said, "the first living tragedy on a great scale in English." This melodrama of passion which Kyd produced was copied by Marlowe and Shakespeare.

TERESA O'REILLY, '16.

LORETO ABBEY COLLEGE.

Pleasant it is to entertain the picture of ourselves in some future scene, planning wisely, feeling nobly, and executing with the holy triumph of the will; but it is a different thing, not in the green avenues of the future, but in the hot dust of the present moment, to do the duty that awaits and wants us.

Rosalind.

"**R**OSALIND is like a compound of essences so volatile in their nature and so exquisitely blended that on any attempt to analyze them they seem to escape us!" Would we not rather, hand in hand with her, fleet the time carelessly? But alas!

Shakespeare seldom describes his characters even by the mouths of other dramatis personae. He lets them live and act and love and suffer and come at last to joy in their loves or grief. A stray word here or a line there may give us a hint but for the rest we must learn to know their inmost hearts as we daily learn the hearts of the loved ones around us. So let us be Touchstone and "go along o'er the wide world with her."

In the earlier scenes we find key to the graver side of Rosalind's nature. She has been trained in the court of her usurping uncle and feeling she was living on dangerous ground she has early schooled herself to self-repression and, though healthy-minded, broods over her father's wrongs and the condition of her own estate with feelings akin to bitterness. It is in one of these moods we find her when the play opens, and the gentle banter of Celia reveals another trait—a wider knowledge of life than is usual with a girl of her age and station. Her necessity for caution had sharpened her keen powers of observation and the lives and morals of those around her had done the rest. Her merriment in this scene is markedly forced, and her wit full of strange conceits, and she is glad when the entrance of Touchstone gives her an opportunity to drop out of the conversation.

When Orlando, with his fresh simplicity, crosses the scene she is at once attracted. His bravery wins the pity and admiration of both girls but when Celia begs him not to wrestle quicker-witted Rosalind supplies a pretext for not doing so, and at the same time saving his reputation for courage. "We will make it our suit to the duke that the wrestling might not go forward." After the wrestling we already feel the passion vibrate in her voice as she gives the chain and says farewell.

In the next scene all the fire of her untamed nature speaks in the lines,

"So was I when your highness took his dukedom,
So was I when your highness banished him.

Treason is not inherited, my lord;
 Or, if we did derive it from our friends,
 What's that to me? My father was no traitor.
 Then, good my liege, mistake me not so much
 To think my poverty is treacherous."

Never again shall we find the full fire and strength of her character and lastly the delicious climax of attracting devoted affection.

"And do not seek to take your charge upon you,
 To bear your griefs yourself, and leave me out:
 For, by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale,
 Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee."

Immediately after she leaves the duke's presence the fire and strength vanish and she leans for counsel on the gentler Celia, but when the latter mentions the Forest of Arden the spirits revive and we begin to see the Rosalind that flashes across our vision on the mere mention of *As You Like It*. She wears her forester's costume with a daring air and delights in the freedom it gives her. She never alludes to it without a touch of humor and yet "There is no doublet and hose in her disposition." With her entrance into Arden the Rosalind of the court is gone. She has already learned to bear her own adversities cheerfully. She cheers her weary cousin, checks Touchstone's contemptuous treatment of Corin and hears the complaint of Silvius with sympathy.

But it is her scenes with Orlando that bring out her quickness of wit and sense of humor combined with all that is sensitive, tender and passionate in her nature. She is divided between the pleasure derived from mystifying Orlando and the desire to make sure of his love. We hardly know which to admire most, the brilliancy of her wit, her keen insight into human nature or her sweet womanliness, modesty and self-control.

In her connection with the lesser characters we gain a few lights. She has a half contemptuous pity for poor Silvius, whom she characterizes as a "tame snake." Her true nature has nothing in common with the falseness and cruelty of Phebe, and yet in the scene we learn something of her tenderness in ministering a reproof, for Phebe says—

"Faster than his tongue
 Did make offence, his eye did heal it up."

Into her hands Shakespeare has given Jacques that he might be laughed out of his errors. To her life is as real and interesting as to him it is vague and objectless and his self-absorption and conceit rouse only her laughter and contempt.

As the whole play is a struggle between good and evil, and as Rosalind is the central character, the keynote of her character is found in that struggle. Her court life had shown her much of the world's corruption but she has a pure woman's belief in the existence of good and it is this ideal good she hopes to find in Orlando. So it is that when he fails to keep his appointments with Ganymede as he would with Rosalind, her soul is a prey to doubts which find their expression in the chiding of the first scene of Act IV. Here her vitality and loquacity are at their best. In her indecision as to his feelings she rails against men and women but without any bitterness in her humor.

In the account of Oliver's repentance and Orlando's wound we see the character of Rosalind's love. Her first question was not for her personal safety but for his honor. The fainting scene shows the climax of blended passion and affection and prepares us for her next meeting with Orlando, when she finds that he has realized her ideal. It is in her conduct now we find the answer to those who criticise her freedoms of speech. In her manly costume they were not inappropriate, and though she does sometimes use expressions we would as soon she had not, we must remember she is the product of an age when men paid more attention to sense than to form. Had her freedom of speech been the outward expression of inward feeling she would have revealed herself at once, but Rosalind was too modest for that. She waited till in her proper dress her father could give her hand to the man she loved. Notice also the fewness and simplicity of her words in this most important scene.

To her father—

"To you I give myself, for I am yours."

To Orlando—

"To you I give myself, for I am yours."

To the duke—

"I'll have no father if you be not he."

To Orlando—

"I'll have no husband, if you be not he."

And to Phebe—

"Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not she."

Granted that the background is enchanted, Rosalind is very real. Do we not meet in real life—girls—gay, tender, mocking, courageous—girls who might have been Rosalind? Not quite perhaps, for in Shakespeare's Rosalind alone do we find the youth, the heart, the joy, the courage of existence in that degree beyond our fondest desires to realize.

UNDERGRADUATE.

LORETO ABBEY COLLEGE.

Street Scene in Verona.

IN our Verona there were two noble families that had been long at strife upon some traditional cause, and all the state, and the Prince himself, were often harassed by their untimely disputes. What was the original cause of the enmity was no longer known, but its fading from view seemed but to have strengthened bitter feelings, so that to be a Capulet was to hate and despise a Montague, or to be a Montague was to deride and scorn a Capulet. The young nobles of our fair city, with hot, eager blood, had attached themselves to either side till one might almost recognize in demeanor and attire the adherents of each. The temper on both sides had grown so ungovernable that even in the public streets there often arose a contest and petty warfare with the impetuosity of a gust of wind on a sunny day.

The feud is long since a thing of the past but its disappearance was the result of strange interlacings of destiny, and I was a close spectator of events which led me to look also for their unravelling. One hot sultry day when there were few people abroad in the early hours, while loitering about in the public square I had just happened to observe two of the friends of Romeo, of the House of Montague, Mercutio and Benvolio, passing across the public square. From the other direction came Tybalt, Lady Capulet's nephew and cousin to her daughter, the fair Juliet, with two or three companions. Out of curiosity, perhaps, to see what such an encounter would bring, I, too, crossed the square and arrived close to them in time to hear the merry Mercutio tempt-

ing Tybalt to give cause for quarrel, an occupation for which, indeed, that gentleman bears a reputation. But Tybalt, turning, beheld Romeo likewise approaching and gave his attention to better game, greeting him with the name of "villain." Romeo answered him mildly—nay, in words that would surprise all who knew the spirit of the youth and the enmity of the Houses.

"I love thee better than thou canst devise

Till thou shalt know the reason of my love:

And so, good Capulet,—which name I tender

As dearly as my own,—be satisfied."

Mercutio seemed unable to uphold his friend in such forbearance, and whipped out his sword with a challenge to Tybalt, playing upon his name, and calling him king of cats, and rat-catcher, and begging of him one of his nine lives. Tybalt could no longer make his own choice of an adversary. He likewise drew his sword and fell to a combat. Romeo vainly endeavored to separate them and protested that the Prince had expressly forbidden this brawling in the streets. But hot blood was up, and soon flowing; Tybalt in a rage thrust at Mercutio under the arm of Romeo and wounded him. Then ran the page for a surgeon, and while Romeo and the others bent over their wounded friend, who even now set his wit playing upon the mishap, Tybalt and his followers fled from the scene.

Benvolio and his servants carried the poor Mercutio to a house close at hand. The few spectators had followed either one or the other of the departing groups, and I, having withdrawn into a sheltering archway, saw Romeo stand quietly there, as if musing, and I almost thought I heard him speak the name of the fair Juliet. But in a very short space Benvolio came hurrying back to give the sad news that Mercutio's "gallant spirit had aspired the clouds." Close upon this, returned Tybalt as if to measure the mischief done. And forthwith, Romeo showed his spirit of honor and daring, which seemed to have given way to an unusual mildness and docility in the first meeting. Stung by the news of Mercutio's death, he returned to Tybalt the word he had flung at him earlier, saying:

" . . . take the 'villain' back again

That late thou gav'st me; for Mercutio's soul

Is but a little way above our heads,
 Staying for thine to keep him company;
 Either thou, or I, or both, must go with him."

Tybalt answered:

"Thou, wretched boy, that did'st consort him
 here,
 Shalt with him hence."

And Romeo, with a hasty "This shall determine that," drew swiftly his sword to meet that of Tybalt, and less than three thrusts and parries saw Tybalt lying in his own blood, and Romeo gazing at him in another fit of seeming abstraction.

Benvolio urged flight upon him, and had just persuaded him to go as the officers of the Prince, attracted by the clashing of swords and the news already reported to them of Mercutio's death, came up, followed by a crowd of citizens. Benvolio, left alone with the dead body of Tybalt, was taken by the officers to appear before the Prince and tell the story of these happenings.

Even at this moment there came upon the scene the Prince with his attendants, and the Lord and Lady Montague, and the Lord and Lady Capulet. The Prince had been greeted with the news as he left his palace, and straightway had come to administer justice on the scene of the crime. Benvolio told the story to the Prince, but the Lady Capulet broke in with violent grief, and much beseeching that the blood of Romeo might answer for that of Tybalt. The Lord Capulet made light of the testimony of Benvolio since he was a kinsman of the Montagues, and the Lord Montague but reminded the Prince that Romeo only ended a life that was already forfeited to the law.

Our good Prince, whose kinsman Mercutio was, was angry at the "rude brawling" and spoke in severity, banishing Romeo on pain of death, if found within the city after an hour's time. "Mercy," he said, "in such cases but murders, pardoning those that kill."

As I went upon my way I found myself wondering at the manner and words of Romeo throughout the occurrence. In the course of a few weeks the mystery was unfolded, and to all the world it became known that Romeo had the day before been wedded in secret to the fair Juliet and thus spoken truly of his love for the

name of Capulet. It was only, however, when a tragic death had overtaken both the youthful lovers that the story became fully known, but in their death they united in peace and amity the two noble Houses so long at variance, Lord Montague erecting a monument to the faithful Juliet, and Lord Capulet, not to be outdone in generosity, erecting one in Romeo's honor.

UNDERGRADUATE.

LORETO ABBEY COLLEGE.

Honor Illustrated in Henry IV., Part I.

HONOR—a word so frequently used by all classes and in all times—what does it convey to the mind? Honor may mean fame, glory, renown—all expressing the judgment passed by the world on any man. Its deeper meaning is excellence of character, nobility of mind, resulting from a soul governed by principles of justice and right.

In the tangle of intricately-woven threads on which the plot of Shakespeare's Henry IV. is built, one of the most interesting to unravel is the theme of honor, and the relation of the characters to it. The play, like a great canvas, embraces a multitude of pictures and plots of real, living men in real life, surrounded by its pleasures and allurements. We may study the plot for its historic interest, for its character interest of Prince Hal or its interest in "the hero of the feudal ages," Hotspur, or last, but by no means least, for the inimitable humor of Falstaff. Honor is, however, a theme continually in the thoughts of all these varying characters. Hotspur is seeking it; the Prince knowing it as Hotspur's ambition but for the time seemingly heedless of it himself, while Falstaff, looking on, pokes fun at both and in his passionate appetite for the material good things of life, rises entirely superior to it and shows its nothingness.

The honor Hotspur seeks is external. In such words as,

"Methinks it were an easy leap

To pluck bright honor from the pale-fac'd moon";

he shows himself the ardent, eager pursuer of glory. To win fame he would venture any hazard.

The battle-field is his element; he cannot brook delay in facing its fiery test. Though success is doubtful his tones are full of enthusiastic exhortation:

"Sound all the lofty instruments of war
And by that music let us all embrace";

and again:

"Doomsday is near; die all, die merrily."

But, this external prize which Hotspur seeks breeds envy in his heart, and jealousy of the Prince. When Vernon so nobly describes how the Prince in his battle array:

"Rises from the ground like feather'd Mercury,
And vaults with such ease into his seat
As if an angel dropp'd down from the clouds,
To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus
And witch the world with noble horsemanship."

Hotspur hastily replies:

"No more, no more: worse than the sun in
March,
This praise doth nourish agues."

A generous appreciation of the Prince is impossible to his strong, uncontrolled will, and too earnest ambition for success. Alas for the man who so wrongly places his measure of honor in the reputation to be won from the world!

The closing scene of Hotspur's life is fitting the knight of the chivalrous age. He has lived and fought for renown, but finally overcome by Prince Henry, he exclaims sadly:

"I better brook the loss of brittle life
Than those proud titles thou hast won of me;
They wound my thoughts worse than thy sword
my flesh."

Is it just and reasonable that all Hotspur's honors should at length be sacrificed to Prince Henry? "The madcap Hal," "The sword-and-buckler Prince of Wales," has been "of all humors that have showed themselves humors since the old days of goodman Adam," has revelled and frolicked with the Falstaffian company in the tavern and on the highway. He has sounded "the very base-strings of humility." Yet, when the imminence of war rouses his spirit his promise to his father is:

"I shall hereafter, my thrice-gracious lord,
Be more myself."

His attitude in this interview with his father is one of respectful reverence and humility. The consciousness of what he intends to be lends the same dignity here to his character as in the scene before the battle when sending a challenge to Hotspur, he prefaces it by the simple confession,

"I have a truant been to chivalry."

In later days we hear him say,

"If it be a sin to covet honor
I am the most offending soul alive."

What honor is this? It is the achievement of great deeds, not the words of men which vibrate round such deeds. The weeds of his youth were due to idleness. In action and on the battle-field he is his true self.

When the swaggering Falstaff claims the honor of having killed Hotspur, the Prince magnanimously says:

"For my part, if a lie may do thee grace,
I'll gild it with the happiest terms I have."

Henry, too, gives Hotspur his due measure of praise. He can recognize nobility in a foe,

"This gallant Hotspur, this all-praised knight."

Though he may be rather ironical here, he is not so when he makes the generous speech over the body of him who was his enemy:

"When that this body did contain a spirit,
A kingdom for it was too small a bound,

* * * * *

Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heaven!
Thy ignomy sleep with thee in the grave."

This theme of honor has been used by Shakespeare to bring out the contrast between Henry, the Prince, and Henry Hotspur. The latter has sought for renown and fame, steadily and consistently, the former has a deeper appreciation of true honour, but displays it only when aroused by circumstances.

Falstaff, in the meantime, is looking on, watching the play. With his keen, all-seeing eye and infinite capacity for analyzing things: he acts as arbiter of the two views, but to neither yields the prize.

He saw the inconsistency of each—saw that Hotspur's ambition was only for the praise of men, and that while Henry's sense of honour was

deeper still it was not always reflected in his life, and his own waggish philosophy reveals itself in his famous catechism of honour:

"Well, 'tis no matter; honour pricks me on. Yea, but how if honour prick me off when I come on? how then? Can honour set-to a leg? no: or an arm? no: or take away the grief of a wound? no. Honour hath no skill in surgery, then? no. What is honour? a word. What is that word, honour? air. A trim reckoning! Who hath it? he that died o' Wednesday. Doth he feel it? no. Doth he hear it? no. Is it insensible, then? yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living? no. Why? detraction will not suffer it. Therefore I'll none of it: honour is a mere scutcheon:—and so ends my catechism."

Falstaff demonstrates in practice how a man can live without honour. No one expects it in him, and so, as in all other threads of interest the play can offer, our serious study of honour is lightly laughed out of mind by the roguery of the fat knight.

"The rascal has given us medicines to make us love him,
We are bewitched with his company."

ELLEN MADIGAN, '16.

LORETO ABBEY COLLEGE.

A Day in Illyria.

HAVE you ever visited Illyria, bright, beautiful Illyria, where the little bees ply merrily in the sunshine, and the birds sing blithely all day long? It truly is an ideal land, the land of "What you will," fantastically gay, brimming over with effervescent life. It is a sunny southern land where a poetic masque for festal "Twelfth Night" would grow almost unawares.

There is the sea, murmuring tranquilly, its shores bathed by smiling waters. Could this be the same sea which so cruelly separated Viola and her brother Sebastian—victims of the "rude sea's enraged mouth"? However, Illyria does not know sorrow for "what is decreed must be and be this so." Yonder are the hills bewitched,

as it were, by the magic of this May morning, which enhances the splendour of a beautifully costumed world. Tripping on through green sunny meadows and vales, which display their fresh vesture of flowers, we are overcome by an exhilarating sense of freedom, and we, too, decide as Antonio does, to let "danger seem sport and go on."

Following a winding stream we intrude upon the quiet of small secluded villas, nestled here and there, along the peaceful slopes, their wide leisurely streets sloping down to the water's edge.

The stream flows on, leaping down rocky crags, making small cascades over which the trees throw their broad balancing sprays; long rushes hang in fringes from the impending banks, dripping with diamond drops. Here are large oak trees, some with "boughs mossed with age, and high tops bald with dry antiquity." Racing up and down them, and leaping across the quietly flowing stream, are the happy little squirrels, intoxicated with the beauty of this delightful fairy-land. How refreshing is the air, made more fragrant by the faint primrose beds here and there, mingled with musk-rose and eglantine.

These are the Duke of Orsino's hunting-grounds, but it will be useless to attempt seeking this "fancy-sick" gentleman in this place. We shall find him, rather, reclining in the spacious lawn surrounding his palace. Nor is our conjecture amiss, for here is the duke amid beds of fragrant violets, all their little heads raised up to greet the first ray of the sun. Hark! the duke is speaking,—*"If music be the food of love, play on."* Now the sound of "lutes, soft and sweet," fall on the air which, however, fail to soothe the roving imaginations of his love, but he still hopes on: "How will she love when the rich golden shaft hath killed the flock of all affections else, that live in her."

Again within the palace, in a room richly hung in royal splendour, surrounded by all his attendants, who are anxious to obey his slightest whim, the duke is calling for almost impossible satisfaction for his despairing, fanciful love. Hear him beseeching the clown to sing again that "old and antique song" which suited his mood better than "light airs and recollected tunes of these brisk and giddy-paced times." The clown begins his song which is rendered with so much feeling that Viola thinks

"It gives a very echo to the seat
Where Love is throned."

But who is this "lady of his dreams" to whom the duke bids Caesario go and "leap all civil bounds rather than make unprofit return"? Yonder in that mansion she reigns supreme—Olivia—whom the duke loves in the words of his messenger "with adorations, with fertile tears, with groans that thunder love and with sighs of fire." Is that not Caesario hurrying up the orchard path with his message from the duke? What a luminous daylight shines here and how that enkindling feeling of happiness pervades the air! Can we not imagine we see the ladies and courtly wooers moving in stately, graceful measure on the grass? See the waters of the fountain sparkling in the sunshine! Everywhere prevails that natural bubbling up of the fountain of happy youth into self-delighting joy.

Here is Malvolio strutting up the path, twirling his gold chain with ineffable carelessness, and smiling his face "into more lines than are in the new map with the augmentation of the Indies" as Maria, with a mischievous titter informs Sir Andrew and Sir Toby, all concealed in the box-tree alley. Unfortunate Malvolio! His morality and manners are misplaced in Illyria, but nevertheless Olivia would rather "half her dowry miscarry" than lose him.

Regard Sir Toby and Sir Andrew in their revels. "We are on earth—a substantial and indubitable fact—so let's enjoy it while we're here." So they think and we hear the enormous laughter of Sir Andrew, "a fellow o' the strangest mind i' the world," ascending peal above peal, until it passes into jubilant ecstasy. Now he is listening to the clown who sings with a "mellifluous voice, sweet and contagious." It is difficult to place men of these bourgeois morals and rough, jocose ways, among people such as Olivia and the duke, but we must remember this is Illyria! where dwell, people ranging from the highest to the lowest rank. It is the unconventional humour of men such as Sir Toby and Sir Andrew which gives vast amusement to the "statlier company" who are engrossed in their rhapsodical love passion.

And thus the whirligig of time rolls on "bringing in its revenges," Feste, the clown, thinks. But no! Illyria knows not the meaning of re-

venge. One day Olivia's garden is the scene of a pretty gathering—Olivia and her husband, Sebastian, the Duke and Viola, with all their friends. The intricacies of the knot are now disentangled and the whole atmosphere seems to breathe happiness for all. There is no need for hesitation now. Full and frank are their assertions of undying love and we will believe that they lived "happily forever after" for

"Love's not Time's fool though 'rosy lips and cheeks

Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks
But bears it out even to the edge of doom."

IRENE M. LONG, '16.

LORETO ABBEY COLLEGE.

Shakespeare's Hamlet.

THE events take place in Elsinore in the vicinity of the royal court of Denmark and the chief personages of the play are members of that court. The time is the tenth century as is evidenced by the fact that England is still paying tribute to Denmark. As we learn from the first two scenes, it is a time of warlike preparation which demands strong men. The elder Hamlet, who was a warrior king, has been dead two months and the throne is now held by his brother Claudius, who has married the king's widow. We are introduced into an atmosphere of low aims, and court intrigue exemplified in the characters of Polonius, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, and Osric, with whom a noble and idealistic soul like Hamlet's can have nothing in common. The conversation between the two soldiers and Horatio gives us the situation of affairs in Denmark, at the outset, just as Flavius and Marcellus give the situation at Rome in the days of Julius Cæsar.

The Introduction or Exposition of a play puts the situation clearly before us and gives us the relation of the principal characters to each other. In this case the first three scenes serve that purpose. From the first two we learn that the ghost of the elder Hamlet, the former King of Denmark, whose throne is now held by his brother Claudius, has been seen on more than one occa-



CHAPEL, LORETO ABBEY.



sion by soldiers on guard who inform young Hamlet of the apparition. He, who is already downcast and rendered somewhat misanthropic by the conduct of the Queen, his mother, in marrying with such unseemly haste her husband's brother, sees in this a sign of some foul play and resolves to watch for the appearance of the ghost on the following night. In Hamlet's soliloquy, 'O, that this too, too solid flesh would melt,' etc., his strong feeling of repulsion for Claudius, his horror at his mother's act as well as his speculative character and tendency to generalize are evident. The third scene introduces us to the family of Polonius, which is typical of the court, with its low ideals and worldly wisdom. Polonius himself, an old courtier, much puffed up with his own imagined shrewdness, gives some cut and dried maxims of worldly prudence to Laertes, his son, who is about to depart for France. Laertes has just been giving some brotherly advice to the beautiful and gentle, but rather weak Ophelia, who is the beloved of Hamlet. Her father supplements this with counsels of his own, forbidding her to hold any communication with young Hamlet whose promises, he fears, are not to be relied upon. These people form a strong contrast to Hamlet with his lofty idealism and scorn for practical details.

In the fifth scene, which is dramatically a continuation of the fourth, occurs the Initial Incident—the disclosure made by the ghost. At this point the Impulsive Force (in this case the duty of revenge) enters. The ghost, which proves to be that of Hamlet's father, declares that the latter has been treacherously murdered by Claudius and, while charging Hamlet to leave his mother to the stings of conscience, commands him to avenge his death. Hamlet accepts the duty but the act closes with his words to Horatio, which clearly indicate his feeling of impotence at the prospect of action. "O cursed spite! that I was ever born to set it right!" This characteristic of Hamlet's, this incapacity for deliberate action, proceeding from too reflective a temperament, constitutes the Opposing Force. Here begins the "Complication" (which for this play is a better term than "rising action"). Hamlet, the better to conceal his feelings, resolves to affect madness, which causes the king and queen great perplexity. Polonius, the chief minister, thinking that Hamlet's state of mind is the result of

unrequited love, uses the meek Ophelia to test him, but he, becoming aware of the trick, treats her with sceptical coldness and speaks of her father with contempt. The king being convinced that there is another cause for his madness, sends Hamlet's two schoolfellows, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, to draw him on to pleasures. Some actors having been brought by them to the palace, Hamlet inserts a murder scene in a play according to the facts the ghost has related, and has it presented before the king in order to perceive the effect on him and thus have confirmation of his guilt. He is not disappointed for the king's actions corroborate the supernatural testimony. On his way to the queen, who has summoned him to her presence, Hamlet passes through the king's chamber. He sees the king at prayer, and, his last doubts being now removed, he feels that the occasion is favorable for taking the king's life. Instantly, however, his old reflective habit overcomes his resolution to act. He seeks excuse and determines to retard the deed until he shall be able to take the criminal with his soul unprepared. The Crisis occurs at the moment when the king shows his guilt at the theatrical representation of the murder. Hamlet's failure to kill the king when the opportunity is so favorable is the Resolving Incident, for all the tragic events that follow are the consequence of this failure; the Opposing Force has begun to control the action. In the interview with the queen, Hamlet charges her so sternly with her guilt that she cries out in fear, whereat Polonius, who is at his old game of eavesdropping, makes a movement behind the arras. Hamlet, believing him to be the king, kills him with one impulsive sword-thrust. His death is the first tragic result of Hamlet's failure to act effectively. The king, through fear, has him despatched to England under guard of Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, who carry instructions to the English sovereign to put him to instant death. Hamlet, suspecting foul play, secures the documents and substitutes others containing the names of his guards instead of his own. Next day he is taken prisoner by pirates and landed on the shores of Denmark while Rosencrantz and Guildenstern proceed to meet their doom in England. Meanwhile, Ophelia has lost her reason owing to her father's death and Hamlet's departure. Laertes has returned, breathing vengeance on the king, whom he ac-

cuses of his father's murder, but has transferred his hostility to Hamlet, whom he finds to be the real (?) culprit. The king, with the assistance of Laertes, has formed a plot for getting rid of Hamlet. At a fencing match Laertes is to wound Hamlet with a poisoned rapier, but in case of failure the king has a poisoned draught prepared for his victim. At this juncture Ophelia is accidentally drowned. Hamlet, with his friend, Horatio, happens to be in the graveyard when the funeral arrives, and he and Laertes have an altercation over the body of the unfortunate damsel.

Shortly afterwards, the fencing match is arranged. Hamlet is at first successful, whereat the queen, who knows nothing of the plot, insists on drinking his health and, in spite of the king's efforts, quaffs the poisoned chalice. Laertes succeeds in wounding Hamlet but in the scuffle they exchange weapons and Laertes is wounded also. The queen falls, shrieking to Hamlet to beware of the poisoned cup. Laertes confesses his treachery and that of the king. Hamlet, maddened by these disclosures, stabs the king with the envenomed point and forces him to drink of the poison which he has himself prepared. The king dies; Laertes and the queen are already dead, and Hamlet feels his life ebbing. He leaves to Horatio, whom he prevents from taking his own life, the task of telling his story. He has barely time and strength to give his voice to Fortinbras, the man of deeds, for the succession of the throne of Denmark. Such is the Catastrophe in which the whole royal family of Denmark perish.

The crisis of the play is made intensely interesting by the means used to bring it on. The air seems to be charged with electricity as we watch Hamlet as he watches the king as he watches the play. The very slowness of the progress of events up to this point renders us anxious that the last doubt shall be removed from Hamlet's mind and we share his hour of triumph when the king reveals his guilt by his actions. The keynote of Hamlet's character may be found in the monologue beginning, "O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I!" and the resolution he takes at the close of it.

On seeing the player's emotion in reciting a passage which relates the horrors of Troy, he is smitten with remorse and rage at his own im-

potence, his inability to act effectively. He contrasts his motive for emotion with that of the actor. The latter has for the cause and subject of his tears and impassioned words the woes of a half-mythical queen, while he has the foul murder of a father! Had the actor, he thinks, a real cause such as his instead of a fictitious one, what would be the effect of his emotion? He would drive the guilty to madness and strike with terror even the innocent, while he, Hamlet, is satisfied to pine away in empty dreams of vengeance which he has not the strength to realize. He upbraids himself as a coward and a villain and professes himself ready to take as his due any insult offered to his manhood, since he can do naught but "unpack his heart with words" instead of obeying the mandates of both heaven and hell which call him to wreak vengeance on his father's murderer.

Being worked up to what seems to be the highest pitch of passion, he resolves to act immediately? By no means. Knowing the power of the drama to arouse the guilty conscience he resolves, or rather reverts to a previously conceived plan to introduce a scene in the play to be produced, which shall portray before the eyes of the king his very crime. Observing the effect, he will know whether or not the revelation of the ghost was genuine. He persuades himself that all he needs is confirmation, since the suggestion has come to him in such a questionable shape. Having thus again "unpacked his heart with words" he sets himself to compose the speech to be inserted, which occupation is congenial to his character, since by it the need of action is postponed.

In this soliloquy is revealed the chief cause of Hamlet's failure—his tendency to reflection, to translate his feelings into thoughts rather than into deeds. He is too clear-sighted not to be aware of this. He feels and tries to shake off his tendency to procrastinate but still seeks an excuse for delaying. He knows that "words to the heat of deeds too cool breath gives," yet, while scorning himself for it, he gives himself to long speeches instead of to prompt action.

One hears so much of the problems of "Hamlet" that it is hardly possible to come to the reading of it without some preconceived theory or, at least, without the intention of trying to obtain some magic sesame that will unlock its mysteries. However, it seems to us that one is

forcibly struck with the fact that Hamlet is a rare soul placed in a low environment, an idealist in a society hostile to idealism. One sees, too, that he is not over-eager in his love-making, perhaps because Ophelia is too insignificant or because his thoughts are diverted into a more serious channel by the duty which is laid upon him. He does not show much real grief at her death, beyond a noisy outburst which is directed against Laertes. From the facts before us we might think that he could not love deeply. However, we must avoid Hamlet's own bad habit of generalizing often on insufficient premises. From his experience with two women (or rather with one, for Ophelia is not really so) he judges the whole sex to be inconstant.

One cannot fail to notice the number and length of Hamlet's soliloquies, which contain some of the noblest ideas ever expressed in dramatic literature but are all tinged with misanthropy and show a marked tendency to self-analysis.

The movement of the play is very slow as compared with Macbeth, until it nears the end, when events crowd upon each other.

The two chief theories put forward to explain Hamlet's conduct are those of Goethe (in "Wilhelm Meister") and Coleridge, on which all modern criticism is based.

Goethe's view is that in Hamlet we have "a beautiful, pure, noble and most moral nature, but one without the strength of nerve that makes the hero," on which a burden has been placed too great for his strength. This burden his sense of duty will not allow him to shake off. He winds, turns, and recoils, ever reminding himself of his duty and at last almost loses his purpose from his thoughts without ever regaining his peace of mind. His nature is like a beautiful vase meant to contain only rare flowers, but in which an oak-tree has been placed. As the roots expand the vase is shivered into fragments.

Coleridge's theory is that the character of Hamlet is the outcome of Shakespeare's profound knowledge of mental philosophy. The fact that Hamlet is the favorite character wherever Shakespeare is studied shows that he must have something in common with humanity in general. Man is distinguished from the brutes by his power of reflection, yet in the perfect man there must be an equilibrium between the

reflective faculty and sense perception. If the former is in excess we have a man in whom the imaginary world is far more vivid than the actual world. Hamlet is such a man and this is the key to his behaviour. All his resolutions are passed through the reflective process of his mind and are "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought." Hence his repugnance or inability to act promptly, which leads to his undoing.

Our opinion is in the main that of Coleridge: that the tragedy in his life was caused by the preponderance of the reflective faculty (a result probably of his scholastic training), which rendered him unequal to the demand for prompt action. This is what we might call the subjective view of the matter. There is, however, an objective view which, I think, may be held consistently with the former: Hamlet, the idealist, in a society of materialists of low moral standards and unscrupulous dealing. His downfall or failure in life, in this view, may be said to proceed from a hostile environment.

It must be noted that Hamlet acts promptly enough at times, but this only happens when he is prevented from thinking. All his acts are the result of impulse, not of reflection.

The language used in Hamlet is charged with metaphor, as is the case in all Shakespeare's plays. Indeed, in passages where strong feeling is expressed the imagery is so abundant, so unexpected and so varied that the mind frequently falls down breathless in pursuing the pictures which glide onward one dissolving into the other. There are many obscure passages in this play, some of which are the results of the printer's errors. The language varies from the stateliest of blank verse to plain prose. The blank verse is free, adapting itself to the thought, and the instances of overflow are frequent. Some of the noblest passages for the style as well as for the thought are that beginning "To be or not to be," and (2) that in Act 4, sc. 3, beginning, "How all occasions do inform against me." In the passage, "O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I!" the broken lines suggest pauses to be filled up with meditation.

Prose is used chiefly in letters, in humorous passages and, in general, in whatever is on a lower plane than the rest—Hamlet's intentional mad speeches, for instance. However, there is one noble passage in prose. Hamlet's speech to

Rosencrantz and Guildenstern—"What a piece of work is man! how noble in reason," etc. The play within the play is written in the rhyming couplet with considerable bombast in order to produce an artificial effect.

UNDERGRADUATE.

LORETO ABBEY COLLEGE.

Impressions of English Lyrics of Palgrave's Golden Treasury, Bk. 2.

LYRIC poetry is the spontaneous outpouring of the heart's feeling in a flow of language suited to the cadences of a musical instrument. It always mirrors the contemporary age; in an age of vigor and daring, the lyric sings loud and clear of courage and hope; in an age of peace and enjoyment it lisps of daisy fields and sunset skies, with individual deeper tones of joy or grief; in an age of unsettled tendencies and divided interests it flutters daintily over light topics with the graceful good taste of a salon conversation on charming trivialities.

A period such as the latter, we find portrayed in Book II. of Palgrave's Golden Treasury. The enthusiastic, full-toned songs of Elizabethan energy and adventure have softened into gallantry, compliment and pretty incident, the witcheries of the lightest love, the courtesies of days when poetry was an art, which every courtier cultivated. The passionate depths of man's heart that were wont to be put into song are no longer a subject for the Muse. The Muse, indeed, inspires the expression of religious and contemplative thought in measured numbers, and of political interests, but it wields now a divided power. In the reign of Elizabeth, loyalty and honor to the Queen and country and the court was the keynote of national spirit. In the later reigns there grows up a division—the King's party is not the patriot party—courtiers stand against earnest political men, and the nation is beginning to show Puritan sentiments of the narrowing type. The poetic song is no longer national but individual.

While we miss the heart-whole effusions of the masters of the earlier period, the Jacobean and

Caroline lyrics are still their natural descendants and the aggregate lyrical value is probably as great as before. The verse and rhythm have grown more apt and adaptable, and the numbers flow gracefully into the mould of any thought from the little melody of "The True Beauty" (Carew) and "Love in thy Youth," and the charming "Go, Lovely Rose," of Waller, to the classical enthusiasm, "Praise of Neptune" (Campion), and mournful wail of "Forsaken" (cxxxlll.), the quiet interior joy of "A Mystical Ecstasy" (Quarles) and the May-day gaiety of "Corinna's a-Maying" (Herrick).

The outstanding figure of this poetic group is Robert Herrick, whose spontaneous music thrills of blossoms and daffodils and May-day, and trips into charming fancies on dress and lady-love. Some one has called him "the last expression of the Pagan Renaissance," and the joyous delight in life that flows into song and music under his facile touch reflects that age of enthusiasm more than the wrenched interests of Stuart times. One cannot but accept his invitation to go a-Maying "among the pearls of morning's dew" on the blushing blossoms "an hour or a half's delight." We find ourselves amid the fresh exuberance of "wayside shrines and bowers," "porches decked with white thorn" and open fields with the "dew bespangling herb and tree." In these three bewitching songs (cxviii.; cxxxix.; cxl.) we have exquisite variety of metre, and the breath of the May-time, tripping joy of merry England. Herrick turns, too, to the littleness of a playful gallantry, and we watch "the winning wave in the tempestuous petticoat" and silks of his Julia. We note the little serious reproof of Dianeme, and the cheerful abandon of himself to Anthea all with the persuasion that here is a poet whose songs came flowing free from the heart.

And if we meet no other poet who can receive the same measure of our appreciation, yet we return to read again and again some of the single lyrics. From Ben Jonson, a representative of the Elizabethan age, in his little gem of a "Noble Nature" and the jewelled address to the "Goddess excellently bright," and most representative of all his effusion, to "Celia," we pass through the merry pace of "Love will find out the Way" (civ.) and the overfancied charm of "Cherry Ripe" (cxvii.) to the pretty seriousness of the "Lovely Rose" (cxv.) of Waller, the latter the

forerunner in some of his metre of the next poetic age.

Now let us turn our pages again and pause upon the lighter love verses with their witching jingle. Of Lovelace, who is said to have been "lucky" rather than gifted, at least, we feel that his luck was ours when his gentle words sing in our ears,

"I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honour more,"

and his courageous words, like "the enlarged winds that curl the flood," have defined for us forever the bounds of liberty. The same charm of metre greets the ear in the third to Lucasta where his cheerfulness promises—

"Above the highest sphere we meet
Unseen, unknown, and greet as angels greet."

The courtly love verses of gallantry we find exemplified in cxxvi., Sir Chas. Sedley's to his lady-love under the name of Celia, as also in cvi., "Child and Maiden." These leave no impression as having been experiences that really touched the heart; rather like "Constancy" of the Earl of Rochester and cxxv., they were the courtier's effort to follow a graceful fashion of the day for poesy.

The three little stanzas (cxxix.) of Sir J. Suckling's, though not much deeper in thought, have somewhat more attractive naturalness and vivacity, and "The Manly Heart" by Wither, is the expression of a similar thought of independence. Here we have the rhymes in couplets and an easy-running metre, though it has a halting line or two. In Waller's other little poem (cxxii.), "On a Girdle," we meet the style of over-strained fancy, poetic conceit, but its metre is the tetrameter couplet, which became the sprightlier sister of the favorite heroic couplet in the next poetic era. Crashaw's "Wishes for the Supposed Mistress" is an experiment in line lengths and rhyme, which is generally in need of some compressing or expanding of thought to suit it. In the "Awake, Awake, my Lyre," of Cowley, we have a varied length of line and each stanza closing with an Alexandrine line—a little lyric of charm enough to "prevail" and "gentle thoughts in her aspire," though Dr. Johnson assures us that Mr. Cowley never paid his heart's homage to any fair one.

The next four poems (cxxxiii., cxxxiv., cxxxv., cxxxvi.) have something more than the occasional Scotch expression to group them together, though their authors are unknown. There is something of the simple old ballad simplicity and pathos in both thought and expression.

"'Tis not the frost that freezes fell,
Nor blawing snaws inclemencie;
'Tis not sic cauld that makes me cry,
But my Love's heart grown cauld to me."

But our sympathy for the poor forsaken one is a good preparation for considering cxxxiv., the happy contrasting or almost companion picture of the former, with its homely mother-crooning. The ballad movement of fair Helen calls up the old days of outlaw and adventure on fair Kircconnell lea, to the sound of the little moan:

"I wish I were where Helen lies,
Night and day on me she cries."

The "Twa Corbies" is full of a gruesome thought, and the changeable, human world is in contrast with the physical, the lady-love forgets but the world of nature is undisturbed,

"The wind shall blaw for evermair."

It touches the chord that grief probes every human heart to find some time.

Another group of poems may be centred now about such topics as death and melancholy, night and darkness. "On the Tombs in Westminster Abbey," and the two following numbers (xci., xcii.), contain the ever-recurring meditative thoughts on "The Great Leveller" in the great cloister that Beaumont calls

"The acre sown indeed
With the richest, royallest seed,"

the tale of death's icy hands that stay not for sceptre or crown, and teach that—

"Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust."

In xci. (Shirley) there is the little courtier turn in the last few lines. They seem to have lost the dignified seriousness of the first stanza and first three lines of the second, and might easily fit the thought of some of the love lyrics of the style of "Sleep, Sleep again, my Lyre, and Let thy Master Die." Cowley's "Ode to Mr. Hervey," in its first

three stanzas, is a fitting tribute of grief for his friend and the "intolerable fate" that separated them. The remainder of the poem is a somewhat prosaic account of his friend's virtues. A great poet, or any great heart could not thus detail the knowledge and wit, zeal and devotion of one for whom his heart was grieving. The poem immediately following, Henry Vaughan's "Friends in Paradise," though in purpose more general, shows deeper thought. It is not written that an audience may know how much he valued the friends that are gone, but to speak the thoughts of his mind that is trying, "with holy hope and high humility," to peep into the glory of their new abode, and in this, as also in the little poem, "A Vision" (cl.), we see the heart of this poet feeding on the light that faith and the world about bestow on him. The memory of these friends—

"Glows and glitters in my cloudy breast,
Like stars upon some gloomy grove,
Or those faint, faint beams in which this hill is
drest,
After the sun's remove."

The idea in "A Vision" does not seem to be clear or easy to grasp. Perhaps it expresses rather an approximation than the reality of the imaginative impression of a great, dark, starry night on his mind. Much clearer and more commonplace meditation is contained in Habington's "Nox Nocti Indicat Scientiam." Habington feels that he must preach to others what the night's beauties may be made to show of human conduct.

The few lines on Melancholy (cxxxii.) are again to be classed in the group of poems that are written, not to profess a deeply-rooted thought or experience but as if by one who desired to write and then sought out a subject. Something quite different is the "Hymn to Darkness" (cxlix.) with its harmonious, fanciful mysticism. In (xcvii.) "The Gifts of God," by Geo. Herbert, we have a poem more doctrinal than any others we have met, but it concerns the great common truth of life's restlessness and weariness. Far beyond it in feeling but not of so general a sympathy is "A Mystical Ecstasy" (cxxxiii.), the expression of a heart that lives a life within itself, full of a joy that the world need not feed. Something of the same thought,

but robbed of its joy, is to be traced in Vaughan's "Retreat"—

"When yet I had not walked above
A mile or two from my first Love,
And looking back, at that short space,
Could see a glimpse of His bright Face."

The two lines following surely foreshadow the poetic spirit of Wordsworth:

"When on some gilded cloud or flower
My gazing soul would dwell an hour," etc.

There is still one author unmentioned, who illustrates the fact that poetry was a gentlemanly and scholarly occupation. Sir Henry Walton, who had been associated in some state affairs concerning James I.'s daughter, Princess Elizabeth of Bohemia, wrote a complimentary little address to her in verse, proper and dignified. His poem on "Character of a Happy Life" is a correctly-expressed standard of contentment.

In closing this brief outline of lyrics and their authors of this period, we are reminded of the words of Stopford Brooke—"The Elizabethan lyrical lay died in a lovely sunset. With the rosy red and blossom colors of Herrick, the deep tints of Herbert and Norris, the golden fringing of Lovelace, Suckling, and Ben Jonson, and the blendings of blue sky and cloud of Vaughan and Cowley, we have indeed but replaced the glowing sunshine and vigor of the day by the gentle playfulness and sweet mingling beauties of evening."

UNDERGRADUATÉ.

LORETO ABBEY.

Characterization of Thought in Gray's "Elegy" Compared with the Thought in Pope's "The Rape of the Lock."

REFLECTIVE power is the most noticeable quality of thought in Gray's "Elegy." The whole poem is a meditation for which the poet chooses the time and the place must suitable. An evening reverie in a churchyard must necessarily give rise to solemn thoughts, and the poet realizes that those around him are, "Each in his narrow cell forever laid." A whole train of thought follows. He points out

how futile are the attempts to achieve lasting honour, for

"The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

Another quality of thought, the fanciful, presents itself. "Perhaps," he begins, and from vague speculations he goes on to concrete pictures, taking his illustrations from history: Hampden, Milton, Cromwell. In keeping with a twilight meditation, the thoughts turn to abstraction again: pain, ruin, plenty, virtues, gates of mercy. Reality and fancy alternate in his reflections, and now the tombstone is noticed:

"Some frail memorial still erected high."

His moralizing soon takes imaginative flight again and thus he concludes his poem.

In estimating his range and quality of observation, we note that he limits his observation to the life around him: the blazing hearth, the busy housewife, the harvest, the team. His reflections are also limited to ordinary topics: ambition, grandeur, heraldry, power, beauty, wealth. The thought is not precise or vigorous, it is suggestive more than affirmative, and even the direct statements are abstractions:

"The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

"And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

Melancholy and seriousness characterize his thought, as the subject naturally demands. The spiritual element, which we expect in a churchyard meditation, is noticeably lacking, and even the few consoling thoughts have a hardness about them: "He gained from heaven ('twas all he wished) a friend," "the bosom of his Father and his God," is called "a dread abode," where they repose in "trembling hope." Only one uplifting thought occurs:

"And many a holy text around she strews
That teach the rustic moralist to die."

The Rape of the Lock.

Creative power is the chief quality of thought in this poem. To work out his fanciful idea Pope has recourse to appropriate illustrations, and his inventive faculty keeps him provided in the most delightful manner, with images unparalleled for freshness. The intensely humor-

ous thoughts, cast in such serious, dignified mould, are the great charm of the poem. Clever irony is shown in the description of the toilet, and the climax of the mock heroic is reached in the altar built to Love; other inimitable instances are the allotting of tasks to the different sylphs, the critical moment when

"The meeting points the sacred hair dis sever
From the fair head, forever and forever!"

The goddess's bequest to the gnome, the bag containing "the force of female lungs," and finally when

"A sudden star, it shot through liquid air,
And drew behind a radiant trail of hair."

The thought in this poem is the antithesis of that embodied in the "Elegy": light, airy, brilliantly clever, pleasantly ironical, yet, strange to say, directed to the same end, that is, to show the vanity of what the world most esteems—honours, distinction, praise.

Pope's range of observation is wider than Gray's, and his illustrations are happier and infinitely more numerous; the "well-bred lord," the "gentle belle," "the balmy rest," the whispers of "her guardian sylph," Belinda opening her eyes on "a billet-doux," the toilet, the "two locks which graceful hung behind," "th' adventurous baron," the altar erected to Love, the sylph's "denizens of air," and a whole host of others.

Instead of the melancholy which pervades the "Elegy," here the temperamental qualities are humour and irony in their most delightful aspect, "piquant," as the French say. Instead of vague, dreamy meditation, here definite thought is clearly developed. Vigour and perpetual activity are in contrast with the even tenor of the "Elegy."

UNDERGRADUATE.

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"All epochs," says Goethe, "in which faith is dominant are brilliant, elevating, and pregnant for the present and the future. Those, on the contrary, that are under the sway of a miserable skepticism, dazzle for a moment, but are soon forgotten, because worthless is the knowledge which bears no fruit. *Unbelief belongs to weak, shallow and retrograding minds.*"

"Comus" and "Samson Agonistes."

Development of Milton's poetic style.

"COMUS," the production of Milton's youthful prime, and "Samson Agonistes," the labor of his premature old age, have the gap of years' struggle between them. The former reflects the happy sunlit days of study and high-souled preparation for a God-given life-work in the most ideal circumstances. The latter, with a deeper tone, tells of that life-work completed, it is true, but of a thorny path and uphill struggle against much that was embittering in relations with fellow-creatures, against the deprivation of "light, the prime work of God," and of the austerity of the man who struggles hard with himself to act upon his belief in the justness of God's ways, the man, too, whose breadth of view and human sympathy lack something which is, perhaps, repaid in the sublime height of faith in himself as

"Solemnly elected,
With gifts and graces eminently adorned,
To some great work."

One of the marks of such a character from youth was its outstanding moral trend. "Comus," written as it was to grace a special honor and office conferred upon an English nobleman, and filled with the sweetest and most musical lyrics, and daintiest imagery, yet instances, as if written for that purpose alone, the moral glory Milton's mind bestows on chastity. "Samson Agonistes," the embodiment of the stress and strain of his life, and imbued with the agony of his blindness, was written to prove how

"Just are the ways of God,
And justifiable to men."

As dramatic works both these poems show the limitations of Milton's genius. There is nothing in the former and only a certain amount of himself, his own indignation, his own suffering, in the latter that may be called characterization. In judging either, however, we must remember that the model on which it is built, together with its purpose, will show largely that Milton wrote each rather as a matter of pure literary than of dramatic interest.

In comparing one with the other as to poetic style we find a subject vastly more worthy of attention. Milton's style in "Comus" showed al-

ready most of its possibilities—the deft transformation of the monotony of blank verse into a melodious flow of language, the artistic picturing of every adjective, word and phrase; the wonderfully apt use of unpoetic words as if fresh coined for his purpose, the fearlessly, lofty tone that stooped not for favor, all mark this work as the product of a master artist.

Almost any selection of "Comus" will reveal these qualities and is worthy of metrical analysis: The calm dignity of the opening lines, the sprightly charm of the first speech of Comus—

"The star that bids the shepherd fold,
Now the top of heaven doth hold;
And the gilded car of day
His glowing axle doth allay
In the steep Atlantic stream;
And the slope sun his upward beam
Shoots against the dusky pole,
Pacing toward the other goal
Of his chamber in the east."

The stately gaiety of Sabrina's response to the Spirit's call:

"By the rushy-fringed bank,
Where grows the willow and the osier dank,
My sliding chariot stays,
Thick set with agate, and the azure sheen
Of turkis blue, and emerald green,
That in the channel strays;
Whilst from off the waters fleet
Thus I set my printless feet
O'er the cowslip's velvet head,
That bends not as I tread;
Gentle swain, at thy request
I am here."

All these owe something to variation in metre and length of line. If we examine some such passage as the following:

"Two such I saw, what time the laboured ox
In his loose traces from the furrow came,
And the swinked hedger at his supper sat;
I saw them under a green mantling vine
That crawls along the side of yon small hill,
Plucking ripe clusters from the tender shoots;
Their port was more than human, as they stood:
I took it for a faery vision
Of some gay creatures of the element,
That in the colours of the rainbow live,
And play i' th' plighted clouds."



STUDENTS AT LORETO ABBEY COLLEGE. 1913-1914.

We find a sprinkling of trochaic and spondaic metre, an occasional trisyllabic foot, and varied position of pauses, the whole becoming a melody of time and movement to which reading alone can do justice. In the whole poem we find words that baffle the search for synonyms, and yet separated from the text are not essentially poetic; laboured, swinked, wattled, spongy (l. 154), glazing, blabbing, &c., and other words; compounds of great felicity: smooth-dittied, sky-robres, flowery-kirtled, low-roosted, &c.

In "Samson Agonistes" we find the variation of blank verse metre reaches a fluency even greater than in "Comus," but the Elizabethan word richness has given place to a direct, vigorous, austere style, where thoughts wait not to become adorned and picturesque, but bend themselves to the earnestness of creed or heat of indignation, as in:

"Oh, that torment should not be confined
To the body's wounds and sores,
With maladies innumerable
In heart, head, breast, and reins:
But must secret passage find
To the inmost mind,
There exercise all his fierce accidents,
And on her purest spirits prey,
As on entrails, joints, and limbs,
With answerable pains, but more intense,
Though void of corporal sense!"

Scarcely two lines here correspond in scansion, and such words as answerable, innumerable, and such enumeration as ll. 4 and 9, with the host of such words and measures in the succeeding passage, are the impetuous handling a master artist can turn into rhythm. The occasional rhyme thrown in, sometimes of lines of different lengths, as ll. 5 and 6 above, often at the end of a passage or the finish of a thought reminds one of the like finish in Shakespeare. Such are not found in "Comus."

Let us now compare the lighter lyric portion of "Comus" with what may, perhaps, correspond to it—the chorus of S. A. "Comus" in such passages as the "Song to Echo," and "To Sabrina," and the scene of Sabrina shows the inimitable charm of genius that defies analysis. We may note the shorter, varied lengths of line, the rhyme, the exquisite management of vowel sounds, and of consonants that best lend them-

selves to music, the word-pictures, more effectual than painter's brush, and at the end we are still far from doing justice to the lyrics. Let us rather say to those whose tastes are appreciative of beauty in language, "Read and re-read and love them as purest gems of English poetry."

"Samson Agonistes" does not give us this exquisite delight as interludes. The chorus rather gave expression to general reflections. The spontaneity of the earlier work was gone. The poet was unfortunate now and blind, and his character deeply scarred by the stern passages-at-arms his egoistic, haughty, self-righteousness had more than once had to encounter. What took the place of that earlier delight was what was sublime and austere, in nature or doctrine, and the chorus of "Samson Agonistes" expresses his thoughts on life and God's justice. It is here we meet the expressions of the

"Source of consolation from above,
Secret refreshings,"

that enabled the great poet to do his "part from Heaven assigned."

The chorus metre is remarkable; we find lines of any number of syllables from four to twelve, the most ordinary being a line of six syllables. Rhythm with occasional rhyme is as musical and pleasing to ear and mind as the natural utterance of a silver-tongued orator. The directness of thought is helped by the uncertain metre. In diction, we find the same word aptness, and same skilful adjusting of proper names to metrical measures.

In concluding an estimation of Milton's style development, we must dwell a moment more on Samson's sufferings, doubts and struggles as embodied in his own—Samson, seeking answer to the problem of his "dark, dark, dark," is Milton's self. Samson, suffering from treachery of woman and inveighing against her is himself, a sufferer not the less because his own egoism caused it, and it is when he treats of his own indignation under cover of Samson, and answers his own doubts and wrongs in the chorus that his majestic faith in God's justice and His ways carries thought and metre triumphantly on in words of fervid power.

To sum up, then, Milton shows in these two poems that the complete mastery of metre and rhythm had grown a little more daring, one

might almost say, through the years of labor on his masterpiece. In imagery and grace, he has set aside the joyous wealth of diction and picture, like the sunshine of a May morning, and turned rather with "plain heroic magnitude of mind" to discuss "the unsearchable dispose of Highest Wisdom," a strong evidence that with him essentially the "style reflects the man."

UNDERGRADUATE.

LORETO ABBEY.

Milton's *Paradise Lost*.

PARADISE LOST, an epic composed of twelve books, is an intensely dramatic story of the Fall of Man, having for its purpose the vindication of the ways of Divine Providence. According to the example of Homer, the poet plunges into the midst of his subject, representing to us Satan and his associates already in Hell, reserving events prior to this to be told afterwards as episodes. The fallen angels, imbibing the indomitable spirit of their leader, resolve to wage perpetual war upon the Almighty! However, at a Council held in Pandemonium, since force has proved ineffectual, they adopt a crafty policy. The ruinour of a new race to be created, fills them with the hope of striking their enemy, through his creatures. Satan goes alone to reconnoitre. The Heavenly Father, foreknowing his project and its results, permits it, the better to bring out his own merciful designs toward the human race and to overwhelm the arch-enemy with final confusion.

Guided by Chaos, the Infernal Spirit reaches Heaven's Gate, whence he proceeds to the sun where Uriel, thinking him an angel of light, directs him to the new created world. In disguise he enters Paradise and views with rage and despair the happy state of Adam and Eve, whose mode of life is here described. Hearing of the prohibition to eat of the fruit of the tree of knowledge of good and evil, he decides upon his line of action. He first whispers evil suggestions into the ear of the sleeping Eve. The following day, however, comes, as a fresh grace from God, the Angel Raphael to apprise Adam of his danger. Here, both as an explanation and as a warning, it is necessary to tell the story of the sin of the angels, the celestial battle, and the fall

and punishment of the rebels. Raphael, to allay Adam's thirst for knowledge, also relates the story of the Creation. Adam then tells what he himself remembers since his creation.

After the departure of Raphael, Satan, despite the watchfulness of Gabriel, again enters Paradise, this time in the form of a mist, and, infusing himself into the serpent, addresses Eve, whom he easily wins over by promises of God-like wisdom, to eat of the forbidden fruit. She in turn seduces Adam who, knowing her to be lost, is led by his love to wish to share her fate. The immediate effect of their disobedience is then described.

The Angels return to Heaven and Satan to Hell, where he and his followers are punished by being changed for a space into serpents. The Messiah, meanwhile, has descended to judge Adam and Eve, whom he rebukes severely but promises ultimately to redeem. Sin and Death enter Paradise, and the guilty pair, perceiving the dire results of their crime, repent sincerely. At the intercession of the Son, the Heavenly Father accepts them, but ordains their departure from Paradise. Michael, who is sent to execute God's commands, foretells to Adam for his instruction and consolation the history of his race through the succeeding ages, warning him of the deluge, dwelling on the coming of the Messiah and outlining the state of the Church during the Christian era. He then leads our First Parents, sad, but resigned and hopeful, out into the world beyond the confines of Paradise.

The story thus told conforms to the rules of the Epic as to unity of design, since nothing is brought in extraneous to the theme, the two episodes relating respectively to the fall of the angels and the coming of the Messiah being necessary, the one as a warning, the other as an encouragement to Adam. There are no funeral games such as mar the unity of the Aeneid. Following Homer, Milton invokes the Muse, but it is the meaning not the name he calls upon, the heavenly inspiration sent to David and Isaiah. His characters are the greatest, both for good and evil, that can be imagined—the Almighty, the angels, the primal man—and his treatment is equal to his subject. Some objection has been made to his hero-man, since he is apparently defeated. But, as Dr. Johnson says, there is nothing to prove that virtue and success should go

together except established practice in epic poetry, and even this is not uniform. We might cite Lucretius's Cato (or perhaps, Pompey) among the ancients, and Tennyson's Arthur among the moderns, as exceptions, if these examples would be admitted in a discussion about so great a work as "Paradise Lost."

Altogether the theme, the purpose, the characters and the diction, conspire to make this an epic which well deserves the epithet "sublime."

The first two books, by universal consent, stand pre-eminent in sublimity. There is a fearful harmony in Hell and Hell's King. Each of the infernal spirits is a more or less distinctive presentation of evil as opposed to good—a conflict which forms the subject of so many of the poems of the Aryan race.

Milton's Satan appears, not the hideous fiend of Dante, but nothing less than "Archangel ruined." He excels his followers as much in stature as in boldness of design. His sentiments are what we might expect from an angelic intelligence perverted. His speeches, one of which Milton takes pains to warn us is "full of sound, not substance," show a certain loftiness and strength of mind not unbefitting a spirit who had attempted the impossible. In fact, Milton in making him worthy to be an arch-fiend has scarcely avoided the fault of making him admirable, especially in the passage in which he apostrophizes his new and dreadful abode and declares that he brings "a mind not to be changed by place or time," and that

"The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a Heaven of Hell, a Hell of Heaven."

"What matter where," he exclaims, "if I be still the same. . . ."

" . . . Here at least
We shall be free; the Almighty hath not built
Here for his envy. . . .
Here we may reign secure; and, in my choice,
To reign is worth ambition, though in Hell:
Better to reign in Hell than serve in Heaven."

This is not ignoble; it is the spirit, only a thousand times intensified, of Julius Cæsar, who would "rather be first in a little Iberian village than second in Rome."

Satan, the Arch-enemy of God, is the embodiment of evil as the antithesis of good manifesting itself particularly by pride. He is the arch-rebel and suggests rebellion to man. The keynote of all his works and pomps is "non serviam."

Beelzebub, "the god of flies," worshipped among the Philistines, but considered among the Jews as the greatest of the devils and synonymous with Satan is, by Milton, made a distinct spirit. He is represented as one next in power and next in crime to Satan, of whose counsels he is made participant. "With Atlantean shoulders fit to bear the weight of mightiest monarchies," he strongly resembles Satan and while not so bold in invention seems to have a greater genius for details, as is shown in his infernal but statesmanlike speech at the council where he outlines a scheme, already proposed by Satan, for annoying the Almighty. The type of evil he represents is not easily distinguished from that of Satan, whose friend and confidant he is.

Moloch, "the strongest and the fiercest spirit that fought in Heaven," who preferred not to be at all rather than not be first, speaks first at the council and urges a war of pure revenge. His character is untempered by any quality other than a cruel hatred. He is afterwards worshipped among the heathens, who sacrifice to him little children whose cries when placed in the arms of his red-hot image are drowned by the noise of drums and timbrels. These hideous rites were introduced into Israel and performed in the Valley of Hinnom—Gehenna—which name is thence used for Hell. Rightly is he called "horrid" and "blood-besmeared."

Belial, "than whom a spirit more lewd ne'er fell from Heaven," is represented as loving vice for itself. He it is who counsels peace or rather slothful ease, as might be expected from his character. Among the sons of men no altar was raised to him, but he needs none since he is enthroned in many a heart even within the very temple of God. He reigns in courts, palaces and cities and generally wherever luxury is rife. Altogether his character as described by the poet is typical of that vice of which he is the fountain-head, though it is strange how an angelic nature could have become so gross.

"Mammon, "the least upright spirit that fell from Heaven," was evidently never a very noble

angel even before his perversion, since Milton distinctly says that,

"His loops and thoughts
Were always downward bent, admiring more
The riches of Heaven's pavement, trodden gold,
Than aught divine or holy, else enjoyed
In vision beatific."

We may well marvel how such a spirit came to be in heaven at all. But despite this incongruity his characteristics well befit the fiend who is the patron of all worshippers of gold. He it was who led the infernal spirits to find the precious metals of which Pandemonium was to be built and he it was (says Milton) who first taught men to ransack the earth for treasures "better hid." Milton, however, shows too radical and uncatholic a spirit in his denunciation of enterprises such as bringing forth the treasures which God has, no doubt, placed in the earth for man's use and benefit. He does not appear to see that the evil is not in the thing, but in the perverse use of the thing. At the council, Mammon advises no open war against God, but rather the building up, with art and the riches to be found in Hell, a magnificence which shall in some sort rival that of Heaven, while by labour and long-endurance they become inured to the unfriendly element which surrounds them. This is the peace policy advocated by the lovers of riches of all times. "The jingling of the guinea helps the heart that honour feels. No war except for substantial gain."

The most striking characteristics of Milton's later style are sublimity and majesty, in which qualities it is by no means inferior to the subject matter. Milton indeed must have been conscious that he excelled in a style so admirably adapted to the clothing of his lofty theme. His imagery is bold and magnificent, his rhetorical figures noble. As an instance of his imagery take his description of the fall of Mulciber or Vulcan:

"And how he fell
From Heaven they fabled, thrown by angry Jove
Sheer o'er the crystal battlements; from morn
To noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve,
A summer's day; and with the setting sun
Dropt from the Zenith like a falling star,
On Lemnös th' Aegean isle; thus they relate,
erring."

The Milky Way is spoken of as the royal highway to heaven:

"A broad and ample road, whose dust is gold,
And pavement stars."

And witness the strength of the picture in the following passage:

"No light; but rather darkness visible."

And the sublimity of the following lines:

"His form had yet not lost
All her original brightness, nor appeared
Less than Archangel ruined."

Of true pathos there is little, since the human element does not enter into the first part of the poem at all, and even in the last part there is little opportunity for it since Milton is dealing with a theory of man rather than with man himself. It is much to be doubted whether Milton was not too coldly perfect to be capable of feeling human passion in any great degree or of exciting it in others. Certainly *Lycidas*, which is an elegy, on his friend, Edward King, is devoid of true feeling, though it is full of poetry.

The limitations of Milton's style are obvious. He sees nature "through the spectacles of books" therefore his rhetorical figures are drawn more from classic, or bookish sources than from life at first hand.

In the comparison of Satan to a vulture we feel, notwithstanding the beauty and aptness of the figure, that it is a book-vulture,—

"As when a vulture on Imaus bred
Whose snowy ridge the roving Tartar bounds,
Dislodging from a region scarce of prey,
To feed on flesh of lambs and yearling kids
On hills where flocks are fed; flies toward the
springs
Of Ganges or Hydaspes, Indian streams."

He could use great and majestic imagery more effectively than the minute and delicate.

His diction is not simple and direct like Homer's, but learned. It has been said that a thorough appreciation of Milton is the last reward of ripe scholarship since his words are so often used in Latin senses, or with some classical allusion, e. g.,



RECEPTION ROOM, LORETO ABBEY.

"And re-assembling our *afflicted* powers
Consult how we may henceforth most *offend*
our enemy."

Again in the line

"In bulk as huge
As whom the fables name of monstrous size,"

he omits the antecedent, following the Latin rule of syntax. In many places also he employs the participles in a way foreign to the English use. But, however lacking in the freshness and straightforwardness of Homer, Milton is certainly his equal in the sustained sublimity of his diction.

The structure of his curiously-involved and slowly-unfolding sentences, is one of the elements in the matchless harmony of his verse. The poem opens with a typical Miltonic sentence:

"Of Man's first disobedience and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world and all our woe,
With loss of Eden, till one greater Man
Restore us and regain the blissful seat,
Sing Heavenly Muse.
.....or rhyme."

The second book, too, opens with the magnificent period:

"High on a throne of royal state, which far
Outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,
Or where the gorgeous East with richest hand
Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold,
Satan exalted sat."

In the two passages given above we have also examples of the splendour and majesty of that rhythm that has come to be known as Miltonic. Though subsequent readings reveal new beauties, even at the first we catch the sonorous roll of the verse. Milton employs in his stately blank verse the heroic measure or iambic pentameter. His wonderful harmonic effects are produced by the variation of pauses by a judicious use of quantity, by overflow and by the length of his poetic flights.

UNDERGRADUATE.

LORETO ABBEY COLLEGE.

Country Life Depicted by Cowper, Crabbe, Burns and Wordsworth.

COWPER'S description of peasant life is vague and inadequate. In Bk. IV. of "The Task," beginning at line 139, he gives a picture, as he tells us,

"Fire-side enjoyments, home-born happiness.
And all the comforts that the lowly roof
Of undisturbed retirement, and the hours
Of long uninterrupted evening know";

but his treatment lacks feeling, as he looks at country life only from the external point of view, and considers it in contrast with city life.

"The silent circle fan themselves and quake:
But here the needle plies its busy task."

He depicts a quiet, uneventful life of industry: "The threaded steel flies swiftly"; of frugality: "Enjoyed spare feast! a radish and an egg." Again in Bk. IV., he describes a scene of country life, where

"The frugal housewife trembles when she lights
Her scanty stock of brushwood, blazing clear."

Here again he describes only externals: the taper, the brown loaf, the bed, the old carved chest; and these are only a background to his views on town life:

"Choosing rather far
A dry but independent crust, hard earned.
And eaten with a sigh, than to endure
The rugged frowns and insolent rebuffs
Of knaves in office."

When he describes character, it is "the rural lass" transformed because "The town has tinged the country." He gives a ludicrous picture of the poor, foolish girl:

"Her elbows ruffled, and her tottering form
Ill propped upon French heels. . . .
Her train and her umbrella all her care."

There is nothing exhilarating about these descriptions, no freshness, no originality. Cowper looks on rural scenes; he does not participate in them. In this respect he differs from Crabbe, whose treatment of peasant life is realistic in the extreme. As his own youth was spent in the low

walks of life. Crabbe wrote from personal experience and close observation. He seems to take delight in depicting gloomy scenes found in the workhouse, in telling sad tales of erring maids and unhappy lovers. The description of the Parish Workhouse, from "The Village," is harrowing:

"There children dwell who know no parents' care;

Parents, who know no children's love dwell there.

Here, too, the sick their final doom receive.

Here brought amid the scenes of grief, to grieve."

There is not a redeeming feature in the whole picture, yet it is scarcely exaggerated. Crabbe believes in telling the plain truth, without any gloss or disguise. The story of Phoebe Dawson in the "Parish Register" is intensely realistic and has the power to bring us in sympathetic contact with such lowly persons as servants and tailors. Phoebe has this advantage over Cowper's "rural lass," that Crabbe tells a definite story about her:

"Two summers since I saw at Lammas fair,

The sweetest flower that ever blossomed there;

When Phoebe Dawson gaily crossed the green,

In haste to see, and happy to be seen."

Cowper draws a domestic picture of what seems to him ideal peasant life, but his "meek and patient pair" (The Task, Bk. IV.) are nameless, they seem but an illustration. Crabbe, on the contrary, gives his "noble peasant" the name of Isaac Ashford. (Parish Register.)

"Noble he was, contemning all things mean,

His truth unquestioned and his soul serene."

Here he puts aside his gloomy views and gives us a beautiful character study of a man who even in destitution could utter the noble prayer:

"Yet help me, Heaven! and let me not complain
Of what befalls me, but the fate sustain."

Cowper has not described any character which impresses us with such marked individuality as this.

While Cowper describes what he saw of country life, Burns gives us his own experience, not

such bitter experience as Crabbe's, but a pleasantly realistic picture. In "The Cotter's Saturday Night," he reveals his impressions of peasant life, and they charm us with their freshness, their optimism. He does not deal with externals, as Cowper does; he takes us into the cottage, and we come into close contact with "the toil-worn cotter," "the expectant wee things," the "thrifty wife," "the elder bairns," "their eldest hope, their Jenny," the "neibor lad." The whole poem is charmingly natural and we feel our hearts stirred while reading it. We feel the mother's anxiety for Jenny's interest in the "neibor lad." We are deeply moved when "the priest-like father reads the sacred page," and we are impressed by the pervading happiness of the scene. Burns makes us love rural life as Cowper never could. Instead of comparing it bitterly with the town as Cowper does:

"The town has tinged the country; and the stain
Appears a spot upon a vestal's robe,
The worse for what it soils,"

(The Task, Bk. IV.). Burns utters a heartfelt prayer for preservation:

"And, oh! may Heaven their simple lives prevent
From luxury's contagion, weak and vile!"

Cowper differs from Wordsworth in his point of view of peasant life. We have seen that he studies the external only, while Wordsworth enters into the lives of the characters he describes, and always studies them in their relation to nature. Lucy Gray's sad death was "upon the lonesome wild," Ruth's joys in childhood were spent in "wandering over dale and hill," and in her great sorrow she was found "on the hills . . . by spouts and fountain wild." "The Highland Girl" is so associated in the poet's memory with grey rocks, a household, lawn, trees, a waterfall, a silent lake, a little bay, a quiet road, and the mystic power of the hills, that he can never forget either the scene or the maid.

Thus his characters remain in our minds with definite names and associations, while Cowper's leave but a general impression.

UNDERGRADUATE.

LORETO ABBEY COLLEGE.

In Memoriam

**Very Reverend J. H. Coty, St. Patrick's Church,
Hamilton.**

The greatest man who walks this vale of tears
Is he who ministers to doubts and fears,
Remorse, regrets, that fill the world of pain;
Who brings our soul's lost Eden back again!
Well may we mourn him; for that one was he
Whom gratitude enshrines in memory:

When spent by suffering, unwearied all
His spirit heard the Arch-Priest's heavenward call:
Tho' true to vows,—had followed unto death
The great High Priest, Jesus of Nazareth;
His brilliant talents rare, that God had given
Had glad devoted to the cause of Heaven;
The generation, quarter-century sped
But showed how trust to greater service led;
He would have stayed reward, the prized "Well done,"
Who felt his ministry but well begun.

Convincing, he beheld on every hand,
His works in monumental witness stand:
And countless *human* temples saved, restored,
To glorify the Christ, their living Lord.
Yet duties due, to thwarted hopes and fears,
Seemed all unfinished by a score of years:
No priest to spare in all the world, he knew;
The vineyard earth-encircling; laborers few.

But he whose life in sacrifice had passed
Most willing turned from duties dear, at last;
And trustfully went forth to meet his Lord,
While friends—a multitude—their loss deplored.

What learn we here?—That in the Lord's wise way
Eternity is compassed in a day!

LORETO, HAMILTON.

Niagara Rainbow

LORETO ABBEY COLLEGE NUMBER

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Editorial

This number of the RAINBOW has been conducted for the most part by the College Students of Loreto Abbey, that is, those who are proceeding to a degree in Arts. The College, whose relation to Toronto University has been explained on another page, is only in the third year of its existence, and although the numbers are very encouraging, they are not yet sufficiently large to admit of our achieving much editorial success; therefore, let no future undergraduate, looking over back numbers of the RAINBOW and seeing our maiden effort, consider it the *ne plus ultra*, and rest satisfied with making a good second. We speak for the warning of posterity when we who have blazed the trail shall, we fondly hope, have assumed, in the popular mind, the stature of demi-goddesses. For, gentil reader, it is our intention, if thy patience endureth, to repeat this *tour de force* annually; but if thou shouldst withdraw thy subscription on account of it and transfer thy pecuniary attentions elsewhere, we should likewise withdraw our offending iambs and other things forthwith, and begin a year-book of our very own.

If the project appeals to the permanent Editor-in-Chief, we shall make the next Easter number such a one as has never been in the annals of the RAINBOW, which is saying much.

The gentil reader may find some faint attempts at humour in the last section of this magazine. Let him not worry his gentil brain to make out the meaning thereof, for mayhap there is none; but let him confine himself to the rest of the book, which will keep him employed till the appearance of the next number.

*

In June, 1915, we expect the first graduation from the College to take place. Would not this be a suitable occasion for a grand reunion of all "Loreto girls," scattered throughout the length and breadth of our land and in the ad-

joining Republic? After a career of seventy years in America, Loreto has surely many thousands of loyal children who would be interested in knowing that their Alma Mater was responding to the needs of the age by providing for Catholic women an education which strives to combine what is best in the secular culture of a University with the virtues and ideals which flourish best within "the studious cloister's pale."

*

The idea of a reunion of former students has not as yet taken definite shape; but the first step towards carrying it out would be to secure as complete a list as possible of all "Loreto girls"—going back to the earliest times. A great point would be to bring into communication those of the same period, so that all might look forward to meeting many old friends as well as to making new ones. *Will the readers of the RAINBOW secure as many of the names and present addresses of former pupils as possible and send them to the Secretary of the Former Students' Association, Loreto Abbey, Toronto?* Those who attend will receive a warm welcome from the nuns at the Abbey, and those who cannot do so will no doubt be glad to renew old ties by letter.

There is at present a flourishing and active Alumnae Association in Toronto, which meets frequently and has already testified its interest in the College by donating a scholarship, but it were well to increase its membership by a periodic reunion of former students residing at a distance. Who can say what good might be achieved for the Church, and for social and charitable work by such a reunion and the inspiration arising from it?

*

Our present-day egotism is likely to believe that Higher Education for women is entirely the product of our own age. A glance over the past, however, will assure us that there were at

least two epochs when the status of women in regard to learning was somewhat similar to what it is now, viz.: the Thirteenth Century and the Renaissance. In the former period, as Dr. Walsh says in his admirable book—"The XIII., the Greatest of Centuries"—co-education was admitted not only in principle but in practice at the Italian Universities. Just in what proportion women availed themselves of the opportunity it is difficult to ascertain from the matriculate lists, as the Christian names do not, in Latin countries, so clearly mark distinction of sex as amongst us. However, we know that women students were in attendance at Bologna and some were on the Faculty.

That those who devoted themselves to learning were often young and attractive, we learn from the anecdote told by Doctor Walsh of Maria di Novella, who is said to have delivered her lectures in mathematics behind a curtain lest her extreme beauty might distract the students from the matter in hand. Were it any other subject we would be more likely to believe the story, for whose truth, of course, the learned author does not vouch.

A most unfortunate occurrence at the University of Paris precluded the possibility of women students being admitted. Then this tradition was maintained at Oxford, Cambridge, and the Spanish Universities, all founded directly or indirectly from Paris. At the two great English Universities the barriers have not as yet been removed, though important concessions have been made. In the Canadian Universities the influence of Oxford and Cambridge may be distinctly felt in this respect. At present co-education seems to be losing ground in America.

When Humanism took the place of scholasticism, women betook themselves to Greek studies with almost the same ardour as men, and although the universities were not open to them, in Western Europe, yet, by private tutoring, they often arrived at great erudition. Roger

Ascham's statement in regard to Elizabeth and Mary Tudor and Lady Jane Grey is not an isolated testimony of women's devotion to the new learning.

*

This contempt for the past has been a characteristic of every age in which a definite departure appeared to have been made on any line of human activity. No epoch will acknowledge its debt to, much less confess itself the heir of the preceding. The Renaissance movement in France threw contempt on the middle ages. Gothic architecture was despised as barbarous; literature sought its subject matter as well as its models on foreign soil and in remote and pagan times. French literature was turned into an artificial channel. The same general results occurred in England, though perhaps not manifested in precisely the same way. A revulsion of feeling occurred at the close of the eighteenth century, when the Romanticists burned what their fathers had adored, and adored what their fathers had burned; Christianity and chivalry became for a time the inspirers of poetry; Sir Walter Scott celebrated the knighthood of the middle ages; Bishop Percy revived the ancient ballad; Horace Walpole popularized Gothic architecture; Chateaubriand wrote the *Genius of Christianity*; Victor Hugo revolutionized the French stage by setting aside the rigid classic rules and admitting a freer treatment. Other movements of lesser note within these great epochs themselves might easily be cited as affording examples of men and things brought into disrepute by one period and reinstated by the next.

*

At present we seem to be assisting at the downfall of materialism and the revival of belief in the spiritual world; the downfall of scepticism and the restoration of simple faith. Spiritism, with all its vagaries and impostures, can no longer be set aside as pure charlatanism. This is

what Chesterton shows in his play, "Magic," which will be misunderstood simply because its meaning is too obvious. The "enlightened" can never bring themselves to believe that "the wisest head in England" could actually believe in devils—real mediæval devils; and yet that is exactly what he does believe.

In the January *Bookman*, Mr. Brian Hooker has published a remarkably fine interpretation of "Magic," which we shall quote almost in its entirety:

Once grasp this idea, and the whole story (whether you agree with it or not) becomes as clear as light. If you take Patricia and the Conjuror literally, their loves are wildly romantic and mystical: young ladies do not so behave with charlatans. But if you take them for Humanity and the prophet, then their relation becomes a plain and accurate history of Human Nature and the Supernatural. First we accept the wonder childishly upon faith; then, finding it at odds with common fact, we renounce it as false; and at last, learning the harmonisation of those discords, we love it wiselier for being more greatly true than we had known. We used to believe the Mosaic story of creation much as we believe the Darwinian story of evolution: a somewhat innocent belief. Presently we dug up a few bones which had been buried more than seven days apart, and flung Moses overboard after Jonah. But recently we have dug up a great many more bones, and a few skulls; from which and from other modern developments we learn that Moses mapped out the facts of evolution more scientifically than Darwin, and that as truly as man's body rose out of the dust, his soul has fallen out of Eden. We denied the whole tradition of the flood, because the world is round and because the Jews and the Greeks and the Babylonians and other people all say that it happened; but now that the Archæologists and the Geologists also say that it happened, we have changed our minds. And our experience with these two biblical traditions holds in general for the whole body of tradition and myth and mystery of every kind and every time. Ilium has been, after all; Crete and Mycenæ produce their fabled relics; our synthetic chemist deals in

alchemy, and our sciences adopt the mediæval marvels as fast as they can fit them with new names. Ghosts are spirits and apparitions are phenomena and miracles are demonstrations; and we will be very serious about magic if only we may call it psychic research. We guess how true they are; then we guess how false they are; and then, little by little, we know how they are true. Of a certain class of such phenomena Mr. Chesterton adopts the mediæval explanation that they are done by devils; and a very reasonable hypothesis it is. It fits the known facts now as well as ever, and much better than some recent theories. No sane person can read the scientific record of psychic phenomena without feeling their tawdriness and inconsequence to be rather impish than spiritual. And, of course, the exposure of charlatans (as Mr. Chesterton points out) disproves nothing else. Counterfeits do not disprove coinage, but the reverse; for you cannot counterfeit nonentity.

*

On Friday, January 30th, a distinguished audience assembled in the Auditorium of Loreto Abbey to hear Mr. Wilfrid Ward lecture on "The Four Great Cardinals." As this was the only place in Canada to be visited by the famous English biographer on his American tour, great interest in the event was manifested by the intellectual public of Toronto, and, notwithstanding the rather unpropitious hour (three o'clock) they attended in large numbers.

Mr. Ward was introduced by His Grace the Most Reverend Neil McNeil, whose few direct and effective words showed his appreciation of the work done by Mr. Ward and of the subject to be treated of in the lecture.

Mr. Ward, who has had the rare advantage of being personally acquainted with Wiseman, Manning, Newman, and Vaughan, is eminently fitted to place vividly before the eyes of an audience these four great Churchmen. As a son of W. G. Ward, the distinguished convert of the Tractarian movement, he has had exceptional opportunities of knowing the trend of Catholic thought in England during a long period, as well

as of obtaining inside knowledge of the subjects of his great biographies. His lecture, in consequence, was such as the perusal of his books has led us to hope for,—a picture, in miniature, of these great men, possessing the charm which characterizes them in his books. However, the personal note, avoided with such consummate skill in his written works, was not totally absent from his lecture, which gave it an additional attraction. For after all to most of us the great point about Mr. Ward's lecture was the fact that it was the great Wilfrid Ward who gave it; that we had before us one who knew Newman, and whose father was Newman's intimate correspondent and identified in some way with all the movements in which Newman was concerned, therefore the personal reminiscences were a very delightful part of the lecture.

The characters of the four great Cardinals were charmingly differentiated by their most salient traits. Wiseman, the wonderful genius, with the heart of a boy; Manning, the ascetic, and lover of the poor; Vaughan, a knightly heart, capable of achieving wonders; Newman, the sweetest and most delicately fashioned soul joined to the greatest intellect.

The little story of the artist who, on seeing Vaughan's face, told Tennyson she had found Sir Launcelot, was delightful, and the anecdote about W. G. Ward's relations with Newman and the charm of the latter's conversation, not a little pathetic.

At the close of the lecture the Archbishop interpreted the sentiments of the audience toward the distinguished lecturer, after which a short reception was held. Mr. Ward then left for Chicago.

Incidentally, Mr. Ward's daughter was at school with "our nuns" at St. Mary's, Cambridge. She evidently inherits something of the literary gifts of both her parents, having composed a play which Mr. Ward himself set to music and which was presented at St. Mary's.

Mr. Ward spoke very warmly of the English nuns, particularly Mother Loyola and Mother Salome.

The Wards, for two generations, have made their home in the Isle of Wight, where they had Tennyson for a neighbor. Tennyson was a close friend of Mr. W. G. Ward. We regret not having had the pleasure of hearing Mr. Ward deliver his Tennyson lecture also.

*

It has been said with apparent truth by many well-meaning appraisers of the poet, Francis Thompson, that his poems are addressed only to the elect few who hold the clue to his lofty but unusual cipher of speech and mystical flight of fancy, the vehicle he employs to convey his vision to mankind being such as can hardly appeal to all ranks and classes of intelligence, even among the highly educated.

One of his best friends long ago uttered the prophecy that he could never, for the reason just given, become widely popular. But what if his own age bring forth interpreters and exponents like Reverend Thomas Burke, C. S. P., founder and director of the Toronto Newman Club?

A few weeks ago, through a trick of intellectual necromancy, requiring hardly less of real genius than that which raised Francis Thompson to so high a place in the literary world, the poet was made to stand before us and deliver his message in a language which reached the youngest and most illiterate members in a large audience composed of, at least, forty per cent. school children.

Quite unnecessary to ask if they appreciated the lecture. Their glowing faces told the tale in unmistakable language.

Great heights suppose great depths, and in dealing with works of genius as well as with their creators, we are concerned with one as well as the other of these two poles.

Father Burke addressed young and old, learned and unlearned, and he reached them all;



HONOUR AND PASS MATRICULANTS, LORETO ABBEY, 1915.

Rosevear
Toronto

nay, he aroused a very genuine applause from all. Both lecturer and audience seemed to share with the poet for the time being the mountain-height of supernatural vision from which vantage-ground alone such masterpieces could have been conceived.

*

James J. Walsh (who evidently prefers his titles of Knight of Columbus and St. George to his distinctions of M. D., Sc. D., Ph. D., Litt. D.) made a deep and lasting impression in his lecture—"Scientists and Faith," delivered on March 18th. at Loreto Abbey. From the distinguished clergyman, who publicly pronounced it "the best lecture I ever heard," to the smallest girl in the second school, who sat motionless and entranced, there were many degrees and varieties of mind. Physicians, business men, University professors and students in the faculties of law, arts and medicine, were amongst the large audience, yet there were no discordant notes in the full chorus of appreciation that went up when the too short hour and a half came to an end.

The poor, weak invertebrates who find that their science conflicts with their faith, were confronted with a galaxy of the very greatest names in the history of science, such as Galvani, Morgagni, Volta and Ampère, belonging to men who never for a moment found any opposition between science and the most simple and sincere faith and piety.

The theory that science explains mysteries and is therefore inconsistent with faith, which lives by mystery, was shown to be untenable. Telescope and microscope unite in showing that the universe is practically

"Boundless inward in the atom,
 Boundless outward in the whole,"

and vastly beyond our comprehension. Science shows us at every step the existence of mysteries hitherto unsuspected.

Comparing the middle ages with the present, Dr. Walsh, in an avalanche of learning and elo-

quence swept the charge of the Church's hostility to science into the limbus of absurdities.

It is not our intention to do Dr. Walsh the injustice of attempting to summarize his lecture, though, indeed, no words of ours could increase or diminish, by one jot or tittle, a reputation already firmly established on two continents.

There is probably no city in America where a Lecturer, such as Dr. Walsh, is more needed than here in Toronto. A man so deeply versed in the science of medicine, at home no less with all collateral sciences, who yet retains his hold upon the spiritual world and the realm of faith, is equipped, as few are, to stem the tide of agnosticism which threatens such untold harm to the student of the present day. We hope, therefore, and, indeed, feel quite confident, from the unstinted praise heard on every side, that efforts will be made to have Dr. Walsh in Toronto again in the near future to speak before a still larger audience.

*

The community and students received a severe shock this afternoon, March twenty-eighth, when the Death Angel suddenly summoned one of the aged and esteemed religious, Mother Mary Purification.

The venerable sister was stricken by apoplexy shortly after one o'clock.

The priest and the doctor were immediately summoned, but found, on their arrival, that life was extinct.

Mother Purification was born in Dublin, eighty-four years ago, and, entering the community of Loreto early in life, devoted some sixty-seven years therein to the great work of education, filling at different times the positions of Directress of Schools and Directress of Music in the Academy.

The funeral Mass will be celebrated in the convent chapel at nine o'clock, a. m., Monday, March thirtieth.

May she rest in peace!

Sincere congratulations are extended to one of our post-graduates, Miss Vivian Spence, on the success of her recent piano recital in the Margaret Eaton Hall, Toronto. The following critique appeared in the *Toronto Mail* of March 23d.:

Some very refined and pathetic piano playing was heard in the Margaret Eaton Hall on Saturday evening, the occasion being a recital by Miss Vivian Spence who has been trained by W. O. Forsyth. The young lady revealed splendid qualities, such as poise, thoughtfulness, and a regard for the beautiful. She has a highly developed technique, too, as was illustrated in her brilliant playing of the black key study of Chopin, the Pilgrims' Chorus, Wagner, and Liszt's big sixth Hungarian Rhapsody. Her offerings by Beethoven, Moszkowski, Mason, Forsyth, and other composers disclosed real refinement in piano playing. Miss Bird Hagerman, a pupil of Arthur Blight, sang some contralto songs in commendable style. The evening was a delight to the many present.

*

We have received from Benziger Brothers, Publishers, New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago, "Roma," Part II:

The work is to be completed in eighteen parts, and the price of each part is 35 cents, post-paid. A year's subscription is \$2.00, and the price for the complete work, \$6.00.

As the cradle of our infant Church, as the scene of so many glorious martyrdoms for the Faith, and as the center of the Christian world, Rome appeals to us as our very own, and here we have it portrayed so graphically, so reverently, and so beautifully, that the work is worthy of all support.

*

"The Vigil Hour" (Benziger Brothers), by Reverend S. A. Ryan, S. J. Price per 100, net \$3.00. Single copies 5 cents.

The purpose of this little manual is to facilitate the giving of the Holy Hour—to have in small compass a variety of approved prayers

from which the Director can make a programme for each hour of public adoration. Moreover, the faithful will, no doubt, find the booklet helpful to private devotion in their visits to the Blessed Sacrament.

*

"The Scapular-Medal," by Reverend Peter Geiermann, C. SS. R. (Benziger Brothers). 32mo, paper, \$0.05.

By a decree of the Holy Office, Pope Pius X. has authorized the wearing of a Medal instead of the Scapular, although he prefers that the faithful continue to wear the latter. In order that all may gain the indulgences and share in the privileges of this pious practice, Father Geiermann has written this little booklet, which gives a complete explanation of the decree, together with the conditions necessary to gain the indulgences.

*

The Office of Holy Week and of the Paschal Triduum, according to the Roman Rite, as revised by the New Rubrics, issued under the Apostolic Constitution of November 1, 1911 (Benziger Brothers).

This edition of the Office of Holy Week contains the Mass, Vespers and Complin for each day in Holy Week, and for Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday in Easter Week; the special Morning and Night Services for Palm Sunday and the last three days of Holy Week; together with Matins and Lauds for Easter Sunday; and the Blessing of the Holy Oils on Maunday Thursday.

*

"The Secret Citadel," by Isabel C. Clarke, Author of "By The Blue River" (Benziger Brothers). 8vo., cloth, \$1.35; post-paid \$1.50.

This new novel of Miss Clarke's centers around a mixed marriage. Melanie, the Catholic wife, true to her Faith and true to her non-Catholic husband, passes through a veritable purgatory of suffering, following his broken prom-

ises and his insistent and dogged attempts to tear her from the bonds that are more to her than life—her religion. Coached by a polished French atheist of the present-day type, who, through a veneer of perfumed culture, hides the black brutality of his abandoned soul, the husband's very love for the wife becomes the means of the most refined cruelty to her, demanding that she prove her single love for him by surrendering her allegiance to her God. The inevitable happens. The loving and gentle wife is harried to her death-bed—and here it is that the vanity and folly of the husband are ground to dust at the realization that he has hopelessly failed, and now kneels helpless, praying to her God for life.

Again Miss Clarke shows her deep discernment of men and things as they are to-day, and her strong story is fragrant with the same mystical element and faithful portrayal of Northern Africa that stamped "By the Blue River" as a work of art.

The Eighteenth Century in English Literature.

THE Eighteenth Century in English Literature is replete with new tendencies and shows a decided departure from the standards of the ages which had gone before. We find in the literary products a reflection of the historical, political, social and moral life of the period, and are enabled to judge the effects of the Revolution of 1649 and of the subsequent domination of Puritanism, followed by the restoration of the Monarchy, and the re-action in each case.

It surprises us to find Shakespeare fallen into disfavour and Milton almost ignored. But in their stead we have authors imbued with a cold, stern precision after the strict, set rules of the French School, as opposed to the exuberance and fertile imagination of the Elizabethans.

The French influence was the result of the popularity of the monarchy after the Restoration, and its effect was felt in the manners, morals and social life of the people in the same marked de-

gree as in the literature of the day. A niceness of manner, convention, artificiality and suppression of emotion were adopted as the standards of a social code; a restraint and conciseness appear in the literary works, showing a disdain for the imaginative which they replace by the realistic. Reason, judgment and good sense were the essentials in literary thought.

There is a marked development in English prose style. Addison, Swift and Steel were all writers of great strength, worthy successors of Dryden, and helped very materially in freeing the prose of the laboured, verbose sentences of the foregoing period. Their work is pervaded by a delightful tone of satire.

Poetry descends to the prosaic. In matter and form it becomes a sort of stereotype product of many writers, manufactured by one machine. John Dryden and Alexander Pope, together with the minor poets of the age, have little individuality apart from the typical characteristics of the time. Elegance and propriety combine with good sense and reason; satire abounds, and epigrams are fashionable. No marks of creative genius are evident, but rather the attempt to epitomize and express tersely thoughts which have been spoken before—"What oft was thought but ne'er so well expressed" (Pope).

An event of importance is the beginning and early development of the "Novel," which has since taken so important a place in English literature. From Defoe's "Robinson Crusoe" in 1719, we pass to Richardson's "Pamela" in 1740, Fielding's "Tom Jones" in 1749, and Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield" in 1766. From a mere tale of adventure we see the novel brought to a story of home life wherein an enduring character is portrayed, and the moral sentiments which cluster about family life are glorified.

Even as the precise and artificial classic style of the French Renaissance in English literature had supplanted the warmth of feeling of the Elizabethan age, so the former, in turn, gave way to a movement which was quite the reverse. Nearing the middle of the century we find threads of what is termed "Romanticism" creeping in among the stately lines of Classicism." Thomson and Gray are the pioneers in the new thought; they introduce little touches of "nature," of emotion; and here and there disregard the hitherto firm and set rules of poetry. This influence was

fostered through the remaining years of the Eighteenth Century by such men as Goldsmith, Blake, Cowper, and reached its maximum in Robert Burns, who sings the joys and sorrows of the "unlettered heart" and brings the lowliest maid and untutored ploughman to the high realm of realistic, natural poetry.

The Eighteenth Century Literature to-day claims an important place in our interest. With it we associate the traditions of a coterie of great men, Dr. Johnson and his Boswell, Goldsmith, David Garrick, Joshua Reynolds and Edmund Burke—each a genius whose bright intellect reflected light of a characteristic quality, which shines in undiminished vigour even to our day.

The stately classic style of Addison and Swift is still the model of writers of good English prose; to Dryden and Pope, although not ranked as poets of the first order, we are indebted for our most frequently used proverbial and epigrammatic expressions. Defoe's "Robinson Crusoe" and Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield" are to be found among the popular books of to-day. "She Stoops to Conquer" is a comedy which has stood the test of changing tastes for over a hundred years. David Garrick's fame has come down to us, together with Reynold's art, and Edmund Burke's fine rhetoric and glowing eloquence are revered and admired even as when in Westminster he thundered out his Impeachment of Warren Hastings. Surely no century encloses within its confines such vast resources of varied interests and mighty tendencies, destined not to perish in a day but to live and to influence the life and thought of the English people for many ages.

MARY POWER, '15.

LORETO ABBEY COLLEGE.

Alexander's Feast.

"ALEXANDER'S FEAST," or "The Power of Music," one of John Dryden's most celebrated odes, was written in 1697 in honor of St. Cecilia's Day. The poet, by relating the story of Alexander's feast, illustrates the changes that music can effect in the soul.

Alexander the Great is seated on his imperial throne, surrounded by the valiant lords of his

court, the lovely Thais at his side, radiant in the splendour of beauty and youth. All are entranced with the melodious sounds which Timotheus is sending forth from his lyre. The deities are being glorified in song—mighty Jove, who left his lofty throne, to seek his love, Bacchus, ever fair and ever young, who was the first to grace the jolly revelry of the soldier.

The king is soothed and, in his vanity, sees himself again overcoming his enemies. "His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes" bespeak the mad enthusiasm to which the music has roused him, but almost immediately his pride is checked for the theme has changed; the mournful sounds which follow infuse feelings of pity into the heart of the stern man. Hearing of the fall of the great Darius, a victim of chance, the monarch is depressed and saddened, and finally moved to tears. Now the musician, having succeeded so far in his ambition, puts forth every effort to inspire the king to love the highest of the emotions. Soon the magic sounds produce the desired effect.

"So love was crowned, but Music won the cause."

Again the golden lyre is struck, but this time in louder strain, and the king is roused to sudden anger. Led on by Thais and impelled by the sound, he goes forth to seek revenge on his enemies. How great was the power of Timotheus, who, with "his breathing flute and sounding lyre could swell the soul with rage or kindle soft desire." "Such was the power of music long ago." But at length came "the sweet enthusiast," Cecilia, "inventress of the vocal frame." She with her God-given talent "enlarged the former narrow bounds" and added song to the spiritual tones of the organ. Even angels came to pay homage to her music. To whom must the prize be given, to Timotheus or Cecilia?

"He raised a mortal to the skies,
She drew an angel down."

And Dryden concludes that either

"Timotheus must yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown."

We are told of the emotions aroused in Alexander—pride, pity, love and revenge, but the manner in which Dryden relates the story is not such as to rouse us to any of these emotions.



IMMACULATE CONCEPTION (MURILLO).

However, the expressions are vivid and striking. In the stanza in which the poet describes Alexander stirred up to revenge, we have echoed the discordant sounds and the hideous and frightful images that fill a revengeful mind—the furies, the snakes, the ghosts, and the field of carnage. In the stanza that introduces Bacchus, on the other hand, there is the triumphant procession, the trumpets, and the hautboys that lead to mirth and jollity. The imagery of the first stanza is worthy of an artist. The language throughout is elevated, the expressions aptly chosen and suited to the thought, for example, such lines as describe the music of the lyre, “The trembling notes ascend the sky,” the re-echoing of the shouts of the crowd, “The vaulted roof rebound,” or the rising power of inspiration to love.

“Honour but an empty bubble;
Never ending, still beginning,
Fighting still, and still destroying;
If the world be worth thy winning,
Think, O think it worth enjoying.”

The language is often ingenious but used with good effect, as in the repetition of the brief closing lines of each stanza as a chorus.

“With ravished ears
The monarch hears,
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the sphere.”

Here, as in other eighteenth century poetry, we happen on some of our best-known proverbial quotations—“None but the brave deserves the fair,” “Sweet the pleasure after pain,” “Take the good the gods provide thee.” However, the appeal throughout is intellectual and artistic rather than emotional.

The metre is mostly iambic; it does not flow spontaneously but rather appears to be the result of conscious art. Being an occasional poem it could hardly be expected to be very spontaneous and an expression of the poet’s personal feelings as are the odes of Shelley and Keats.

The poem differs from the classic ode in some respects; it lacks the form of direct address and is quite impersonal. There is in it, too, more of story and description than in the Pindaric ode. The theme is lofty, however, and by another poet could have been used to express strong emotional

feelings, and transport the reader to realms of ecstasy. Dryden here reflects the dignified self-restraint of the literature of his age.

Although the poem was written to celebrate St. Cecilia on her festal day, Dryden, true to the traditions of his century, has chosen a poem and story from classic sources, and the tribute to St. Cecilia is introduced almost as an afterthought. Nevertheless this ode is one of our English classics, an artistic embodiment in language of the power and influence that music has on the human race.

GERTRUDE RYAN, '15.

LORETO ABBEY COLLEGE.

“*Macula Non Est In Te.*”

(Dogmatic Definition.)

We declare, pronounce and define that the doctrine which holds that the Blessed Virgin Mary, at the first instant of her conception, by a singular privilege and grace of the Omnipotent God, in virtue of the merits of Jesus Christ, the Saviour of mankind, was preserved immaculate from all stain of original sin, has been revealed by God, and, therefore, should firmly and constantly be believed by all the faithful.

Given at Rome, December 8, 1854.

PIUS IX., POPE.

They tell us not, the sun stood still that day,
Nor that the heavenly choirs vouchsafed a note
To harmonize earth’s music with their own,
And yet a light not born of sun or star,
A heavenly radiance, lingered on the brows
Of those who, like Mount Tabor’s favored few,
Were there to see, to hear, to feel their hearts
Aglow, as o’er the gathered throngs the voice
Of Pius, Pontiff-champion of our Queen,
Pronounced the dogma of her stainless birth.

An earnest sure of blessings new, for Rome,
But now, a holy calm, a blessed peace,
Assurance of her presence in our midst,
Prevailed. The human tide, that ceaseless swept
Through arch and colonnade a fortnight since,
Was tending towards th’ inevitable ebb.

A day long looked for in a cloister hall had come.
The Shepherd of all Christendom,

His white-robed figure, clear outlined against
 The group of sombre-gowned and cowed monks,
 Held converse sweet with hearts attuned to his.
 Like children they, unawed in presence of
 A loving father, listened and replied.
 At last a gentle boy-like form arose,
 Emboldened by the holy Pontiff's smile
 And tone of sweet, unfeigned humility,
 And modestly a question put to him:
 "Did God, most holy father, give to you
 A vision, or a supernatural light,
 At that great moment when you turned and said
 The blessed words which authorized the faith,
 Long fostered in the hearts of Mary's sons?"

"A vision? No, my child," the answer came,
 "What need had we of vision, we whose hearts
 O'erflowed with what transcended sight or
 sound?"

And yet, 'twere no self-praise if I reveal
 The help that came, as from a mother's hand,
 Who guides the uncertain footsteps of a child,
 To aid the halting accents of my voice,
 By age so weakened, and emotion deep,
 Reduced to merest thread of quivering sound.
 A sense of stricken power o'erwhelmed me then,
 As, bowing low before her shrine, I tried
 To summon up an utterance strong enough
 To reach the foremost listeners in that sea
 Of reverent worshipers, whose hungry hearts
 Awaited longingly, as thirsty stag,
 The living waters of the word of God,
 No vision, then, was mine, but as I turned,
 And uttered with a quickened, faltering breath,
 The words proclaiming her immaculate
 In birth, as in conception so; I heard
 The message carried, as by other voice
 Afar, and o'er the heads of all the throng,
 To confines most remote, and transepts dim,
 As if the strain were borne on seraph wing,
 And rolling backward, like returning tide
 Of music-wave, subsided at my feet.

"Yes, child, the heavens bent down, and ever will
 To me, and you alike, when she whom God
 Preserved untainted from the sin of primal man,
 Is motive of our service and our song."

C. A. C.

LORETO ABBEY.

The Satire of Addison and Swift.

SIR WALTER SCOTT once remarked that satire is only justified when its aim is to improve the morals of mankind. If this be true, are Addison and Swift, the greatest satirists of the eighteenth century, fully vindicated?

Different in temperament, in attitude towards life and in ideals, due partly to an innate difference in character, and partly to circumstances, Addison and Swift were alike in the strength of their wit and humour. Addison wrote satire, to some extent at least, because he lived in an age moved with a general zeal to alleviate all social evils; a new audience composed of women was coming into prominence, so he wrote an essay on the "Ladies' Association"; another he penned to the "Coffee-House" Politicians, who, he knew, loved to hear themselves talked of. Swift, on the other hand, with a depth of feeling, which ended in the embitterment of his nature, wrote to express his scorn of the existing state of affairs, in politics, in society, and in religion. In his "Voyage to Lilliput" there is an undercurrent of contempt for the whole political and national machinery of Britain, which he makes no attempt to hide. In this description of the country he says:

"In choosing persons for all employments they have more regard to good morals than to great abilities; for, since government is necessary to mankind, they believe that the common size of human understandings is fitted to some station or other; and that Providence never intended to make the management of public affairs a mystery to be comprehended only by a few persons of sublime genius, of which there seldom are three born in an age; but they suppose truth, justice, temperance, and the like, to be in every man's power; the practice of which virtues, assisted by experience and a good intention, would qualify any man for the service of his country, except where a course of study is required."

Addison delighted in amusing himself and his readers,—particularly women—with the peculiarities of people for which he had more praise than blame. Swift, with a misanthropy which is pitiable, saw only the deeper inconsistencies of humanity. Addison loved his fellow-creature. Swift hated him. Thus, when Addison tells us

of Sir Roger De Coverly, whose "contradictions proceed from his good sense, and are contradictions to the manners of the world, only as he thinks the world is in the wrong," we are filled with pride in our English country gentleman. Swift, however, strikes us in a deadly and mortifying fashion, when he makes Gulliver carry off the whole fleet of Blefuscu, the simplicity of his manner when he tells us how Gulliver swam to shore and with great ease drew fifty of the enemy's largest men of war after him, giving that touch of grave irony wherein he excelled. Again, nothing can make us mistake the thoughts which were uppermost in Swift's mind, when he expresses the views of the king of Brobdingnag:

"He professed both to abominate and despise all mystery, refinement and intrigue, either in a prince or a minister. He could not tell what I meant by secrets of state, where an enemy, or some rival nation, were not in the case. He confined the knowledge of governing within very narrow bounds, to common sense and reason, to justice and lenity, to the speedy determination of civil and criminal causes; with some other obvious topics which are not worth considering. And, he gave it for his opinion, that, whoever could make two ears of corn, or two blades of grass, to grow upon a spot of ground, where only one grew before, would deserve better of mankind, and do more essential service to his country, than the whole race of politicians put together."

If the subjects of their satires were so greatly opposed, so also were their aims. Addison had great literary ambition, he loved to polish his writings laboriously, to please cultivated people; Swift wrote, not because his proclivities were toward literature, but because his imagination becoming unbalanced by his hatred for society as a whole, it had to break forth in some form.

Addison is not profound or passionate, but urbane, cheerful and ever humorous, his diction always varied and well modulated; at times critics declare that his style is superior to his matter, a fact one cannot deny after reading "Politics and the Fan," but his writings are so pervaded with the thought, "How wonderful a thing is man," that we forget his faults. Swift's frank outspokenness is almost brutal: he portrays the master of the Yahoos who "debased

human understanding below the sagacity of a common hound," but his greatness lies in the grave irony underlying his superficial air of simplicity; though he is sometimes careless and often fanciful, he is ever moved by a depth of conviction which Addison never knew.

Swift's satire wounds and kills. Addison's satire pricks but leaves us smiling. Such words as these of Swift's are a gross sin against chivalry and good taste as Addison understood it,—“the reform would certainly have taken place, if the women in conjunction with the vulgar and illiterate, had not threatened to raise a rebellion.” Addison believed that love of mankind goes hand in hand with genius “The greatest wits I have conversed with,” he used to say, “were men eminent for their humanity.” Swift's attitude towards others is best shown by his own reasons for his bitterest satires,—“I wrote to vex the world, not to divert it.”

As Addison and Swift are so dissimilar in subject and in aim, so also do they produce a vastly different effect on their readers. Swift leaves us with the ignoble feeling that misanthropy is life's only solution: we become discontented with our race, our nature, with ourselves, and even stop to discover some truth in his words, “I never wonder to see men wicked, but I often wonder to see them not ashamed.” Addison, however, enchants us with the dignified pleasures of life, and links us all together in a common brotherhood. We sigh with him as he walks through Westminster Abbey and considers “that great day when we shall all of us be contemporaries and make our appearance together.”

These two typical representatives of English satire may take their place among satirists the world over, the one for his zealous efforts to mortify the pride of human nature, the other because he aimed at the happiness of man, through the development of his nature into one harmonious whole.

Swift once compared himself to a tall old oak-tree with its top blasted and withered by lightning, and the comparison is pathetically true. Addison is rather the stately, well-poised elm, but both have as stable a place in English literature as those trees in their native forest.

MONA CLARK, '15.

LORETO ABBEY COLLEGE.

Three Poems of the Eighteenth Century.

"The Vanity of Human Wishes."

"THE Vanity of Human Wishes," a poem in imitation of the tenth satire of Juvenal, is a moral dissertation on the author's favourite theme—the futility of desiring transitory things. This subject, which he first sets forth in general terms, is amplified and confirmed by examples from the lives of the statesman, the scholar, the warrior, and the aspirant to wider empire.

The writer, after bidding us take a survey of the various peoples of the earth, with their toils and their cares, their hopes and their fears, points out to us the ultimate nothingness in which every effort after fame must end. He indicates the evils that beset the possessors of wealth, who become themselves the prey of the rapacity of others. The rise and fall of court favourites and others in high places is then described. Thence he passes to the consideration of a single statesman—one of the most famous in the world's history—Wolsey, who, to all but the highest Church dignity, added that of chief minister of the realm; who had absorbed all the powers of church and state; through whom the bounty of the king was dispensed, and who was waited upon as the gate whence all honour was to proceed. He stood on a lofty pinnacle of success, when suddenly, his prince frowned upon him. The servile flatterers who so lately cringed before him now deserted him. The almost regal magnificence which had hitherto surrounded him melted away and, feeling the royal anger, he retired to monastic solitude where he sank overwhelmed by age, care and ingratitude, and with his last breath enforced the lesson that it is vanity to place one's hopes in an earthly monarch.

Warnings of a similar nature may be derived from the fate of Villiers, of Bolingbroke, of Wentworth and of Hyde. "What," asks Johnson, "was the effect of all their greatness except to make their fall more dreadful?"

From these examples, drawn from public life, the poet passes to that of the retired and thoughtful student. On first coming to the university, the young aspirant to Academic degrees is inspired by the character of his surroundings to seek the renown of scholarship. He sees in per-

spective his influence extending beyond the limits of Oxford, and trembles as he passes under Bacon's Tower. Granted that this enthusiast perseveres in his devotion to learning amid the temptations of youth; that he "scorns delights and lives laborious days" in the search after truth till he has conquered the last fortress which guards it, and that neither sickness nor melancholy comes to mar the satisfaction of its possession, even then let not the scholar flatter himself with the assurance of attaining happiness. Labor, want, envy, injudicious patronage, and even imprisonment may still be his portion. That literary merit is but tardily appreciated is attested by the rather familiar spectacle of nations who rear statues to dead scholars to whom in life they grudged a crust of bread, as well as by the well-remembered examples of such men as Galileo, whose splendid discoveries brought them nothing but poverty and misunderstanding. And even though recognized pre-eminence be attained, such a condition is not exempt from danger, since, in civil turmoil, learning is a distinction which often marks out the possessor for destruction.

A sketch of the early victories, the subsequent disasters and inglorious end of "The Madman of the North" shows the emptiness and instability of military renown. The humiliation of Xerxes in his attempt to subjugate Greece, and the then recent defeat of the Bavarian Elector in his effort to attain to imperial honours, are used to show that even the greatest resources are no security against failure.

A long life, which is the desire of all, is shown to be only misery prolonged. In old age the selfish man finds that luxury can no longer please. He is held up to scorn by relatives and friends whom self-interest can scarcely induce to bear with him. Even virtue is not exempt from the ills incident to old age. Beauty, a thing so fondly wished for, proves often the ruin of the possessor.

Since these things are so, what remains as an object of desire or a subject for prayer?

Leaving temporal things to the care of a wise and watchful Providence, we may still, says the poet, pray for a mind correct towards heaven—for love, for resignation, for the power to overcome our passions, for wisdom, for faith which may lead us to accept death as the signal for entering the heavenly country to which we have

long aspired. These are the gifts which heaven ordains for us, and, if importuned, will assuredly grant.

These constitute the Happiness which is sought for in vain in outward things.

This poem embodies Johnson's view of life and its lesson—a view, not very profound but certainly sane and correct, as far as it goes. Johnson's moral is a little too obvious to claim attention from our present generation, accustomed to some more novel and subtle form of poetic teaching. Though he does not search the inner recesses of the heart or appreciate the complexities of human nature, he is, on that very account, less liable to confusion and indecision in expressing his convictions. He is a sort of lay preacher with whose orthodoxy no one can find fault. The moral effect of a man of Johnson's learning and influence, acting as the champion of religion and the supporter of the pulpit, must have been great.

Johnson's is the formal style of the writers of the classical age. "The Vanity of Human Wishes" possesses all the chief characteristics of that school. It is written in the classical couplet and abounds in personifications of abstract qualities distinguished by capital letters such as Observation, Vengeance, Reason, Doubt, Glory, Chance, etc. It gives utterance to the experience and convictions of the world in general rather than to those of the poet himself. It therefore lacks individuality and intensity. It is interesting to notice that the most convincing example given is the scholar, simply because the poet had personal experience of what he wrote. He had suffered from toil and want, the patron and the gaol. He had been a prey to melancholy and at times to sloth. Another characteristic or rather defect of this poem, in common with others of the type, is the use of words of almost identical meaning for sonorous effect in the same couplet,—

"Let *observation* with extensive *view*,
Survey mankind from China to Peru."

There is little originality in the rhymes; strife, life, hate, fate, sound, round. The verse is monotonously smooth. There is almost no imagery beyond the weak personifications above referred to—nothing concrete. Despite these defects, this style has its advantages for didactic and satirical poems. It is logical and pointed,

consequently, a thought, usually complete in a single couplet, readily impresses itself on the mind; for instance—

"He left a name at which the world grew pale,
To point a moral or adorn a tale,"

which instantly comes to mind at the mention of Charles XII.

"The Deserted Village."

"The Deserted Village" depicts the miseries resulting from the concentration of wealth, particularly the depopulation of certain districts, the inhabitants being forced into exile by grasping commercialism, and neglect of the development of the country's resources. As Goldsmith had previously taught in "The Traveller" that happiness depends little on government and much on the constitution of our own minds, his conclusions on such matters are perhaps not very trustworthy. But whatever the defects of his sociological theories there can be only one opinion about his heart, for a truer or more tender never beat for human kind. It is this quality of tenderness that renders "The Deserted Village" one of the most beautiful poems in our language and part of the literary repertoire of most of us. There is true sympathy with the humble joys of the peasantry, a true sorrow for their woes, a feeling of brotherliness breathing from every line, quite foreign to the cold and artificial sentiments expressed by his classical contemporaries and predecessors. Furthermore, his descriptions of scenery set him apart from the other writers of the pseudo-classic period, who contented themselves with a few general references to scenes as old as Theocritus and about as remote from their own experience. They knew nature through books. Goldsmith knew it at first hand. Though his work is hampered by the poetical conventions of his school, yet he shows truer pathos, more naturalness of thought and expression. His verse is less pointed and more flowing.

"Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheer'd the laboring
swain.

* * * * *

Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, where every sport could
please,

How often have I loiter'd o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endeared each scene!"

There is real feeling in this apostrophe despite the conventional "swain." And when he enumerates the charms of the place—

"The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topt the neighboring hill,
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made!"

we have a more picturesque description than was usual in those days. The pathos is perceived more in the contrast between the picture of the former cheerful life of the place and its present solitary condition than in any brief passage. An example of this pathos of contrast is found in the passage beginning—

"Sweet was the sound, when oft at evening's close,
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose";

and ending with the description of the last relic of the happy human life of those departed days,

"The sad historian of the pensive plain."

The description of the village preacher is exquisite and shows true feeling inspired by reality. Perhaps no nobler simile exists in literature than the comparison of the village parson to

"Some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head."

The character of the village schoolmaster, too, is drawn with a sympathetic and humorous touch.

Goldsmith's temperament inclined him to romanticism but the influence of his age, particularly that of Johnson, kept him under the classical standards. Matthew Arnold takes the line—

"No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,"
to show the art with which Goldsmith combined words. When he compares it with a line from Shakespeare—

"In cradle of the rude imperious surge,"

we become aware of its falseness. But although we may believe that Goldsmith's genius was confined by classical forms, we can hardly bring ourselves to wish the "Deserted Village" other than it is.

Gray's "Elegy."

In the "Elegy in a Country Churchyard" we find the tender, brooding melancholy which was a characteristic of Gray himself. He sees the vanity of human wishes as clearly as Johnson; he knows that "The paths of glory lead but to the grave," but he obtrudes no moral upon us. We perceive in him as in Goldsmith the quality of sympathy with the lowly sons of toil, in whom, perhaps, all the virtue, genius and daring of the renowned of history may have been latent, circumstances alone preventing their exercise in the sight of the world. We find in the "Elegy" the personal note long absent from English poetry. The poet sees himself laid among "the unhonoured dead" and hears "the hoary-headed swain" describing his habit of life to the chance inquirer while he points out the simple epitaph in which the poet has described, in exquisitely touching words, his own character.

Gray though contemporary with Goldsmith is a step in advance of him as regards the romantic movement. In this poem he has not cut himself loose from the school in which his genius was nourished, yet there are qualities in it which make it akin to the poetry of Wordsworth. While Gray expresses only such sentiments as might occur to any one under similar circumstances, still he has verified them by experience, hence he avoids coldness and artificiality. He sees the advantage of picturesque language—language which appeals to the imagination and the feelings rather than to the intellect. He uses the quatrain with alternate rhyme instead of the classical couplet.

On the other hand; there are many features which show the writer to be allied to the classical school—Personification of abstract qualities, as science, melancholy, honour, flattery; artificial and bookish phrases like "the unletter'd Muse"; abstract expressions for concrete, "ply her evening care," with which compare Wordsworth,

"And she I cherished *turned her wheel*
Beside an English fire,"

terms nearly synonymous used for rhetorical effect,

"For them no more the *blazing* hearth shall
burn."

But Gray's Elegy is the Elegy par excellence of the English language, and, on the whole, no one would have one word of it altered.

UNDERGRADUATE.

LORETO ABBEY.

"Songs of Innocence."

"To see the world in a grain of sand,
And Heaven in a wild-flower,
Hold infinity in the palm of your hand
And Eternity in an hour."

THESE words seemed to cling to my mind as I examined a miniature volume of "Songs of Innocence." It surprised me to find that such a charming little volume was a legacy of the conventional and proper eighteenth century. Could William Blake see his little treasures now, and know how they are appreciated he would feel repaid for his persistent faith in his inspiration and persevering efforts to secure publication. The soft-coloured leather booklets now published are daintiness itself but could our children, who are familiar with "The Lamb" and "The Tiger," see the curiously original volume, as first published, how interested they would be in the story of its production.

William Blake spent most of his youth as an engraver and was fairly successful but, uneducated though he was, there were thoughts and vivid inspirations continually calling him to poetry. He began to give full scope to his imagination and as a result has left with us some of the prettiest pictures presented by poetry. His "Songs of Innocence" would charm the ear of the smallest child. His language is simple, picturesque and dainty, and often touches a sympathetic chord."

But what makes these poems more interesting may be perhaps their unique mode of publication as much as their inspiring thoughts. Each little poem is enshrined on a page by itself, and adorned by quaint border drawings and illuminations. The author, encouraged by the praise of

his devoted wife, carried his small manuscript to all the London publishers but one after another refused it as too childish, not knowing that it was to outlive in the nation's memory, many of the contemporary works for which they paid eagerly and well. At last he adopted a plan of reproducing them himself. His wife, with a generous faith in his poetic genius, spent their last half crown in buying the necessary materials. His method was in accordance with his trade as an engraver. The verse was written and the design and embellishments outlined on copper with an impervious liquid, and the remainder of the plate was eaten away with aqua fortis, so the letters were left prominent as in stereotype. He then worked up the pages by hand, with his patient brush producing great variety of detail in the local hues. The pretty curving lines of the embellishment were in direct accordance with the accompanying poetic diction, and the soft blending colours which he used were suited as a background to his imaginary pictures.

The little poem, "Piping down the Valleys," which is typical of all in its simplicity, was written as an introduction to these "pretty songs of pleasant glee."

And I took my rural pen
And I stained the water clear
And I wrote my happy songs
Every child may joy to hear.

All the songs disclose a love of nature and express his sympathy with rural life.

The sun does arise
And make happy the skies,
The merry bells ring
To welcome the spring,
The sky-lark and thrush
The birds of the bush
Sing louder around
To the bells' cheerful sound
While our sports shall be seen
On the echoing green.

The well known "Little Lamb" so familiar to memories of childhood has the thought of the Creator running throughout it. The embellishment of this is extremely artistic. The little shepherd boy and his flock of sheep are set off by a suitable background of sweet liquid rainbow

tints of twilight. The beauty of the pretty curving, clinging and springing growth about the verses is a powerful attraction in itself and although the first glance may be disappointing the appreciation of its true value grows upon inspection.

In striking contrast to this poem in thought and art is one found in a later volume,—

Tiger, tiger, burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What mortal hand or eye
Could frame thy awful symmetry.

In place of the meek little shepherd boy and his flock and peaceful fields we see an awful crouching lion, peering through the darkness of the forest with great gleaming eyes. The spirit of tranquillity that was inspired in us by "The Little Lamb" now gives place to the terror of the jungle wood.

He shows a sympathetic appreciation of God's Providence as veiled on earth in the pathetic poem, "The Black Boy," who "though black as if bereaved of light," gazed into the future of the time when,

"Our souls have learned the heat to bear,
The cloud shall vanish, we shall hear his voice
Saying 'Come out from the grove my love and care,
And round my golden tent like lambs rejoice'."

We cannot more fittingly close this brief survey than by quoting some lines of "On another's Sorrow," which embody the encouraging power of his life, the sense of the transiency of earth, and the nearness of the Creator,—

"He doth give His joy to all,
He becomes an infant small,
He becomes a man of woe,
He doth feel the sorrow, too.

"Think not thou canst sigh a sigh,
And thy Maker is not nigh;
Think not thou canst weep a tear,
And thy Maker is not near."

TERESA COUGHLAN, '15.

LORETO ABBEY COLLEGE.

Character Sketch of Silas Marner.

THE character of Silas Marner furnishes a very interesting study, in tracing it through the various stages of its development.

George Eliot, in writing to a friend, tells him that the story of Silas Marner is unlike any she has ever written, and is intended to depict to its readers the inclination towards good of pure, natural, human relations. The idea of this story came to her quite suddenly, as a sort of legendary tale, from recollections of her childhood, having seen a linen weaver, with his load on his back, trudging along the country road, and as her mind dwelt on the subject, she became inclined to make it more realistic.

George Eliot's creation of Silas Marner has been called a work of art, and not an educational treatise. It contains simplicity, unity and beauty.

We are first introduced to Silas as one of those mysterious, dwarfed weavers, who go about the country delivering their work, which many surmise has been completed by the aid of the evil one. Silas had been in Raveloe fifteen years at the opening of our story. He had come from Lantern Yard, where he had been accused of a theft committed by one who had been his dearest friend. At the time of the accusation he was a frank-faced, honest young man, conscientious and upright, loving God and his neighbor, and well respected by the inhabitants of the village in which he lived.

George Eliot leaves us with this rather hazy description of our hero, who, nevertheless, bears the general characteristics of all her characters. He is made to live, to change, and to develop. He has his own personal peculiarities, which are depicted in such a fashion as to afford real interest in following out his character sketch.

When the disaster fell upon him he was forsaken by all his friends, even by her, on whom he had bestowed all the affection of his young life. Unable to clear himself of this false charge, and forsaken by all that life held dear to him, his very soul became warped within him, he lost all faith in God, and forsook his childhood home to seek refuge in Raveloe.

When he first arrived in Raveloe he was simply a pallid young man with short-sighted prominent brown eyes, which were the terror of all mis-

chievous school lads in the village. There was nothing unusual in his appearance to excite comment, yet, his distinct aversion to all human companionship, and the solitary loneliness of his nature made him a personality regarded with wonder, and not a little fear. These facts, accompanied by the cataleptic fits to which he was subject, told heavily against him. In this neighbourhood he stood as lone as his little cottage on the outskirts of the village of Raveloe.

Silas had chosen for his new residence scenes entirely different from those which he had forsaken. No lips here could recall the dreadful past, or ruthlessly pick among the smouldering embers of his ruined life, even the very presence of God seemed to have lingered behind him in the distance.

Silas quickly settled down in his new home, toiling unceasingly at his loom. Any hour of the day the hum of his wheel could be heard along the narrow country road; his eyes and thoughts running along with the shuttle, he weaved from day to day, coursing his life into this narrow groove, holding no intercourse with the neighbourhood and avoiding his fellow beings.

From such unremitting labour gold accumulated with astounding rapidity. A new element came into Marner's life; he learned to love the gold, to look at it with that fixed unreal gaze of a miser, and to fondle the bright guineas tenderly, yet with an avaricious grasp. Now when all purpose for the money was gone he loved it for himself, and even deprived himself of the necessities of life that he might have the pleasure of holding it, feeling it, counting it, and watching it increase.

Marner, while delivering his goods one day, in a rush of pity recalling his dead mother, had alleviated the pain of one of the village housewives, who was suffering seriously from the same illness which had taken that mother out of his life. This act of Christian charity, being attributed to the evil one, heightened the aversions of the neighbourhood, and, if possible, increased his desolation.

But into the narrow channel of his existence came a change, sudden as unexpected. One evening, returning from delivering the labours of hand, he went as usual to count his gold, but

discovered that it was missing. A dazed, stupefied feeling overcame him, and he could not bring himself to believe that the gold was gone beyond his reach, even when he had vainly searched every nook and corner of the poverty-stricken cottage. Then, probably for the first time since his arrival at Raveloe, he entered the "Rainbow Inn" and disclosed his loss to all present.

When all hope of regaining the money was gone, Silas then felt the utter desolation of his lonely existence. The mainstay of his being had been ruthlessly shattered, the current of his life had changed, and seemed meandering on with a blank ever before him. This blank was filled with grief, as moaning aloud, he resumed once again his labours. In the evenings, now that the shining guineas were no longer there to count, his loneliness would overcome him as he sat by his dull fire, and moaned sadly to himself.

And yet he was not utterly forsaken in his trouble. His misfortune opened a vein of kindness to him in the neighbourhood, which revealed itself in various little ways, though he seemed powerless to realize this under his present loss.

Into this chasm stepped the little golden-headed Eppie, as lightly, and as softly, as the snowflakes which blew in with her on that bleak December evening, through the half-open door against which Marner was leaning, transfixed by a cataleptic fit.

When he regained consciousness he closed the door, and, turning towards the fireplace, beheld in the flickering light of its glowing embers, gold! His lost gold returned to him,—No,—only a mass of golden curls of a fair babe, whose blue eyes were veiled in slumber. His thoughts wandered back to his dead sister, so like this fair babe sleeping near his hearth and awakened in him recollections from the far-off past.

And now Silas was no longer alone. The little child entwined itself among the very fibres of his being, and with her own baby fingers unbarred the gateway of his soul, and opened the entrance to his heart.

She led him back to the sunshine of life through the meadows and woods filled with the perfume of flowers, and the carols of the birds; and as the bud of her life unfolded and opened a full-blown rose, under the charm of its beauty his benumbed nature was warmed, and drawn back

into intercourse with his fellow beings, and he turned once again to that God, left so far behind in the dim distance of years.

So the years passed away; between Eppie and her foster-father years of perfect happiness and understanding. Then one day, into their quiet life came an interruption. Silas' gold was unearthed almost as suddenly, and unexpectedly, as it had vanished.

As Silas sat with Eppie in the gathering twilight telling her the history of his past life, with the gold once again heaped up in piles before him, Eppie's father, after sixteen years of oblivion to her, entered the cottage, and claimed her as his daughter.

To Silas this acknowledgment fell like a death-blow, tearing his soul with grief, yet, in the noble unselfishness of his heart he bade Eppie make her own choice. Caressingly clasping her arms about his neck Eppie claimed Silas as the only father she had ever known, he who had guarded her with all a father's love since that night when, guided by the welcoming beams from his fire-light, she wandered into his cottage. Then Silas knew

"A child, more than all other gifts
That earth can offer to declining man,
Brings hope with it and forward-looking
thoughts."

ETTA FLANAGAN, '17.

LORETO ABBEY COLLEGE.

The Song Unsung.

Ere Youth, her dew-tipped wings essaying flight,
Descried the cloud horizon-ward, that might

Her course restrain;
Fair Numbers musical, yet void as fair,
Too slow-winged Vision outrunning, sought to
share

The Song Unsung,
And sought in vain.

Prolonged and close the rival's mystic chase,
At last to vision true, fair form gives place,
And flies away,

Shall e'er the gift be mine, by wish or wile
These severed spirit-guests to reconcile?
Ah, Who shall say!

C. A. C.

The Conception of Tragedy in France in the Last Half of the Seventeenth Century.

THE conception of French tragedy after the middle of the seventeenth century, though it differed in many essential points from the conception of the previous century, was in reality the development of it. The tragedy of the seventeenth century had its beginning in the dramatic productions of the sixteenth, and like most literary conceptions was formed by a gradual evolution, and bore the marks of the influence of successive generations. Therefore, to understand its character, we must trace its development as it passed through the different phases of thought which dominate each literary age.

About the middle of the sixteenth century a movement took place in French literature which powerfully influenced its development. This movement, as well as its promoters, was called *The Pléiade*. The intense admiration for the severe and chaste beauty of classical language awakened by the Renaissance led the members of the Pléiade to attempt the reformation of the French language by the study and imitation of the Ancients. This spirit of imitation of classic models which characterizes the Pléiade group found perhaps its strongest expression in the department of drama. The translation of classical dramas into French became the chief work of many French dramatists of the period. Others wrote plays closely modelled on the tragedies of the Latin dramatist, Seneca. The paucity of action, the strict observance of certain rules, the systematic use of choruses, and the ethical trend of the sentiments which characterized classic drama, were all adopted by the French dramatists of the period.

The *Cleopâtre* of Jodelle, one of the Pléiade group, marks an epoch in French tragedy; but that it entitles its author to be styled the founder of French tragedy is too strong a claim to make for it. It is true that Jodelle's play is a step in advance of the productions of his predecessors which are, for the most part, merely translations from the classics. *Cleopâtre* is original, and French, and though not properly a work for the stage, it was played. Six years after the appearance of *Cleopâtre*, Jodelle produced a second



DINING HALLS, LORETO ABBEY.

tragedy--Didon. The latter is something of an advance in versification as in it Jodelle adopted the Alexandrine, with alterations of masculine and feminine rhymes, which has remained the standard vehicle of French tragedy ever since. Jodelle follows the scheme of Seneca closely in his plays. The action is small, the chorus has the full importance which it held in classical tragedy, the changes of scene are few, and the dramatic capabilities of the piece very limited. Garnier, the last important dramatist of the sixteenth century, brought the form of classical tragedy to the highest perfection of which it was capable in its early state. All his plays except one are tragedies of antiquity and closely modelled on Seneca. A note of originality is introduced in his *Brodamante*, first by the choice of subject, which is taken from Ariosto, and secondly by the introduction of the confidant for the first time in French drama. But notwithstanding these and a few other departures from the form of Jodelle, the Cleopâtre of the latter remained the type and pattern of French dramatists until Hardy brought in the influence of Spain, and set up a new model.

To sum up the general conception of tragedy which prevailed until the close of the sixteenth century, its general characteristics were long monologues, few characters, and an almost total defect of action, which is often largely conducted by aid of messengers. The style of drama was highly artificial, and very limited, with regard to scope. Although the Greek unities, requiring time, place and action of presentation, to conform to the reality, were not followed with the strictness of the classic models, yet, the Latin rules regarding the suppression of awkward actions on the stage, were rigidly followed and long explanatory speeches took the place of action. But these very limitations and restrictions rendered the drama susceptible of high polish within its own narrow range. This polish, this perfection of language, this regularity and harmony of versification are striking features of sixteenth century tragedy. And notwithstanding the changes wrought in tragedy during the seventeenth century they still retained their influence. The chief defect of the drama of this period was the lack of a central motive, to which all action would be subordinate, and which

would give unity to the conception. Theorists insisted on unity of action as laid down by Aristotle, but dramatic action was, in reality, altogether lacking in the drama of this time. Even when dramatists amalgamated two or three classic subjects, the effect was merely to multiply the themes, action was still absent. Occasionally we catch a glimpse of a revelation of human suffering or sorrow depicted directly in the stage, but such scenes are rarely met with.

Towards the end of the century there came, as might be expected, a reaction against this regularity of form and rigid adherence to rules. The public demanded of the theatre what had touched and moved it in the old days--the pathos and movement of the old morality and mystery plays. In response to this demand the new tragedies threw off all restraint of rules, etc., the unities disappeared, the choruses were abandoned, subjects were chosen, not from history, but from romance. Trivial incident and violent deeds were celebrated in the end of the century plays instead of illustrious actions. During this period the fate of the French theater trembled in the balance. But in the midst of this confusion of ideas, a writer arose who contested with Jodelle the honor of being the founder of classic tragedy in France,—Hardy. There is no doubt that he blazed the path which Corneille followed so successfully at a later date. Hardy restored the Pléiade school in as much as he selected for his subjects the exploits of the heroes of antiquity, the celebrated deeds of legend and of history. Hardy accepted the general outline of classic tragedy, though he entirely neglected the unities, at least of time and place. His style was poor and lacking in polish and ease, his structure was irregular, and badly arranged, but he possessed the quality most needed at that epoch—dramatic instinct. He was the first to treat an antique subject as dramatic action and not as a poetical theme. His plays being written solely for presentation on the stage, the scholarly but tedious monologues, as well as the choruses of the Pléiades school were omitted. The form of Hardy's plays was affected by another influence. The scenic effects of the mystery plays of the preceding century were retained by Hardy. In the mystery plays all the scenic representations required by the successive development of the action are placed on the stage at the first scene.

This arrangement led Hardy to retain, to some extent, unity of action, though he discarded the other unities. To Hardy is due the restoration of the prestige of French tragedy among the aristocratic classes. Meantime Hardy's selection of Spanish and Italian subjects was not without its influence on French tragedy. In Spain and Italy the unities had been adopted by many writers, but although Jean de la Taille outlines their use, it was not until 1634 that Mairet's *Sophonisbe* appeared which conformed to these rules. But it was impossible to reconcile the unities of time and place with the stage settings of the mystery plays. So it was only after long contentions that a victory was finally won by the partisans of the classic rules. The adoption of these rules, needless to say, had a powerful effect on the evolution of the French drama. From this time forward dramas were constructed on a regular plan, and the irregularity of the theater of Hardy disappeared. While it is true that the struggle over the unities hastened this result, it is evident that the current of literary sentiment was tending of itself towards the same end. The inconsistencies in the presentation of tragic-comedy led to a reaction in favor of a representation which would follow the lines of real life more closely. Now the adoption of the unities seemed to offer a solution, as the ideal of the unities was to make the representation conform as closely as possible to the actual events. So the triumph of the classic rules really meant a triumph of reason, of realism, over imagination. But in adopting the classic rules, the direct, rapid action, the sentiments natural, if little refined, of Hardy were discarded, and once again Seneca exercised his authority over the French drama.

Just at this juncture appeared the *Cid* of Corneille, and to the *Cid* must be given the merit of fixing the idea of French tragedy finally. From the first translation of Sophocles and Euripides the form of tragedy had been developing by slow degrees. The *Cid* set the seal on what this form ought to be. It became the model for all succeeding tragedies of the seventeenth century. In the *Cid* we can trace all the forces which had been at work in the development of tragedy from the Pléiade to Hardy. Corneille chose a Spanish subject, but the treatment is purely French. Following Hardy's method he selects one principal

episode from the Spanish drama. He cuts off all personages and actions unnecessary for the explanation of the fortunes of his heroes and heroines. But, above all, he showed that the principle of dramatic action should be moral and interior, that the interest should not center in the events, but in the sentiments expressed, that exterior acts are only important in so far as they serve to give expression to interior sentiments. Consequently, all acts which do not bear directly on the psychology of the situations are excluded from the stage, i. e., they are announced, not performed. On the other hand all that tends to show the progress of the moral action is carefully portrayed. More than this, the advent of the *Cid* formulated a new law, viz., that the hero of the tragedy must accomplish his destiny through the determination of his will. He must rise superior to circumstances, not be controlled by them. The principle of the tragedy lies in the characters of the hero and heroine; therefore the impulse to action comes from within, not from without. Thus, chance and accident play but a small part in the intrigue of Corneille's tragedy.

Corneille accepted the unities because they offered a useful method for the dramatic exposition of moral truth. But he did not adhere to them strictly, more particularly did he allow himself freedom with regard to time, for reasons which are obvious. Corneille's dramas are tragedies of character, and of character raised to an unusual level, and such character cannot always be made to moral itself in a very limited time. However, Corneille's ideal aimed at a presentation relatively, rather than absolutely, true to life. In Corneille's tragedies we find what the earlier dramas lacked—a leading motive, to which each act bears some relation, and which is the *raison-d'être* of the play, viz., the exposition of some moral truth. We find in him the swift dramatic action of Hardy—shorn of all non-essentials—but having its mainspring in the character of the personages, not in exterior events, and combined with this we find the elegance of form and language of the Pléiade school without its artificiality. The new conception of tragedy exemplified in the *Cid* becomes more clearly defined in Horace, which is a pure tragedy, and in Polyeucte and Cinna.

The successor of Corneille in point of time was Quinault. But the tragedy of Quinault merely reflected the social life of his day, artificial, brilliant, empty. But the real successor of Corneille was Racine, and just as Corneille's masterpiece stands for the conception of tragedy in France during the first half of the seventeenth century, so Racine's masterpiece stands for its conception until the close of the century.

Racine made little alteration in the form of the drama. He preserved his characteristics as they are defined in the plays of Corneille. His action conformed with the unities, the interest was centered in the revelation of the character, the plot was simple and stripped of all unnecessary manifestations. Yet, we find in the drama of Racine a new spirit, so that we are justified in considering him as the exponent of tragedy from 1750 to 1800.

Racine's tragedy conforms perfectly to the spirit of the unities, because on his stage is displayed nothing but action, and each action bearing directly on the dénouement. Racine conceives all emotions, all passive states as principles of activity, and unlike Corneille, who allows his characters to reveal their mental conflicts (which gradually lead to action), on the stage, Racine does not present his personages until their interior passions have reached a crisis. The struggle has gone before; when they appear on the stage they are ripe for action. It is evident that a soul at a time of violent agitation will reveal its inmost depths in a short space. Thus with Racine one little circle of action, space and time suffices to portray the tragedy of a life. The drama of Racine is essentially a tragedy of passion, as Corneille's was a tragedy of character. Thus the unities which Corneille was obliged to overstep to allow his characters to show their gradual development did not become an integral part of French tragedy until the time of Racine. Racine as a painter of natural passion reacts against the artificial gallantry of Quinault without returning to the political tragedy of Corneille. Against the false delicacy of his day Racine makes his dramas true to life. He makes use of historical and legendary subjects, it is true, under heroic names, and beneath extraordinary misfortunes and crimes he depicts human passions common to every age and clime.

Another distinctive trait of Racine's drama is shown in his selection of characters. Corneille's dramas portray the triumph of the will, so his leading characters are men, men of strong virile will power. Racine's tragedy, on the other hand, depicts the triumph of the passions, and so he makes his leading personages women, in whom, as he conceives instinct, passion is stronger than will. From the time of Racine dates the empire of woman in literature.

Again in the tragedy of Racine we find reconciled again, poetry and tragedy, so long divorced. In the selection of his classic subjects he followed classic poets, and each subject awakened in him a poetic vision as well as a dramatic conception.

Racine had no successor, and so his conception of tragedy remains the general conception of tragedy in France until the end of the century.

UNDERGRADUATE.

LORETO ABBEY COLLEGE.

The Higher Education of Women in Many Lands.

THINKING that this subject might be of some interest in the present issue, we made application to the houses of the Institute abroad to obtain information concerning the opportunities afforded to women in their respective countries, as also to find what was the position of Catholic women in regard to education and how far higher education was under Catholic direction.

We find that in England the older universities do not confer degrees on women, though they permit them to work for Honours under practically the same conditions as the men, the only difference being that they receive a diploma and not a degree—this, notwithstanding the fact that women have frequently attained higher distinction than men.

At Cambridge the women students must as a rule be in residence at either Girton or Newnham, though permission is often granted to reside in a hotel, particularly in the case of women of mature years. St. Mary's Convent, the Institute house at Cambridge, is a recognized hostel for University women.

At Oxford there are at present five recognized societies of women students. To the largest of these—the “Society of Oxford Home Students”—belong the students who live at St. Fridesweide’s, a residence for Catholic students under the direction of the Sisters of the Holy Child. The students have here the advantage of mingling in the social and intellectual life of the University while preserving their own Catholic surroundings. The regulations governing the house strike us as being extremely sensible, so much so that we have embodied them to some extent in our own college code, omitting, of course, the one which forbids students “to walk along the towing path without a chaperon.” Would that we had the lovely Cherwell along which to wander, even with the disadvantage of a chaperon!

In Ireland degrees are conferred on women both by Trinity and the National University. There are even women on the governing body of the latter. Catholicism naturally predominates there, though it is not exclusive. Before the Royal University was superseded by the National, women were permitted to take their lectures entirely at Loreto College, Stephen’s Green, and to receive their degrees from the Royal. At present this college is conducted as a women’s residence. It is equipped with an excellent library, sufficient for all undergraduate work. There are many—among others the eminent Cardinal Logue—who think the condition of Catholic students was better under the former arrangement. However, the National University must be given time to show the type of Catholic it produces.

In the colonies we find the universities much less conservative in regard to women. Many universities in India make no distinction. Loreto House and the Loreto Training College in Calcutta enjoy the privilege of affiliation with the University of Calcutta as far as the Intermediate Arts and the Licentiate in Teaching. The Intermediate Arts examination is taken at the end of two years and the Licentiate in Teaching about the third year of the four years’ course. Ultimately, no doubt, the College will be affiliated up to the B. A. standard. This seems to us a situation very like our own.

In Italy though women enjoy the full privileges of university education, yet it is not without some danger to their faith.

Our informant in Spain tells us that very few girls undertake university work. Those who intend to teach must pass the Normal School examinations, but, as a rule, the Spaniards do not approve of public examinations for girls. However, it would be a mistake to suppose that Spanish girls are uneducated. The greater number are well-informed, very clever, in mathematics and learn several languages. In the southern provinces nearly all have great talents for painting and drawing which they cultivate highly, while in the northern provinces their musical education is as thorough as that of the Germans. Readers of the RAINBOW are familiar with the excellent work being done for education by the “Colegio de la B. V. Maria” at Seville and by Loreto Convent, Gibraltar.

In a recent issue of the RAINBOW an interesting account of the Training College at Australia was given, but up to the present no further information has been received from that country.

To Mother M. Paulina of Nymphenburg, Munich, we are indebted for the following succinct statement of the condition of women’s education in Bavaria:

“With regard to the work of female education accomplished by the members of our Congregation in Bavaria, I have ascertained that we have in all twenty-five High Schools, five schools called in German *Frauenschulen*, six Training Colleges for the training of German teachers for our schools in general, High Schools, Middle Schools, and National Schools; then one *Gymnasium* for Girls at Ratisbon, where professors teach and come to the convent for that purpose. This *Gymnasium* embraces a course of studies for six years, beginning with the fourth class of the High School, that means, that pupils having passed satisfactorily the three first classes of the High School may enter the first class of the *Gymnasium*. The examen at the end of six years’ *Gymnasium* studies entitles the student not only to attend the University but also to pass an examen there in particular branches afterwards for a special career in life.

“The Training College embraces a course of studies of six years beginning with the thirteenth year of the pupil that wishes to study for a German teacher. The three first years of study are called by the term ‘*Präperandie*,’ the three

last years the Training College or 'Seminar.' Many of our Training Colleges as at Eichstätt are only for students that later on wish to enter our Congregation. These students having passed a public examen are also entitled to attend the University and to pass higher examens there.

"Our High Schools embrace a course of six years' study in the branches of general education, with French and English, and our *Frauenschulen* have also Pedagogy, the Culinary Art and the Rudiments of Civil Law, Science, that is—Physics and Chemistry are taught in the two last years of the High School.

"The plan for the High School is very high and demands much knowledge on the part of the teachers.

"The pupils of the High School and the *Frauenschule* have also the right to attend the University lectures, but only as listeners or *Hospitantinnen*. Up to this we have not availed ourselves of attending the University lectures, as, I am sorry to say, *Religion* is not much respected there.

"Opportunities for higher education under Catholic auspices are, for girls, 'Our Gymnasium' and the 'Lyceen' that are established for youths who have the intention to become priests in a bishop's see."

From Mainz comes the following article entitled

Education of Women in Germany.

During the last twenty years people have come to the conclusion that the woman has not merely been created to sit at home and mend her husband's socks and to see that he has a good supper when he returns worn out and worried from his day's work. A "blue-socking" is a dreadful person, but a lady student in cap and gown will always be a welcome sight when joined to womanly grace and modesty. In all countries this thirst for learning has made itself felt among women, and Germany is by no means the last power to answer this appeal. It is interesting to follow her through the different phases through which she is passing; and, what is still more interesting to us Catholics, is the fact that the convent schools are not behindhand in this modern movement.

The "*Volksschulen*" are making rapid strides; they have now a regular staff of masters and mistresses well equipped to teach the children, boys and girls alike, from six to fourteen, for, in Germany the obligation to go to school has long existed. The girls have special advantages, being taught needlework, cooking and gymnastics. The "*Mittelschulen*" offer more than the *Volksschulen* as regards instruction, the learning of one foreign language is obligatory.

The secondary schools are great in number,—some are private institutions, some directly under town-council "*Städtische Schulen*" or under the state "*Staatliche Schulen*."

Before 1908 a certain amount of freedom was accorded to the private institutions, but since 1908 they are subject to the same regulations and restrictions as the *Städtische* and *Staatliche* schools; the teachers have to receive the sanction of all they do from the provincial school inspectors, who are liable to pay them a visit unexpectedly, examine the exercise-books, and call the teachers to account about their method of teaching, etc., etc. The *Höhere Mädchenschulen* now called *Gehobene Mädchenschulen*, are those which have attained the general aim set by the government, but only one foreign language is obligatory, and the teachers need not have university degrees; thus they forfeit the privileges of the lyzeen. The *Lyzeen* are schools possessing the requisite number of classes (ten—it is no longer permissible to combine classes). Classes X.-VIII., Unterstufe, Classes VII.-V., Mittelstufe; in VII., French is begun; Classes IV.-I., Oberstufe. English and mathematics are begun in IV. The *Lyzeen* are under the provincial school-inspectors; most of the teachers are obliged to have university degrees, and a third of the teachers must be men. The advantages are the following: A pupil of the *Lyzeum*, who, having followed the studies of the I. class for a whole year (the scholastic year begins at Easter), can obtain on leaving,—if possessing adequate knowledge—a finishing certificate (*Reifezeugnis*) which entitles her to further study either at the *Aberlyzeum* or *Studienanstalt*, or *Frauenschule*, without having to pass a preparatory examination (*Aufnahme Prüfung*). Now-a-days no girl can go in for any examination, not even in drawing, music, needlework, gymnastics or housekeeping, who has not first ob-

tained her "Reife Zeugnis." The work done in the I. class corresponds pretty much to that required for the examinations of the Oxford and Cambridge Senior Locals, only in the I. class more knowledge of the foreign languages (French and English) and more mathematics, chemistry and physics are requisite, and the syllabus has more variation and contains more matter than that of the Oxford and Cambridge Senior Locals. The syllabus, in part, changes every year, and the choice of works of literature in English, French and German is more or less free; thus the masters and mistresses for the two foreign languages and for German literature can determine what literary works are to be read; the list is then sent to the provincial school-inspector who gives or refuses his approval. After leaving school the pupils, who have obtained their Reife Zeugnis, can continue their scientific studies at either the *Studien-Anstalt* for women, where they receive the same education as the boys of the Gymnasium (public schools), i. e., Latin and higher mathematics, and where, after a three or four years' study, they can matriculate, and then pass on to any university they like, where they are entitled to all the rights of the students, and where they can take up any branch of science. There are girls studying medicine, mathematics, natural science, jurisprudence, ancient and modern languages, etc., etc. Or, after leaving the I. class, they can enter the *Oberlyzeum*, where, after a three years' training, they go in for their examination, first, written work in German essay, French, English and mathematics, then comes the oral examination, which can be dispensed with if the candidates have done their written work well. Then comes a year of practical work, which gives them facility in exercising their powers as teachers; during this time they still continue their studies in the science of education (*Pädagogik*) English, French, mathematics. This is followed by another examination. Those girls who, on leaving the first class, do not care to continue their studies for so long a period, can go to the *Frauenschule*, where they remain for a year or two, and learn to become practical women and good housekeepers. They receive instruction in English, French and Italian, all kinds of needlework, kindergarten, the management of a house, hygiene, nursing of children,

and "Bürgerkunde" and "Volkswirtschaftslehre."

All the *universities* confer degrees on women, but the bishops have only allowed the University of Münster in Westphalia, to be frequented by nuns, as its tendency is more Catholic than the others.

The *Catholic Convent Schools* are in no way behind the Protestant colleges, though of course the former have far more difficulties to cope with. Thus nuns go to the University of Münster (the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary has some members study there, too) and outside teachers with University degrees give lessons in the schools. Some convent schools have even got so far as to be able to carry on examinations of the *Oberlyzeum*, which is a great step.

Thus several convents possess a *Lyzeum* and *Oberlyzeum* or *Studienanstalt* or *Frauenschule*. As regards the work of the Institute of the B. V. M., there is a *Lyzeum* at Wiesbaden; and at Fulda, a *Lyzeum* and *Oberlyzeum*, where some of the nuns have the privilege of examining their candidates themselves, under the superintendence of the provincial school-inspector. These two schools are under the provincial school-inspector of Cassel (Prussia), the other schools of the Institute are under Hessen-Darmstadt, whose regulations are a little different, but in time may even become severer than those of Prussia. At Wiesbaden, Fulda and Mayence there are members of the Institute with University degrees. Bavaria will soon follow suit. At present, matters are a little more lenient, probably on account of its being a Catholic country!

It is to be considered a great step that all the secondary schools, public as well as private, non-Catholic as well as Catholic, have the same regulations and rights, though, in a certain degree, the Catholic convent schools have lost some liberties they had before.

From the data secured it would appear that although some of the European countries—particularly Germany—surpass us in their standard of education and the perfection of their system there is no country which on the whole, offers at present more liberal opportunities to Catholics than our own. For while absolute liberty is allowed in the United States and while many Catholic colleges there are empowered by the

State to grant degrees, yet they must be supported by private subscription and are obliged to have costly scientific apparatus, though they derive no support from the grants given by the government for educational purposes. Each is obliged to make its own name in spite of meager resources; whereas here, in Ontario at least, we have the combined advantage of a Catholic college supplemented by the prestige and indirectly by the financial assistance of a well-known University.

Loreto Abbey, Toronto.

AT the January meeting of the Loreto Alumnae Association, Mrs. Ambrose Small gave an intensely interesting illustrated "talk" on Japan, relating many personal experiences while traveling through that delightful and beautiful land. The artistically-coloured pictures dealt with the general physical, educative and industrial conditions of the country. The wonderful floral displays and reproductions of the far-famed and unrivalled Japanese gardens were thrown upon the screen, where also were shown the dainty kimono-ladies of the rice gardens and the temples, as well as the children, both at work and at play. Mrs. Maloney introduced Mrs. Small. A sincere vote of thanks was proposed by Mrs. Hynes and seconded by Miss Fitzgerald. The tea-hostesses were Mrs. John Foy and Mrs. Peter Rooney.

Invitation was graciously extended by the Sir Henry Pellatt Chapter of the I. O. D. E., to members of the Loreto Alumnae, to attend a lecture given by Mr. Martin Harvey, the eminent English actor, in the Royal Alexander Theater, February the twenty-seventh. Mr. Harvey, who is among the first and best-known of our finished actors, will be long remembered for his wonderful portrayal of the character of Sydney Carten in "The Only Way"—the dramatic version of "A Tale of Two Cities."

At March meeting of the Loreto Alumnae Association, held at Loreto Abbey, Very Reverend Dean Harris delivered a most interesting and highly instructive discourse on the subject of "Forgotten Poems," with a few introductory allusions to the particular characteristics which mark the poetic sentiments of the works of By-

ron, Tennyson and Longfellow; also a brief commentary on the writings of Gerald Griffin, a man of high ideals and noble purpose, who gave his life to God, at the very moment of his moving on to the goal of a worldly ambition. The Dean's rendering of such poems as "Sister Angela," "Ben Bolt," and others, was delightful and expressive, calling forth sincere and enthusiastic applause. The concluding selection, "The Lion and the Glove," was well suited to a feminine audience, and the pointing of the moral most applicable, being a rebuke to woman's vanity.

A vote of thanks was returned by Mrs. Rooney, seconded by Miss Hynes.

College Athletics.

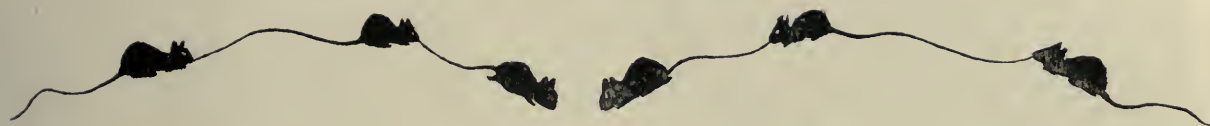
On being appointed to the responsible post of athletic editor, the present writer not being richly endowed with imagination begged the girls to please do some. They went out at once and took three skates on the rink. Moreover, they have solemnly promised to play a game of tennis when examinations are over in May. They keep a tennis racquet in the corridor to show their sporting proclivities, which is very handy as a weapon against mice and bats. Once last year they were seen looking at the basketball field and a report was circulated that they intended playing a game some time, but it appears they were only taking the altitude of the posts by observing the shadow. Some of the older girls declare they took part in a game of ball about three years ago, but it isn't fair to take the reader back to pre-historic times. As long as Religious Knowledge and Philosophy lectures take place at four o'clock, athletics will be a negative quantity at Loreto College.

Religion is the architect of manhood and the beginning of wisdom.

To be misunderstood by those whom we love is the cross and bitterness of life. It is the secret of that sad and melancholy smile on the lips of great men which so few understand. It is what must have oftenest wrung the heart of Christ.



It's overboard with trifles now,
 And plump into the sea
 With all invites to dinner, ball,
 Assembly, lunch and tea.
 No time O friends, have I for such
 I'm getting my degree.



To a Mouse.



When studious maids o'er pond'rous tomes do pore,
And St. Teresa's corridor is still,
With hurried timorous foot across the floor
Thou'rt seen to come; loud screams the silence fill.

A chair's exalted height doth Aileen seek,
She learned of old her precious nose to guard,
And Curly, from another chair, in weak
And frightened tones doth counsel watch and ward.

With tennis racquet Edna bravely stands
Till at the door poor mousie shall appear,
The racquet clasped in both her soft white hands
Ted boldly scouts the very thought of fear.

A breathless pause succeeds the sudden noise,
The little beast has baffled ev'ry care,
O mouse, where hast thou vanished from our eyes?
Hast found retreat, or melted into air?



The clock now sounds the hour of half past ten,
And one and all the girls to bed repair;
Soon Morpheus reigns; the college girls are then
Oblivious alike of joy and care.

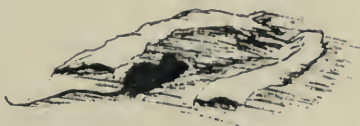
Now comes thy hour, elusive little pest,
With none to hear or see thou ventur'st forth;
Of gloves, three pairs, as an unbidden guest
Thou mak'st a feast and sadly spoil'st a fourth.

If hunger's pangs thee to our rooms hath bid,
We of our nightly lunch some crumbs might spare,
For surely e'en to thee more choice than kid
Were pickles, wafers, beans and kindred fare.

For these may at the corner store be bought,
But gloves to buy we must much farther fare,
More money must for them from home be sought,
O mousie, spare, oh! spare our longest pair!

MARY DAVIS, '17.

LORETO ABBEY COLLEGE.



**Letter of Felicitation to * * on Obtaining
Her Degree (1911).**

I fain would weave, to decorate your brow,
A wreath of bays—but have forgotten how,
These many days, alack! both head and heart
Have spent themselves in Martha's busy part.
I fain would spell those items o'er and o'er
That won for you those well-earned bays,
Asthore,

But when I feel the inspiration near
I'm petrified instead with ghastly fear,
Because a pipe, somewhere has sprung a leak
With consequences far too dire to speak.
My eyes which long to scan your dizzy height
Discover they have forfeited the right
To scan aught but the ceiling, wall and floor,
A broken window or a hingeless door.
My ears alert to catch the Muses' voice
Must rather at the plumber's step rejoice.
My tongue whose accents would repeat your
praise

Must school itself, and conjure up a phrase
To pacify the too-much harassed man,
Who finds his "Must do" far exceeds his "Can."

And so it goes—Yet there is still a spot
Within my memory which has not forgot
That somewhere, even on this earthly sphere,
(Exactly where, it doth not now appear)
There is a region where nor dust nor soil
Can penetrate—to justify this toil.
That you've attained to this serene abode
And now with Plato, on the Attic road,
You walk those by-paths wet with mystic dew,
And haunted only by the chosen few
For whom "To be" is better than "To do,"
Congratulations then, to them—and *you*, Adieu.

MÉNAGÈRE.

How long will this old sin-cursed world of ours
last? When will it be destroyed? That's none
of our business—our business is to think, and
speak, and act as if it might end to-night.

How unfortunate are those who become more
wicked because their brothers become better,
and who cannot witness their prosperity without
conceiving an envy which may cause the death
of their soul.—*St. Gregory the Great.*



Calendar.

1913.

April second—Ohio floods raging. Lima affected. Edna home for Easter vacation. Is she engulfed?

April third—No news! "If Miss Edna had only taken her Latin."

April fifth—Edna back at L. A. C.—heroine of the hour.

April twelfth—Daffodil Tea to Matriculants.

May first to twenty-fourth—Exams! Exams! Black coffee and wet towels served to the desperate at 11.30, p. m.

May sixth—Paulist Choir relieved our depressed spirits.

June sixth—Result of examinations announced. Loreto College students very successful.

September twenty-seventh—Two Juniors who had eagerly anticipated the opening, accompanied by a steamer trunk, a pink kimono and two dons, spend the week-end in the rural seclusion of Hamilton.

September twenty-ninth—Formal opening of College and address by President of the University in Convocation Hall. Many women students enrolled in St. Michael's for the Abbey.

* October fifth—Loreto College Rules announced in Lecture Hall.

October fourteenth—Balcony Scene "Romeo and Juliet" enacted in north lecture room by "Miss Aileen" and "Little Nell"; audience—residents of University Avenue. Criticism—very true to life.

October sixteenth—First Geological Excursion. Almost caused the most famous chapter of "The Old Curiosity Shop" to be re-written. Laden with the weight of shale and hornblende, amygdoloid and remnants of plectambonites radiata and other treasures from the Humber Valley, and enveloped in the shades of night, she stood on the corner of College and Spadina, the salt tears coursing over the fruits of her toil and dissolving a large part of her fossiliferous limestone. Three several search parties succeeded at last in restoring her to her anxious friends.

October eighteenth — Inter-class reception. Students presented to Reverend Mother M. Stanislaus.

October twenty-fourth—Whoever has experienced the pangs of being locked in (whether in a dark dungeon where the spiders creep all around and bears peer at you through the gloaming—it is all one when you are locked there), can sympathize with the feelings of a highly respected member of the College on the memorable eve of Thanksgiving Day.

October twenty-fourth—Lost, between 8.30 and 9.00, p. m., a door-key. Found 9.02, p. m., on the person of The Little Hero of Harlem.

October twenty-fifth—Third Year reception.

October twenty-sixth—The great English actor, F. R. Benson, of the Stratford-on-Avon players, takes leading part in several Shakespearian plays. Most of the students attended one or more and enjoyed them extremely.

October twenty-eighth—Strange sounds issuing from auditorium announce that practice for the French play has begun.

November fifteenth—The Common Room was transformed into "The Little Church Around the Corner" on the eve of November 15th., when Aileen Margaret Kelly became the bride of Eger-ton Percival Merrie-Power—but to quote from the "On Dit" column: "To the strains of Lohengrin's wedding march the lovely bride en-

tered the church on the arm of her father. She looked charming in her wedding-gown of shell pink brocade, with court train, wearing the traditional veil and orange blossoms. Miss Curley Ryan, the bride's favorite cousin, wore a Parisian creation of aqua-marine crêpe-de-chine and carried pink roses. Mr. Edna Duffey supported the groom. Reverend T. C. Coughlan ably conducted the impressive ceremony, and Miss Irene Emmeline Long presided at the organ. A reception was afterwards held at the home of the bride's father, Mr. Mary Davis, many guests from out of town points being present—Hastings, Mitchell, Wildfield, Whitby, Stratford, Deseronto, Ottawa, Brantford, Tormore, Lima, O., and Detroit, Mich. The bride will be at home after May 24th. in her new home, in University Crescent."

November twenty-fourth — Miss Curley slipped under the "cow-catcher" of a Toronto street-car, but, "mirabile dictu!" she is alive and tells the tale.

November twenty-ninth—French Play—"La Poudre aux Yeux."

Impromptu, the play within the play—Title, "Le Chapeau."

Act 1. Frédéric feloniously possesses herself of a hat.

Act 2. Frédéric jauntily acting her part. Hat much admired.

Act 3. Enter wrathful electrician, demanding the hat.

Act 4. Frédéric forcibly dispossessed of the hat.

Act 5. Confusion of Frédéric. Triumph of electrician.

Query: Tragedy or Comedy?

December first—Christmas Term Exams. in prospect. Late leave in order.

December fourth—Mock Parliament.

December eighth—Forty Hours' Devotion. First holiday.

1914.

January twelfth—Results of Term Exams. in Mathematics and Italian announced. All students very successful. Miss Mary Power highest in Italian in her year, in entire University.

Miss Marion Smith third in Mathematics, average 95.

Election of officers for RAINBOW staff.

January seventeenth—Lost, strayed or stolen, in the praiseworthy cause of blocking the entrance of a malicious rodent, a perfectly good striated specimen pronounced by Dr. Parks the best of its kind. Deeply regretted by the owner.

January nineteenth—Last day of Retreat preached by Reverend H. J. Swift, S. J. The girls are all wearing halos to-day.

January twenty-fourth—Locked out! Almost worse than being locked in. An accident to the front-door key. Costs us ten minutes on the threshold with the temperature running out of the bottom of the thermometer; the warm welcome received inside, however, fully compensated.

February tenth—The Abbey moved 1-1000th. of a millimetre, but had it moved 1000 millimetres some people would not have swerved from their "principles."

February twentieth—A surplus solicitude in the cause of cleanliness almost proved fatal to a "slumming expedition" which our enthusiastic "Deutsche Lehrerin" planned for us. The door of the room containing the goods for the poor widows and orphans went to, but Mr. McDonald's perilous acrobatic feat saved the day.

February twenty-fourth—Two Corridor tenants go to the Falls for a couple of days (to avoid the city's heat). Strange experiences at Beamsville.

March first—The Second Year have finished Livy—peace to his ashes! We all knew him like a brother.

March thirteenth—Mr. and Mrs. Egerton Percival Merrie-Power left on the 4.40 train to enjoy their postponed honeymoon. They intend taking an extended trip, going perhaps as far as Hamilton.

March twenty-first—An observation lesson and practical demonstration in German by Fräulein Edna, Liebling, our promising honor student with strong propensities to Deutsch. Intensely elucidating and enormously funny.

Notes Social, Literary and Dramatic.

1913.

October third—We had the pleasure of hearing Professor Stanford lecture in Convocation Hall on "Heredity and Education." "If examinations are the goal of education they are totally obnoxious and absolutely degrading," the lecturer said, and thereby gained applause.

October eighteenth—The library and the adjoining lecture-room presented a scene of festivity on October 18th., when we were the guests of the Faculty at the Inter-Class Reception. The walls were gay with the respective pennants of sister-colleges intermingled with Loreto's white and blue. Every nook and corner was banked with graceful palms and the tables were artistically decorated with ferns and huge bowls of red roses. Miss Ryan, Miss Coughlan and Miss Power poured tea and their dignity and geniality lent much to the enjoyment. The crowning feature of the affair was the presentation to Reverend Mother Stanislaus, our beloved and esteemed President, who with her customary kindness encouraged us along the "Flowery path of knowledge." The event was a splendid success and the first social function of this semester opened a vista to happy college life for the students.

October twenty-fifth—Delicate blue envelopes and tiny cards bade us come to the Third Year Tea. In cap and gown the delightful hostesses received us and very soon Dame Gossip presided over our clinking teacups. It was a lovely affair, and we all voted the "Third Year Girls" "Jolly good juniors," as well as charming entertainers.

October thirtieth—Spooky invitations with the proverbial black cats announced a Hallowe'en party in the room of the two "E's." At the appointed hour of eight, merry maidens clamored about the door, eager for a peep into the future, apropos of the invitations. The room was lighted by the faint glow of yellow jack-o'-lanterns and here and there the mocking eyes of the grinning pumpkins blinked mysteriously. The witches' prophecy snatched from the "Boiling Pot of Futurity" settled the fate of the trembling guests and no one dared to doubt her

destiny. So, timorously, they threaded their way home to dream of the dim and distant future. Reverend Mother made the occasion a more pleasant and memorable one by paying us a visit of a few minutes.

October thirty-first—The Faculty entertained the College at a Progressive Card Party on the night of October thirty-first. The lecture-hall was so transformed that we hardly recognized our surroundings when at half past seven the signal was given at the head table to begin. From the very first we recognized an invincible foe in Miss Mary Davis, and before the evening was over she proved herself such, for very soon all others were distanced in the competition for the "edition de luxe" which was to be the first prize. Miss Irene Long, invincible in *her* line, shared Mary's victories and carried off the well-contested consolation prize. Mother Estelle and Mother Margarita served dainty refreshments to us, which were by no means the least enjoyable feature of the evening.

November twenty-ninth—There have been days of suspense and days of worry in colleges over examinations and the like, but we doubt if there ever has been quite as miserable and excited a crowd of girls as at L. A. C. before the French Play on November twenty-ninth. "La Poudre Aux Yeux" had been under way for several weeks and only such great success as was evidently achieved could prove sufficient reward for the untiring labours of directress and students alike. Certain University dignitaries graced the occasion with their presence and pleased the reticent performers with their sincere words of encouragement. The caste was as follows:

Madame Malingear	Gertrude Ryan
Monsieur Malingear	Teresa O'Reilly
Madame Ratinois	Edna Duffey
Monsieur Ratinois	Gertrude McQuade
Emmeline	Irene Long
Frédéric	Teresa Coughlan
Uncle Robert.....	Mary Power
Un Tapissier.....	Ellen Madigan
Un Chasseur.....	Aileen Kelly
Alexandrine.....	Marion Smith
Le Petit Nègre.....	Ella Canning

If this production be a precedent of any note, we might safely say that much dramatic talent lies dormant behind the walls of L. A. C. After the play a reception was held in the Abbey drawing-room. Among those present were Reverend R. McBrady of St. Michael's College, Mrs. and Miss Squair, Professor and Mrs. Fraser and Professor de Champs, of University College.

1914.

January thirteenth—"You, Freshy, are hereby commanded to appear at No. 3 University Avenue, at 8, p. m., Tuesday, January 13th., dressed in your 'Baby Clothes'." It was a dreadful mandate and we Freshettes quaked at the thought, but when our sedate seniors command, far be it from us to object. And thus it was that about eight o'clock on Tuesday evening, January 13th., that procession of babies with long curls and pretty dolls was seen toddling down the Abbey corridor.

Our hostesses had been thoughtful of our every need, and had provided even the necessary high chairs. All was done to keep us entertained and I might say awake, for of course such late hours were not our habit.

It was a happy evening and all the amusements that could delight the heart of an inexperienced Freshette were indulged in, even to "Consequences" and "Charades." But our greatest surprise came when certain luxurious refreshments had been served to our more stalwart elders and to each of us was doled a goodly supply of bread and milk. A few wry faces were the result, nevertheless, all managed to partake of their "food" and were duly rewarded with a bit of taffy.

All too soon it was time to leave and with a feeling akin to gratitude and relief we made our adieus—relief, I say, because it must be admitted we were brave to venture alone, clad as ordered, and unprotected into the very heart of danger, the abode of our esteemed seniors.

February fourteenth—It was a tiny envelope, a little red heart and a few short lines of poetry which told us the glad tidings that the "Faculty of Education" girls were going to entertain at a valentine party on February fourteenth.

We were all mystified as to the form of entertainment to be provided, but were indeed grate-

ful that no mandate regarding our costumes had been issued with the invitations as we hapless freshettes had at former functions provided much amusement for the guests.

At last, Friday night arrived and as we neared the apartments, the sound of gay voices from within told us we were not the first to arrive. The warmth and coziness of the room seemed in themselves a welcome, together with the decorations. Festoons of red caught at intervals with red hearts and "cupids" formed the foundation of the decoration, while the smiling faces of the hostesses cast a glow of cheerfulness over everything.

"Muggins" formed the chief amusement of the evening and the peals of laughter that were heard were evidences that no better choice than "Muggins" could have been made. It was by mere accident that we learned that one of our

number knew the significance of the cards, and it is needless to say she was begged by the curious maidens to delve into the future for them. Some were rewarded and others disappointed where she could see only piles of books in their fortune.

The time had passed so pleasantly that we were all surprised at the lateness of the hour and soon left that we might not infringe on the hospitality of our hostesses. Having tendered our earnest thanks for the delightful evening, accorded to order we escorted home the upper classmen, fulfilling that duty to the utmost of our ability. Many and complimentary were the remarks on the evening's enjoyment, and the affair of the "Faculty" girls will occupy a large space in our treasure-house of "Memories of Loreto Abbey College."

BY A FRESHETTE.





GYMNASIUM, LORETO ABBEY.



TENNIS COURT, LORETO ABBEY.



STUDIO, LORETO ABBEY. A. FRIEDHEIM AT THE PIANO.



SECTION OF LIBRARY, LORETO ABBEY.

Disillusion.

It used to be the height of our ambition
To exercise our wit and erudition
In some enlightened magazine like this'un.

We fondly dreamed the music of our numbers
Would wake the very gods from out their
slumbers,
And shake the earth this human race encumbers!

Somehow, we thought, if once we took to trying
The wings our Muses offered us for flying,
For us, at least there'd be no fear of dying,

We'd take our place with ease among the sages
Of this, and all the other golden ages!
Alas! Alack! for you who read these pages.

If ever thoughts like this should stir within you,
A cold and witless world will soon begin to
Discover that you're dreadfully near akin to

A microbe, labelled by physicians "*Dreary*."
"Enough! Enough!" they'd cry, our souls are
weary;
"Give us, oh, quick! the antidote, they spell it
'*Cheery*'."

"Chops and tomato sauce" still hold their flavor,
"There's little else that hasn't lost its savour,"
And so they must request of you the favor

Of leaving them to things they have a mind to,
A certain childish joy in being blind to
The host of vital questions you're inclined to.

Therefore your dreams—Now listen to my
warning,
Instead of books and magazines adorning,
Come back and try to set your heart a-mourning.

My moral is—Oh, gentle poet, listen:
Choke back the tear that in your eye doth glisten,
There's promise of a better world than this'un—

Where all the buds of promise will be blooming,
Their metrical effusions ever booming,
For higher heights their pinions ever pluming—

So if your soul's oppressed with vast desire
And burning thought to set the world afire,
Address your manuscript just one world higher.

Retreat, January 16th to 19th.

The First Annual Retreat for the college students only was preached at Loreto Abbey by Reverend H. J. Swift, an eminent Jesuit, formerly associate editor of *America*. Long will the memory of those happy days remain with us and long, we hope, will the inspirations received therein continue to influence our lives. Notwithstanding the complete freedom from surveillance, strict silence prevailed, which is always an indication of much fruit being derived from a Retreat. We are deeply grateful to Father Swift for his fatherly kindness as well as for excellent conferences.

A Mood.

Whence comes this fine elation strong and brave,
That mocks despair and every grief derides,
That mounts the crest of every wave on wave,
And e'en the whirlwind rides?

Have all the yesterdays with sorrow rife
In some dissolving element been drowned?
What alchemy has changed despondent night
Into this joy profound?

Not altered they—'Tis we now see 'aright,
From eminence sublime the scene outspread,
The land where human griefs lie bathed in light
And human fears lie dead.

C. A. C.

LORETO ABBEY.

There is a big difference between a wish and
a dogged resolution.

Everything lasts but for a time—your sufferings, too. Everything passes away—your misery, too. Everything has an end—your sickness, your life, too. Eternity alone has no end; and our happiness in Heaven lasts forever.

The Institute of Mary in Many Lands.



Loreto Convent, St. Stephen's Green, Dublin, Ireland

THE record of brilliant successes scored, in 1913, by the students of this College, is already well known. It headed the list of educational establishments that secured entrance Scholarships to the National University, taking first place, with the fine total of thirty-one distinctions, and distancing its Northern rival—Victoria College, Belfast—by no less than eight awards.

Eleven students presented themselves for examinations, and all obtained Scholarships, though in some cases the number of competitors was very high.

The total value of Scholarships gained is over £1,000.

In individual successes the most noteworthy feature is the position held by Loreto College, St. Stephen's Green, with respect to the awards of medals in the Senior Grade. No less than six were obtained—a greater number than any other girls' College secured—and also medals in Mathematics and Science.

In the Middle Grade, Miss H. M. Sugrue, of Loreto Convent, Killarney, is first in Group B; and in the Junior Grade, Miss J. M. Power, of Loreto Abbey, Rathfarnham, is first exhibitor. Miss Eileen Dorgan's brilliant answering was a feature of the Senior Grade, and another student of Loreto Convent, Wexford, won the Medal in French.

Loreto Abbey, Rathfarnham, and the Loreto Convents, Killarney, Wexford, Gorey, Mullingar, Balbriggan, Omagh, Letterkenny, and Enniscorthy, occupy distinguished positions in the list.

Both teachers and students are to be congratulated on the magnificent work done during the year.

Concert and "At Home."

A distinguished company accepted the invitation of the members of the Domestic Science Class, Loreto College, St. Stephen's Green, to an "At Home," yesterday, in the large hall of the College. A musical programme was gone through, and a most pleasant afternoon was enjoyed. The dainty dishes provided showed that the practical side of woman's education has an important place in the curriculum of the College, and that the nuns are not content with first place in the Intermediate and in the first University examinations, but that, in addition to bringing the Loreto flag to the front in the intellectual and artistic side of education, the pupils are also in the van in those gifts that make for the happiness, comfort, and beauty of the home. The company yesterday had experience of the dainty side of the culinary art. Rich cakes, confectionery, and icings, many of them of no little complexity, showed how careful is the training of the College in the preparation of dainty delicacies, as well as in the more solid work of the kitchen and the art of compiling menus and in the understanding of the economy of the household.

The music provided was beyond what might have been looked for on such an occasion. It included songs and instrumental selections, many of the latter difficult classical works. The singing was very beautiful. Composed in the main of simple items, it tested the young vocalists in the quality of expression, for there is nothing so difficult to express well as the simple melody.

The instrumental numbers were played with as near an approach to perfection as would be possible to professional players. They were played, in every case, with an intelligent regard to form and phrasing, and in rhythm and technical finish and the observance of light and shade, realized all the qualities of faithful interpretation and artistic playing. In Haydn's trio in C major (No. 18) for violin, violoncello, and pianoforte, the players showed the breadth and variety of their training in note perfection, in characteristic expression, and in perfect understanding of the work and the art of conveying its

meaning in their playing. Their attack was perfect. This quality of precision in attack was seen again in a trio of Oberthür's. Here another set of players distinguished themselves in technique and expression. The emotional expression in music was the characteristic of a beautiful rendering of Signor Esposito's arrangement for violin and piano of "Rich and Rare," and the same players displayed their intellectual quality in a rendering of a romance of Papini's, which that gifted violinist often played to Dublin audiences. A romance of Dancla's for violin and piano makes demands upon the technical resources of the players, to which two young performers were quite equal, playing with certainty and animation, and taking the difficult rapid passages towards the close in a way that would make many a professional player jealous. Other items of the more popular character added to the pleasure of the afternoon.

The amusing sketch, "The Johnsonian Club," was staged by Miss Burke's dramatic and elocutionary class. Miss Burke herself took the part of the imperious Dr. Johnson, and, in acting and get up, was the weighty, dogmatic, literary lawgiver to the life. Miss Teevan, as Garrick, had a difficult double rôle, a part within a part, that of Garrick himself and of Garrick as the Irish Dean, and she acquitted herself admirably throughout. Miss A. Fahy was an agreeable Goldsmith, and Miss B. Cole filled the part of Edmund Burke with dignity. Miss N. Burke put much character into the part of Reynolds. Miss M. Bowe was an excellent Boswell. The young exponents of the several rôles put much animation into their representation, and spoke their words with clearness and intelligent delivery, appropriate gesture and facial expression, and were applauded for their efforts, so happily successful, to realize the characters and the scene.

University of Adelaide.

The Junior Public Examination of Western Australian Loreto candidates of Loreto Convent, Osborne, Claremont, resulted as follows:

HONOR LIST.

Miss Melba Mary Mitchell, Miss Edith Mary Josephine Castieau, and Miss Nora Muriel Meagher.

SPECIAL HONOR LIST.

English Literature—Miss Melba Mary Mitchell and Miss Edith Mary Josephine Castieau.

English History—Miss Nora Muriel Meagher.

Greek and Latin—Miss Melba Mary Mitchell and Miss Edith Mary Josephine Castieau.

French—Miss Edith Mary Josephine Castieau.

Algebra—Miss Melba Mary Mitchell.

B. Pass List—Kathleen Mary Cornwall, Kathleen Daly and Mary Lovell.

Loreto Convent, Hulme, Manchester.

The annual meeting of the Salford Catholic Needlework Guild was held on Thursday afternoon at Loreto Convent, Hulme. His Lordship the Bishop of Salford—Right Reverend Dr. Casartelli—presided over a large attendance, which included His Lordship Bishop Hanlon, Canon Sharrock, Reverend W. Wookey, Reverend J. J. Murray, M. R., Reverend T. Farrell, Very Reverend Dr. Hohn—Bishop's secretary—Mrs. Greenwood—secretary—Miss Somers, Miss Dixon, Miss Casartelli, Mrs. Lonsdale, representatives of the Sisters of Charity of Jesus and Mary, Holly Mount, Tottington; of the Daughters of the Cross and Passion; of the Institute of Mary; etc.

There was one branch or department of the work which the Bishop always thought the most prominent of all, and that was the department of the convent schools. It was very much to the honor of Loreto, whose pupils interested themselves so zealously in this excellent organization that he thought their display that afternoon took the medal. It was gratifying, indeed, and he was glad to see there also representatives of other convents who were doing the same work. It is a good thing to train young people to know that the poor are their own brothers and sisters in Christ, and to make them feel that it is not sufficient to lead good, pious lives themselves, but that they are bound to look outside their own circle and their own immediate friends and companions and endeavor to do something for their poorer brothers and sisters. It would be a grand thing if other convents in the diocese could induce their young people to recognize this and join in the work of the Guild so that when they went out into the world they would neither give up their convent school nor discontinue their

membership of the Guild. Both the convent and the Guild would benefit in this way.

On the proposition of Reverend J. J. Murray, seconded by Miss Dixon, a cordial vote of thanks was accorded to the Lady Superior of Loreto Convent for the use of the hall.

**Loreto Nuns in India—Special Honor for
Irish Mother Superior.**

Mother Mechtilda, Superior of the Loreto Convent, Shillong, had the signal honor, at the New Year, of receiving the 'Kaiser-i-Hind Medal for Public Service in India' of the First Class.

the onerous post of Superior in one or other of the Loreto Convents of India, and her appointment was always synonymous with energy, growth, and progress. Government recognition of the Institute has invariably followed in her wake.

We congratulate Mother Mechtilda upon her achievements in the cause of education and upon the recognition accorded to her work. Although her co-workers in the domain of education at Rathfarnham and the other Loreto centres may not obtain similar public State acknowledgment, yet they must feel that they enjoy, as we know they have merited, the full confidence of those



LORETO CONVENT, SHILLONG, ASSAM, INDIA.

Mother Mechtilda left Ireland for the Indian Mission in the seventies, and, about six years ago, undertook to make a new foundation in Assam. Her previous educational work was in itself a presage of success, but her labors have been so conspicuously fruitful that the Governor petitioned the King to confer upon her the "Gold Medal of the Kaiser-i-Hind"—a unique distinction for a nun!

The bestowal of this Medal on the veteran Superior, who is one of the most well-known of the Loreto Nuns, has evoked universal appreciation all over India, according to a writer in a local paper. Her friends are legion, for her simple, kindly nature and warm Irish heart endear her to all who come in contact with her. The sincere esteem and popularity she enjoys need no blare of trumpets, but no one was more surprised than herself at the distinction publicly conferred on her by an appreciative Government. She has done, however, yeoman service in the cause of education since she went to India, fifty years ago. For nearly forty years she has had

who are interested in the sound, wholesome higher education of Catholic girls.

**Department of Public Instruction, Mauritius.
Higher Education of Girls.**

List of prizes obtained by the pupils of Loreto Convents, Curepipe, Port Louis, and Quatre Bornes, and names of successful competitors at the Cambridge Local Examinations.

JUNIORS.

Miss M. H. Emtage and Miss V. Foiret, Loreto Convent, Curepipe.

SENIORS.

Miss J. Desjardins, L. Pastor, and M. Clarenc, Loreto Convent, Curepipe.

Miss S. Morin, Loreto Convent, Port Louis.

Bronze Medals, with Rs. 10—The Misses Eugénie and Anne Marie Mottet, Loreto Convent, Curepipe.

Silver Medal, with Rs. 25—Miss Miriam André, Loreto Convent, Curepipe.

Gold Medal, with Rs. 50—Miss Yvonne Baudot, Loreto Convent, Curepipe.

Scholarship of the Annual Value of Rs. 244, for Three Years—Miss Daisy Furlong.

STANDARD I.

Honours Certificates—Miss Adèle Adam, Raymonde de Brugada, Berthe Desjardins, Aimée Feuillherade, Loreto Convent, Curepipe.

Miss Paule Ducasse, Blanche Dupavillon, Mathilde Gouillart, May Quéland, René Rouhier, Ida Sakir, Loreto Convent, Port Louis.

Miss Ida Bonieux, Germaine de Sennville, Jeanne d'Hotman, Marguerite Fraise, Liliane and Lily Guérin, Annie Herchenroder, Eva Lavoipierre, Loreto Convent, Quatre Bornes.

Pass Certificates—Elise Foiret, Lise Lagesse, Loreto Convent, Curepipe.

STANDARD II.

Honours Certificates—Miss Elaine Adèle, Simone Barbeau, Lucile Motett, Alicia Oudin, Loreto Convent, Port Louis.

Miss Germaine Château, Fanny Dalais, Edith Harel, Winifred Leitch, Suzanne Lamaire, Valentine Noël, Marie Rousset, Loreto Convent, Curepipe.

Miss Hilda Regnier, Loreto Convent, Quatre Bornes.

Pass Certificates—Miss Florence Dalais, Anne Marie Martin, Jeanne Pepin, Julie Rousset, Hélène Tennant, Loreto Convent, Curepipe.

STANDARD III.

Honours Certificates—Miss Germaine Guibert, Maud Lincoln, Eugénie Mottet, Emily Peck, Rolande Sauzier, Loreto Convent, Curepipe.

Miss Edith Adèle, Suzanne Berchon, Camille François, Loreto Convent, Port Louis.

Miss Suzanne Koenig, Marie Maya, Loreto Convent, Quatre Bornes.

Pass Certificates—Miss Edith Adèle, Thérèse Robbes, Loreto Convent, Port Louis.

Miss Alice Lagesse, Germaine L'Estrange, Irène Marshal, Loreto Convent, Curepipe.

Miss Marcelle Herchenroder, Loreto Convent, Quatre Bornes.

STANDARD IV.

Honours Certificates—Miss Jeanne Adam, Jeanne Edwards, Anne Marie Mottet, Loreto Convent, Curepipe.

Miss Julina Bolas, René Frédéric, Yvonne Marie, Madeleine Ternel, Marthe Tournier, Yvonne Zamudio, Loreto Convent, Port Louis.

Miss Ellen Singery, Gisèle Guého, Helen Duverge, Inès de Sennville, Loreto Convent, Quatre Bornes.

Pass Certificates—Miss Suzanne Lebrasse, Loreto Convent, Port Louis.

STANDARD V.

Honours Certificates—Miss Madeleine Carosin, Thérèse Letellier, Marguerite Montocchio, Valentine Randabel, Loreto Convent, Curepipe.

Miss Jeanne Bouquet, Nelly Dupuis, Yvonne Magnien, Gysèle Maulgué, Jeanne Ramsancar, André Tank-Wen, Loreto Convent, Port Louis.

Miss Paule de Pitray, Geneviève Latour, Mary Rayeur, Loreto Convent, Quatre Bornes.

Pass Certificate—Valentine Hardy, Loreto Convent, Curepipe.

STANDARD VI.

Honours Certificates—Miss Miriam André, Claire Isnard, Loreto Convent, Curepipe.

Miss Irene Balbine, Irene Lawhens, Ida Noël, Loreto Convent, Port Louis.

Miss Berthe Herchenroder, Eliane Robert, Olga Sullivan, Loreto Convent, Quatre Bornes.

Pass Certificate—Miss Louise Adam, Loreto Convent, Curepipe.

Miss Virginia Lebrasse, Liliane Nicolin, Loreto Convent, Port Louis.

STANDARD VII.

Honours Certificates—Miss Yvonne André, Yvonne Baudot, Suzanne Lafond, Lucie Montigny, Loreto Convent, Curepipe.

Miss Suzanne Fleurot, Régine Frédéric, Maud Keisler, Edith Kenelly, Hélène Tank-Wen, Loreto Convent, Port Louis.

Miss Odette Bonnaudet, Marguerite de Pitray, Inès Pepin, Gaëtane Rougé, Loreto Convent, Quatre Bornes.

(S) W. T. A. EMTAGE,
Director of Public Instruction.

Colm's Cozy Corner—A Place for the Little People.

The reading of sixty-five delightful essays on "The Coming of Springtime" has set my poor old eyes aching, but, in my heart I feel the hope and gladness and promise of the beautiful spring. I hear the songs of the birds, the call of the ploughman, the murmur of the joyous little streams; I feel in my nostrils the scent of the early flowers and buds and blossoms, and my soul drinks in the warmth of God's glorious sunshine. Ah, yes! my girls have pictured faithfully and lovingly the coming of the grand season of hope, and I am deeply and heartily grateful to each and every one of them for the treat they have given me. I have tried to make the number of prize-winners less than eight—for you know I must keep within a certain limit—but this was simply impossible, and it is with many a pang of regret I have been obliged to pass on several essays to the list of those highly commended.

Among those who have been awarded prizes for essays on "The Coming of Springtime" are:

Frances Walsh, Loreto Convent, Killarney; and Anna Clune, Loreto College, St. Stephen's Green, Dublin.

I.

"The Coming of the Springtime."

A thoughtful mind sees not only beauty in the seasons but also that grand order which pervades and is the essence of them all. He almost hears the loom at work as it fashions out the varying phases of the year. The summer scene is rich with the glory of perfected promise, bright and gay in its peerless loveliness, but, nevertheless, thoughtful, quietly resolving into the radiant tints of the "Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness."

Now the scene changes, and the dying year appears in ragged garments and with chill cold breath, a little ermine here and there only makes his misery stand out in high relief. The sadness of this sight calls up the memory of forlorn hopes and blighted happiness, and the pained heart longs all too bitterly for the change that is so slow in coming.

Then the fairest child of the new year comes on, merry and gentle, welcomed by all, for man

has grown weary of the darkened year, and now feels his youth revived by the whispering breath of this sweet contrast.

Sleeping Nature now awakes, and the black-bird wings his flight beneath the clear blue sky, inviting all with his merry note to celebrate her festal day. Crocuses peep shyly above the still cold earth at the sound, but raise their heads more confidently as the sun's radiant beams dispel the light, half-formed clouds; and fleeting shadows beautify the landscape.

Nature is more impartial at springtime than at any other season, for her chief beauty lies in that canopy of town and country, the sky. The clear blue expanse speaks eloquently of happiness, and a gleam of that light to which the earth has been so long a stranger, tones all to one vast blending arch of joy. Even the human heart, that one refractory work of the Creation, is for once in keeping with its surroundings.

But, though the Goddess of Spring sheds her favors everywhere, with a lavish hand, she has a special liking for the country. There her gentle winds murmur over the daisied fields, and the violets awake as the flight of winged harmony passes. All the birds hold carnival. Spring has come, and their joy at the prospect of sunny days and thick green boughs, where they may nest and carol at pleasure, issues in continual bursts of melody. Their song has an echo everywhere, the sea shimmers beneath the chasing clouds and the melting glory of the sky. The rivers glisten as they playfully flow on to lose themselves in the liquid mountains of green and gold; the national colors of chequered Erin are united, at last, in a literal sea of happiness. The whole countryside is a scene of verdant beauty, for the leaves have just burst from their silken sheaths and clothed the boughs in delicate green. The grassy swards are of a similar shade, but the star-like primrose and the frail anemone heighten the effect, while everywhere hawthorns line the hedge with a wealth of blushing bloom, sweeter-scented than the perfume-laden zephyrs of summer ever are.

Spring is not Nature at her grandest, but Nature in her simplest garb and, consequently, at her prettiest.

It is the budding promise of the year, and as such, has often furnished an apt illustration of youth. It is a season of pleasant, but earnest, toil, for preparation must be made if the glorious

promise of youth is to blossom into flower and fruit in the after-time.

It is like youth, too, with its innocent pleasures and its fickle smiles and tears, and, even as our earliest years are the happiest of our life, spring is often looked back on with fond regret when the more brilliant charms of summer are forgotten.

FRANCES WALSH.

II.

Again the winter, with its dull, cold days, has passed away, and Nature seems to be awaking from a deep sleep with the approach of the spring-tide.

This season, which embraces the months of February, March, and April, generally sets in with bitter rain and biting blasts. But soon the days become gradually longer, and everything appears full of life. We can see everywhere signs that this most delightful season has appeared. One of its first signs is that the little buds are to be seen on the trees and shrubs. The fields, which were bare from the cold winter weather, are again producing a beautiful coat of grass. Some of the early spring flowers, such as primroses, violets, and daisies, appear in the fields and under the hedges. The little lambs are full of mirth as they go bleating and frisking about their mothers. The birds begin to build their nests and make the air ring with their merry songs as they hop from branch to branch in the trees. As the next month draws near, Nature becomes more beautiful. March, which is said to come in like a lion, goes out like a lamb.

The fields are covered with myriads of flowers, and are decked with the dear little shamrocks, which the Irish never fail to send to their friends far over the sea, to be worn on the 17th. March, in honor of the great National Apostle, St. Patrick.

The air is balmy, the glorious sun shines on everything, and Nature presents a most charming picture. It is love of Nature which inspires the poets with subjects for their works; indeed, it has been truly said, "Nature never did betray the heart that truly loved her."

As April approaches we perceive the beauties increase, the trees are then clothed again in their verdant robes, and the hedges are covered with myriads of flowers. In this month the cuckoos

and the swallows return once more to build their nests and rear their young; and the little goslings which have been hatched may be seen picking the soft grass. What a beautiful thing it is to go out to the country at this season and to breathe the fresh air, laden with the sweet perfume of flowers. Everything seems to have some great mystery concealed in it, and to be awakening from a deep sleep. Then,

"Soft April showers
Bring bright May flowers."

ANNA CLUNE.

Waif Poetry; or Fugitive Verse.

POETRY is said to be the language, the expression of joy. It is more than this: it is the measured, the dignified expression of mankind's most exalted feelings.

What Christian heart and soul does not thrill to the numbers of David, "the sweet singer of Israel"?—the inspiration, the grandeur, the sublimity of poetry as presented by Holy Writ, and, having upon it the seal of the Most High!

Who are the "sweet singers"? A very few are known as the "Standard Poets." These take themselves and are taken very seriously. They publish edition after edition,—the latest or last of the continuation, a big volume,—where *all* might have been said and sung in one or two poems.

Do we not perceive and believe that the prose writer, especially the author of fiction, generally urges his genius to a climax, which is often his first book. Exhaustion follows, in book after book; the public pay the price, and continue reading, because the author's name is established.

As a corresponding fact, the poet frequently exhausts his spark of heavenly fire in his one, his climax poem. The remaining numbers that go to make up the ponderous volume are but clever imitations, mechanical devices.

It is much easier to write what is considered good verse than what is known to be good prose.

Yet why is it that we know of the many who attempt prose and only of a few who attempt poetry? The answer is—the prose article is hurried to publication; while the lines in verse, through nervous timidity, are destroyed before they reach the publisher.

A sad fact becomes obvious—that the gems of verse which never reach the printed page are more numerous than we can compute.

Without drawing upon the standard poets we can quote from unknown, forgotten, or unconfessed authors, the rarest gems in our language.

As poesy is the language sweet, the language beautiful, it is most fittingly devoted to the young and fair; so its theme is most often Love—the “grand passion.”

Is there any other love-poem in the language so sweet as that of “Janette’s Hair”—written not by one of the standard poets but by Colonel John G. Halpine, a young Irish journalist who came to New York about sixty years ago; managed one or two leading New York papers for a time; enlisted and as commissioned officer, fought through the Civil War, and died Registrar of New York State.

Halpine never married. Let me quote his lines to “Janette”:

“O, loosen the snood that you wear, Janette!
Let me tangle a hand in your hair, my pet;
For the world to me had no daintier sight
Than your brown curls veiling your shoulders
white:
—Your billowy beauty of hair, my pet!

“Your eyes had a brimming glory, Janette,
Revealing the old, old story, my pet;
They were grey with that chastened tinge of the
sky
When the trout leaps quickest to catch the fly;
And they matched with your beautiful hair,
my pet.

“Your lips—but I have not the words, Janette,
They were fresh as the twitter of birds, my
pet—
Or the sweet June rosebuds when dewy wet;
And they uttered but truth and but love, my pet.

“Thus ever I dream what you were, Janette!
With your eyes, and your lips, and your hair,
my pet:
In the darkness of desolate years I moan,
While my tears fall bitterly over the stone
That covers your beautiful hair, my pet!”

Surely, some day, poem and musician will meet; and Halpine’s inimitable numbers will be set to seraphic music!

Who does not love the lover and his love-song —“Annie Laurie”? “Annie” was the daughter of a Scottish laird, and her lover, a young gentleman named Ferguson, was a follower of “Bonnie Prince Charlie.”

While her cavalier poet-adorer was fighting for a lost cause, Annie Laurie, the dutiful daughter, took her canny father’s advice, and married some one else. Her first love never married, but he gave us the song:

“Maxwellton’s Braes are bonnie,
Where early falls the dew;
And ’twas there that Annie Laurie
Gave me her promise true:
Gave me her promise true,
Which ne’er forgot shall be;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I’d lay me doon and dee!

“Like dew on the gowans lying
Is the fall of her fairy feet;
And like winds in summer sighing,
Her voice is low and sweet:
Her voice is low and sweet,
And dark blue is her e’e;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I’d lay me doon and dee!

“Her brow is like the snawdrift,
Her neck is like the swan;
O, she is the fairest creature
That e’er the sun shone on:
That e’er the sun shone on,
And she’s all the world to me;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I’d lay me doon and dee!”

In this favorite of love-songs, the music and the words are closely wedded, although Annie and her devoted lover never were.

“Kathleen Mavourneen,” the peerless, still rings true from honest voices, although professional singers have done their best to disgust us with this beautiful song. Despite trills and other acrobatic feats the fair one may still hear—

“Kathleen Mavourneen, the grey dawn is
breaking,

The horn of the hunter is heard on the hill;
The lark from his light wing the bright dew is
shaking.

Kathleen Mavourneen, art slumbering still?

Hast thou forgotten this night we must sever?
 Hast thou forgotten this day we must part?
 And it may be for years, and it may be forever,
 Then why art thou silent, thou voice of my
 heart?

"Kathleen Mavourneen, awake from thy slum-
 bers!—

The blue mountains glow in the sun's golden
 light;
 O, where is the charm that once hung on my
 numbers?—

Arise in thy beauty, thou star of my night!"

The music of this song in its intense pathos
 is painfully sweet; it makes its appeal independ-
 ent of the words!

Crouch, the composer of the music, died the
 death of a common tramp. Towards the last,
 when suffering from a racking cough, he suddenly
 paused before a music-hall, and elbowed his way
 in, exclaiming, "They are singing my song! I
 am Crouch!"

Gems of sublime sentiment are the lines found
 on the walls of his cell, after the handsome young
 Earl of Essex was led out to execution. He was
 the last favorite of Queen Elizabeth, and to the
 end hoped that the Queen would interpose to save
 his life. His death-song he entitled "A Wish." It
 is couched in the sublime simplicity of the fol-
 lowing verses:

"Happy were he could finish forth his fate
 In some unhaunted desert, where obscure
 From all society, from love and hate
 Of worldly folk, there should he sleep secure;
 Then wake again, and yield God ever praise;
 Content with hip, with haw, and bramble-
 berry;
 In contemplation passing still his days,
 And change of holy thoughts to make him
 merry;
 Who, when he dies, his tomb might be the bush
 Where harmless robin resteth with the thrush;
 Happy were he!"

This "Wish," excluding the vanities of life, is
 signed, "Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex."

Gray's "Elegy," of one hundred and twenty-
 eight lines—his "one and only"—was fifteen years
 in the writing. How much better this one mas-
 terpiece than fifteen volumes! Sedate contem-
 plation is thus voiced:

"The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
 The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
 The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
 And leaves the world to darkness and to me."

We philosophize, as did General Wolfe when
 going to the capture of Quebec, at these lines:

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
 And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
 Await alike the inevitable hour:
 The paths of glory lead but to the grave!"

No lines are more frequently quoted than the
 stanza:

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene
 The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
 Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
 And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

We have had poet laureates to lavish their
 genius upon the "Death of Nelson," and the
 "Funeral of Wellington," but all in vain to equal
 the sublimity, the majesty of "The Funeral of
 Napoleon," written by the late Chief Justice Hag-
 garty when he was a young lawyer beginning
 practice in Toronto.

How we thrill to the consciousness of it all!
 The Prince de Joinville, a son of King Louis
 Philippe, has converted France's greatest war-
 ship—"La Belle Poule"—into a "chapelle ar-
 dente," and, from far St. Helena has brought the
 imperial remains—the great Emperor—home!

Paris is reached! We, awe-stricken, behold
 imperial grandeur accompanying Death, in death-
 march measure:

"Cold and brilliant streams the sunlight on the
 wintry banks of Seine,
 Gloriously the imperial city rears her pride of
 tower and fane;
 Solemnly with deep voice pealeth, Notre Dame,
 thine ancient chime,
 Minute-guns the death-bell answer in the same
 deep, measured time.
 On the unwonted stillness gather sounds of an
 advancing host
 As the rising tempest chafeth on St. Helena's
 far-off coast."

* * * * *

"Dark with eagles is the sunlight—darkly on the
 golden air

Flap the folds of faded standards eloquently
mourning there—
O'er the pomp of glittering thousands, like a
battle phantom flits
Tattered flag of Jena, Friedland, Arcola, and
Austerlitz."

"Eagle-crowned and garland-circled, slowly
moves the stately car,
'Mid a sea of plumes and horsemen—all the
burial pomp of war—
Riderless, a war-worn charger follows his dead
master's bier—
Long since battle-trumpet roused him—he but
lived to follow here."

* * * * *

(The "war-worn" charger was his master's
beloved "Jaffa.")

"Grey-haired soldiers gather round him, relics
of an age of war,
Followers of the Victor-Eagle when his flight
was wild and far."

* * * * *

"But the last high rite is paid him, and the last
deep knell is rung—
And the cannons' iron voices have their thun-
der-requiem sung—
And 'mid banners idly drooping, silent gloom
and mouldering state
Shall the Trampler of the world upon the judg-
ment-trumpet wait.

"Yet his ancient foes had given him nobler monu-
mental pile,
Where the everlasting dirges moaned around the
burial Isle—
Pyramid upheaved by Ocean in his loneliest
wilds afar,
For the War King, thunder-stricken from his
fiery battle-car!"

The gifted author's poem,—by far the best of
its kind in the English language—has never been
granted, publicly, its full meed of praise. Doubt-
less; the critics have thought that too much in-
spiration is voiced to the glory of Britain's
enemy.

Every line reaches the sublime! Every line is
a climax!

This gem having been republished, not over the
author's name, but over the enlightening (?)
explanation—"From the Maple Leaf"—not one
in a thousand Canadians knew, at the time of his
death, that Chief Justice Haggarty had writ-
ten it!

The flaunters of cheap patriotism, and all
their works, will be long lost in oblivion when
this sublime production, come into its own, will
uphold its author's pen above competition.

Immortal and worthy of its theme; unique as
the art of embalming, lost to us, is Horace
Smith's "Address to an Egyptian Mummy":

"And thou hast walked about (how strange a
story!)

In Thebes' streets three thousand years ago,
When the Memnonium was in all its glory

And time had not begun to overthrow
Those temples, palaces, and piles stupendous,
Of which the very ruins are tremendous!

"Since first thy form was in this box extended,
We have, above ground, seen some strange
mutations;

The Roman Empire has begun and ended,
New worlds have risen; we have lost old
nations,

And countless kings have into dust been humbled
While not a fragment of thy flesh has
crumbled."

The last, the climax stanza of Smith's incom-
parable lines, breathes forth the essence of all
Christian sermons ever preached:

"Why should this worthless tegument endure,

If its undying guest be lost forever?

Oh, let us keep *the soul, embalmed and pure*

In living virtue; that, when both must sever.
Although corruption may our frame consume,
The immortal spirit in the skies may bloom!"

Our happy long-lost Eden, is recalled in a
stanza from "To the Cuckoo," by "Logan":

"Sweet bird! thy bower is ever green,

Thy sky is ever clear;

Thou hast no sorrow in thy song.

No winter in thy year."

From "The Waste Paper Basket," by an un-
known author, is a quatrain flower of philosophy
on the passing of a very young infant:

"He took the cup of life to sip,
But bitter 'twas to drain;
He meekly put it from his lip
And went to sleep again."

On the same subject is the exquisitely sweet
and tender anonymous poem:

"Sleep, little baby, sleep!
Not in thy cradle bed,
Not on thy mother's breast
Henceforth shall be thy rest,
But with the quiet dead!

"Flee, little tender nursling,
Flee to thy grassy nest!
There the first flower shall blow,
The first pure flake of snow
Shall fall upon thy breast.

* * * *

"God takes thee in thy beauty
A soul untasked, untried;
He's fought the fight for thee,
He's won the victory—
And thou art sanctified!

* * * *

"Oh, many a weary wight,
Weary of life and light,
Would fain lie down with thee!"

Another gem from songs of the affections is
the anonymous poem to a blind mother, by a
devoted daughter:

"Gently, dear mother, here—
The bridge is broken near thee, and below
The waters with a rapid current flow—
Gently, and do not fear;
Lean on me, mother,—plant thy staff before
thee,
For she who loves thee most is watching o'er
thee.

"The green leaves as we pass
Lay their light fingers on thee unaware;
And by thy side the hazel clusters fair;
While the soft forest grass
Grows green and silken where the wood-paths
wind:
Alas for thee, dear mother, thou art blind!

* * * *

"Yet thou canst *hear*,—and He
Who on thy sightless eye its darkness hung

To the attentive ear like harps hath strung
Heaven, and earth, and sea!
And 'tis a lesson in our hearts to know
With but *one sense* the soul may overflow!"

If there were but one laurel wreath at the dis-
posal of humanity, I believe the whole world
would unanimously crown the memory of—not a
standard poet—but of John Howard Payne,
American Consul to Tunis, who wrote "Home!
Sweet Home!"

"Mid pleasures and palaces tho' we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like
home;
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us
there,
Which—seek through the world—is ne'er met
with elsewhere.

"An exile from home splendour dazzles in vain;
Oh, give me my lowly thatched cottage again!
The birds singing gaily that come at my call,
Give me them with the peace of mind dearer
than all!
Home, home, sweet, sweet home!"

IDRIS.

"Tree of the Dismal Night."

REVERTING to the notable trees that I
have seen, I regard the "Arbol de la
Noche Triste—Tree of the Dismal
Night"—as one of deep historic interest and of
great pathos. Under the protecting branches of
this great tree Hernando Cortes, summoned by
a few of his surviving officers, sat down and
wept the morning after his disastrous retreat
from Tenochtitlan, now Mexico City, on the
night of July 1, 1520.

A few weeks after his triumphal entry into
the Aztec capital, the Spanish chief received by
courier letters from his lieutenant, Sandoval,
commanding the fortified town of Villa Rica on
the gulf of Campeachy. These letters acquainted
him with the growing defection of the Indians
and urged him to come at once to the defence of
the town and save it from falling into the hands
of the enemy. Cortes at once started to the de-
fence of Vera Cruz, intrusting to Pedro de Al-

varado the command of the troops in Mexico City.

While Cortes was engaged in quieting the disturbance at Vera Cruz, he received the astounding intelligence that the Aztecs, in revenge for a massacre of their elders by Alvarado's troops, threatened to annihilate the Spaniards. Returning by forced marches to Mexico City, Cortes discovered that unless the Spaniards could make their escape to the open country they were doomed to death. Summoning his officers to a council he represented to them the gravity and seriousness of their position. Cortes and his officers decided on evacuating the city, and in the quiet and darkness of the night of July 1, 1520, the Spaniards left the Court of Montezuma and began their retreat. The Aztec warriors and the inhabitants of Tenochtitlan, gathering to the number of forty or fifty thousand, attacked the retreating Spaniards and for five hours the avenue of escape was the theater of horror, massacre, bloodshed and cries of rage and of hideous confusion. When morning broke Cortes and a remnant of his brave companions had fought their way to the open country and to safety. They reached Popatla, a western suburb of the city, and here the Spanish chief called around him the broken fragments of his army and began to measure his losses. The review of his troops overwhelmed him with sadness and almost despair.

As their thinned and broken ranks defiled before him he missed many a brave officer and familiar face. Overcome with sorrow, he sought the shelter of a friendly tree and here, though at all other times master of his emotions, he buried his face in his hands and in tears surrendered to the anguish of his heart.

This happened four hundred years ago. The tree was then old, it is very old now and is one of the very great and historic attractions of Popatla—"The Place of Brooms." No stranger from abroad ever prepares to leave the City of Mexico until he has seen this wonderful relic, where President Huerta has his bungalow and transacted much of the business of state.

This "Tree of the Dismal Night" is an ahuehuete, a cypress, identical in kind with those in the royal park of Chapultepec still standing, the branches of which form a treillage for the Spanish moss, which renews itself every year. These

cypresses were hoary with age while yet the Spaniards fought the Moor, who conquered half the kingdom, and long before the boot of the mail-clad Castilian profaned the soil of Mexico. The "Tree of the Dismal Night" looks to-day as if it had experienced a hard fate. Its bark is thick and wrinkled with adversity and the tree itself is gnarled and knotted with welts and bruises. Sometime in the year 1882 a poor man with his wife and child on the way from San Angel to Mexico City, sought its shelter for the night and thoughtlessly kindled a fire beneath it that seriously burned its trunk. Thirty feet of its height have been carried away by lightning and many of its branches have withered. An iron railing now protects it from the profanation of tourists—Mexican respect for antiquity and national monuments is too sacred to demand protection for the country's archaic remains. Nothing, however, is too sacred to escape the vandalism of some American relic hunters, but they have lately discovered that this tree is not a good subject for their peculiar line of vulgar thieving. In February, 1905, one of these gentry was caught in the act of despoiling the tree of a part of its bark, when he was arrested by the village guard, hauled before the jefe-politico, the village magistrate, and fined five dollars for defacing a national monument.

The "Arbol Benito."

Not far from Popatla is Tacubaya, a most beautiful town, famed for its gorgeous huertas, or private gardens, belonging to wealthy families of Mexico who come here for recreation and rest. In the western extension of this delightful town stands the "Arbol Benito—The Blessed Tree." There is a charming legend lovingly twining itself around this beloved tree. It was a long time ago, as runs the story, and on a scorching hot day, a holy priest sat beneath this tree and in its cool shade rested and became refreshed. Therefore, as he went away, cooled and comforted, he paused, looked back and raising his hand thanked and blessed the friendly tree. He asked San Huberto, the patron of the woods, to bless it and forever keep it green. Straightway then gushed out from between its roots a cool and copious stream, which stream continues to flow to this day and keeps the beautiful tree always green and pleasant to look upon.

Within a few miles of Toluca grows "the tree of the little hands," so called because of the shape of its strange and unfamiliar flower. Toluca is the capital of the State of Mexico and is 8,600 feet above the level of the sea. Near the city is the extinct volcano of the Nevado, known to the Indians of the mountain by the aboriginal name of Xinantecatl. In the crater of this volcanic mountain there is a lake of intensely blue water, the center of which is a turbulent whirlpool.

A little more than two miles west of Toluca is the church of "Nuestra Senora de Tecajic—Our Lady of Tecajic," built by the Matlalzinca chief who was baptized Juan Cortes. The primitive church erected by the Indian chief was a slight building of wood and was replaced, probably in 1598, by a larger structure of stone. Here in a side chapel may be seen a very curious portable organ of Mexican manufacture and, in all likelihood, the first organ made in America. Here also is the painting representing the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin, done on coarse cotton-cloth, and for more than two hundred years venerated as a miraculous representation of the Assumption. Any time of an afternoon that you enter this church you will see men and women, Indian and Mexican maidens, and little children kneeling before this painting.

One morning, so the legend has it, Panchetta, a bright little Indian child, strayed away toward the mountain to gather flowers for an offering at the shrine of the Assumption. Late that afternoon her remains were found by an Indian wood-gatherer. She had been attacked by a Cougar or mountain-lion and all the flesh of her body eaten. The left arm alone was untouched and in the little hand were the flowers she had gathered for the Virgin's shrine. When the body was tenderly lifted from the ground the flowers fell from the hand. Then when summer came again the wood-gatherers saw here and there on the slope of the mountain, near where the body of Panchetta was found, wonderful flowers, unlike anything they had ever seen before. And when they came into Toluca to sell their bundles of wood, they told of the strange and beautiful flowers growing and budding near where the body of little Panchetta was found. Then the Cura—the Parish Priest—and the Alcalde and many of the people went out to see the flowers. Then they beheld a strange and wondrous thing, for lo! all the flowers were

as little hands with fingers and thumbs like unto the fingers and thumbs on the hands of little children. And these fragrant flowers grow there—and only there—to this day, and the stems on which they grow are like little trees. So that they are called "Los Arboles de Panchetta, or, de las Manitas—of the Little Hands."

W. R. H.

"One of the Old Style."

The Late Sister Barbara, Loreto Abbey,
Rathfarnham.

WHY is it that it is with a tone in which regret always is a prominent note that we hear uttered the phrase: "She was one of the old style"? It would seem as if there was a type of womanhood passing away for ever and a new one taking its place. Whether the coming type is a type of true womanhood or not is still discussed. Is it that we are afraid that we are too easily letting a form of human character go and getting in its stead not another form but a deform? At any rate, the old style had its peculiar charms, its old-world atmosphere, the passing away of which some of us are too old-fashioned enough to regret. Whatever went to make up the old style, whatever be its true value, when one who belonged to it leaves us for a world where they will surely find themselves more at home than here, we who admire it will be excused if there is paid to it a passing tribute.

"She was one of the old style" could in truth be said of Sister Barbara, in the world Miss Anne Reilly, who died some short while ago in Loreto Abbey, Rathfarnham. A century ago she was a child of three years of age, and Kilcock had been her home since her birth and in her early days. A hundred and three years was her time with us, and of that time some three-quarters of a century was spent as a lay-sister in God's service in the Loreto Institute. A kindly spirit to others, a motherly interest in them, whether as children at school or as young Religious in the same house, was the outstanding trait of her character. Her one aim after her effort to love God was to love her neighbour. Her name never appeared in subscription lists, or as taking part in any philanthropic society, or on the committee list of any social work, and so she would have ranked low

in the list of modern philanthropists. Yet her long years of unfailing gentleness towards others, of making their lives happier and brighter by her womanly character and her womanly sympathy, years begun before many who are now old were born, would place her high amongst those who had learnt well and practised the commandment—which was new when He gave it—"Love one another." Many a past child of Loreto will have felt the world was poorer when she heard of the death of Sister Barbara.

J. G.

Shakespearean Pageant.

Stratford Loreto Students Honour the "Bard of Avon."

"The play is the thing," so says Hamlet, and so we all said Tuesday evening as we watched the students of Loreto Academy play their parts in the garb of Shakespearean heroes and heroines.

The Pageant opened by a great glittering procession that moved slowly around the assembly hall to the strains of a stirring march. The characters massed themselves at one end of the hall, while "Public Opinion," or the spirit of "1914" (Miss Antoinette Kennedy) received the re-incarnated Shakespeare (Miss Dorothy Ridell) conjured back from Elysian Fields by rumours of the affair. This merry conversation followed:

Pub. Opinion: Why, Shakespeare,—*you* here to-night! one would think Elysian Fields were bliss enough for you.

Shak.: There are no laws in the Elysian Fields to prevent a man from visiting his birth-place; besides, I heard rumours of this affair and I want to see how they represent those Creations of my brain in those dim days of long ago in merrie England.

Pub. Opinion: But you must not gauge the world's appreciation of you by this school-girls' affair—in this remote hamlet—whose one title to recognition is that it bears the name of "Stratford on Avon."

Shak.: I always recognize merit *wherever* it is found. Are you one of my beautiful heroines? (You know, I was famous for my heroines.)

Pub. Opinion: Oh! no, I'm just "Public Opinion," the heroine of 1914 and all the coming

years. Now that you're here *do* tell us how you came to write those dramas. Was it "poetic license" that prompted you to write everything that came into your brain? Was it to entertain the world? To teach it? Or to show your scorn of it? Was it to win fame or to make a living? Or just because you couldn't help it?

Shak.: One must make a living, you know—besides there were no "Copyright Laws" in those days! People at that time never questioned the "sources of the play"—the stage critic was an unknown quantity.

Pub. Opinion: Well, why did you never make a hero?

Shak. A hero? Because I failed to *be* one.

Pub. Opinion: Yes, but the world always looks on you as one—the one who gave us all these masterpieces!

Shak.: Masterpieces! Ah, but a man's *own* life must be his masterpiece! Mine was not—that's why I'm here to-night. With *you* for a heroine I might write something worth while—deserving of a worthier, loftier immortality, but—

"This vision of the past!—what spell sublime!

What effort like the backward glance of Time
Hath borne ye hither? Passionate still and
hung

Round with enchantment, like the days of yore
When Joy was one large dream! and life no
more."

This pageant has bewildered me! I'm afraid of my own "shadows."

Pub. Opinion: Shadows! They're the dazzling scintillations of your brain. Your rich legacy to the world which has won for you a niche in our hearts, and a pedestal in our halls.

Some facetious replies from the poet ended with his being conducted to a pedestal, from which he smiled down on the glowing faces that sang out, "Thus shall it be done unto the man whom we all delight to honour" (Oratorio of Queen Esther).

His pedestal was not too comfortable, for he soon left it for an easy chair while the various characters were presented to him: Julius Cæsar (G. Gaffney), Calpurnia (M. McIlhargey), Marc Antony (V. Duggan), Conne the poet (M. Coughlin), Brutus (M. Kemp), Cassius (A. McCarthy), won a royal smile as he gazed at them

—"the eye is not filled with seeing" fain would I hear them speak. The wish of the Poet was the law of the evening, so a few scenes from the various plays were enacted, and unusual applause followed Brutus' speech.

The next group presented was "MacBeth": Duncan (M. Carbert), MacBeth (V. Carbert), Lady MacBeth (M. Kearns), Malcolm (T. Longeway), the Witches (J. Dillon, M. Kelleher, and M. Dolan). The moonlight scene from the "Merchant of Venice" was delightfully given by Miss Marie Egan as Lorenzo, M. Holman as Jessica, Nerissa (A. Kennedy), the Doge of Venice (A. McDonald), while Portia's plea for mercy was well spoken by G. Kelley. The dazzling Cleopatra (M. O'Brien), Charmian (Lilis Flanagan), the dainty Desdemona (K. Kennedy), elicited an exclamation of delight. The bewitching Juliet (N. Brisson), the sighing Romeo (M. Kennedy), the cynical Hamlet (M. Keyes), in his aspect of brooding melancholy, was enough to make the spectators laugh. While the exquisite Ophelia (Annie Malone) told her litany of flowers, "pansies that's for thought, there's rue for you and here's a daisy, I would give you violets but," etc.; Horatio (M. Dowling), Cardinal Wolsey (B. Cummins), in his speech well-nigh affected the poet to tears. The disdainful Beatrice (H. Golden), Cobweb and Ariel (M. Dillon), the dutiful Cordelia (Violet Culliton), the princes in the tower "Clarence and Arthur" (M. Moriarity and C. Glavin), Prince Edward (A. Quirk), acted well their parts.

"As You Like It," a merry interlude, was the triumph of the evening. Jacques' cynical wit, Touchstone's wise "saws" lent piquancy to the affair, while Phoebe, charming Phoebe, poured out her love to the amusement of the audience. Rosalind, of course, was superbly portrayed by G. Sydney-Smith, while Orlando (M. O'Neill) was a great hero—and looked it; the devoted Celia (A. Storye), the winsome Audrey (M. O'Brien), the banished Duke (G. Meagher), the repentant Oliver (M. McGinnus), won admiration. Miss A. McConnell as Oberon, King of the Fairies, Puck (C. Kemp), his prime minister, Irene McNab as Titania, and her train of fairies (Moth, Peasblossom, Moonshine, Cricket), lured us away to a Midsummer Night's Dream. The Fairy Prince (Lyn Smith) blew his horn to

summon Moonshine to the revels, while Sylvius (Marcella Roach), "thought it a most pleasant task to glean the broken ears after the reaper."

The tragedy of Richard II. was well represented by Madeline O'Donohue, the deposed King, Queen Isabelle (G. Fisher), the Duke of York (B. O'Donnell), the Duke of Lancaster (M. White), the Duke Aumerle (L. Longeway), the ambitious Bolingbroke (A. Burke), the Bishop of Carlisle (A. Longeway).

Richard III. Lady Anne (M. Malloy), Perdition (F. Duggan), Prince Florizel (H. Moir), Hermia (L. Kennedy), Hermione (I. Casselton).

The characters were so good it was hard to decide the prizes. However, "there's a divinity that shapes our ends," and there were three divines, Reverend Father Egan, Reverend Father Lowry, Reverend Father Gleeson, to award the prizes, which went to Shakespeare (D. Riddell), Brutus (M. Kemp), MacBeth (Vera Carvert), the Duke of York (B. O'Donnell).

Historical accuracy of costume was made possible through the kindness of Mr. Barnett, who afforded us a peep at his literary clothes-line.

Stratford Herald.

Cork.

"In Erin's green Isle lies a city entrancing,

No city more beauteous in emerald clad;

Pure gold from the West, where the bright sun is
sinking,

Reflects on its verdure in harmony glad."

SITUATED in the midst of a deep valley, in the fair regions of the "Sunny South," is Cork, or, as the poet Spenser once styled it, "the fayre cytie by the Lee." It was once the capital city of Ireland, but the inevitable hand of Time intervening, wrought many changes since then, and, as a sequence, we hear Dublin spoken of to-day as the "capital of Ireland," while Cork, falling a victim to the ravages of time, no longer ranks as first, but quietly takes its place as the third city of importance in Ireland, having a population of some 80,000 people.

In order to describe the scenery of Cork, the beauty and loveliness of which are unanimously acknowledged and applauded, one needs to be a

very impartial judge, as, when shouting our eulogies of the place in which we first saw the light of day, we are rather apt to embellish, or, shall we say, overrate, the beauties of nature and the splendour and magnificence of our environment.

The River Lee, upon which the City of Cork is built, rises in a small stream in the midst of the Gougane Barra mountains, and flowing eastward in a winding course, eventually finds an outlet at the mouth of Cork Harbour, which, after Sydney, in Southern Australia, is unanimously acknowledged to be the finest in the whole world.

The city itself abounds in sacred edifices—the beautiful Dominican Church of St. Mary's is a perfect specimen of Grecian architecture and contains the miraculous image of "Our Lady of Graces," which is enshrined on the altar of our Lady of the Rosary, and which was an object of pious pilgrimage in ages past—its ancient home being the Dominican Convent of Youghal, some miles from Cork.

On a lofty eminence (on the north of the city) stands "Our Lady's Mount," the home and famous "North Monastery" schools of the Christian Brothers. In the little cemetery attached to the picturesque grounds, lie the remains of the sweet Limerick poet and author of "The Collegians," Gerald Griffin.

Another beautiful edifice of the city is St. Finbar's Protestant Cathedral, whose architecture is French Gothic, and which occupies the site of the first Catholic Church ever erected in Cork, and over which St. Finbar himself presided. Its spires are said to be as high as Shandon steeple, and are to be seen for miles around towering high over a babel of roofs and chimney-tops, as if in defiance of some approaching enemy.

Not far off is the Church of the Holy Trinity—one of the largest of the Capuchin Order—the priests of which are celebrated for their untiring zeal and indefatigable energy in endeavoring to mitigate the terrible evil of intemperance. The Vincentian, Secular, and St. Francis Capuchin Orders have churches scattered throughout the city, which can likewise boast of a great number of convents—notably those of the Sisters of Charity, the Bon Secours, the Sisters of Mercy, the Ursulines and the Good Shepherd.

The mention of the last-named recalls to memory the wonderful miracles worked by the child-saint, "Little Nellie of Holy God," who breathed her last under the roof of the Good Shepherd Convent some two or three years ago. It would be trespassing on time and space to give an account of this holy child whom God was pleased to take to Himself at the early age of four and one-half years. Away from the strife and turmoil of the outer world—in a secluded part of the beautiful little convent cemetery—are placed the remains of "Little Nellie," and scarcely a day passes without some cure being wrought through her intercession to God, Who was pleased to bestow upon Ireland the great privilege of giving another saint to heaven.

It is to be regretted that Cork cannot boast of many grand public buildings, nor is it endowed with a great many places of amusement, but, it must be excused on the grounds that the latter are at least in proportion to the size and population of the city. The court-house, erected after an old Grecian style of architecture is, indeed, a very fine building, as also is the City Hall, which is not long in existence. The Opera House, another fine structure, a few minutes' walk from Patrick Street—the principal street of the city—can hold its own with any in the United Kingdom. Since the craze for cinematography has come into public favour, Cork has by no means taken a back seat, and can boast of some half-dozen or more picture houses, which would be hard to surpass for luxury and comfort. The only music-hall the city can boast of is known as the "Palace," which is very cosily fitted up, and is largely patronized by lovers of the "variety" programmes.

Who that has heard of Cork has not, too, heard of Shandon—and its world-renowned bells? Ah! are they not synonymous terms? Their fame has reached the farthest corners of the earth and has penetrated into the uncivilized regions of the world. The Church of Shandon, called in the sixteenth century, "Santa Maria in Monte," and at that time a Catholic parish church, is now in the hands of the Protestants. Towering high above the city, it commands a magnificent view of the surrounding country, which, viewed from the lofty height above, appears no larger than the proverbial "speck" on the surface of a vast ocean.

Father Prout, the great poet-priest of the South—born in Gerald Griffin Street, Cork, New Year's Eve, 1805, wrote many beautiful poems on the glory of the Shandon bells. But, even to the prejudiced mind, no pen-picture, no matter how graphic, can ever do full justice to their indescribable charm and melodiousness.

Not a great many miles from Cork is Doneraile, the scene of the life and labours of the world-renowned Canon Sheehan, whose novels are the subject of such admiration to-day, and whose name will ever be mentioned with love and reverence by those with whom he came in contact, through his books and otherwise.

The suburbs of Cork City, which are for the most part, very thickly populated, are noted for their extremely beautiful scenery. Sunday's Well, in the vicinity of which is the Mardyke, where the International Football Matches are played, is one of the prettiest spots in Munster, and has been the theme of many a poet's verse. A few miles from Cork is Blarney, from which the old castle there derives its name. In summer it is much frequented by tourists, mostly Americans, who deem it ill-luck to leave Ireland without kissing the famous "stone," which is deeply embedded in the side of the old ruin, now thickly covered with ivy and creeper.

To bring this article to a termination without the mention of one more outstanding feature would be detrimental to the reputation of the southern city. The Queen's College, Cork, or, as it is now called, since its inauguration a couple of years ago, "The National University of Ireland," has served to open up the city to a remarkable extent. It is picturesquely situated on the western side of the Lee, while the electric tramway passing by renders it convenient for students to attend.

Cork can boast of being the birthplace of many famous men in the world of art and letters. In the former, Hogan, the glorious Irish sculptor; Barry, Maclise, Grogan, Shiel, etc., etc., not forgetting John Field, the originator of the Nocturne, and who spent most of his life in St. Petersburg, where he died (Co. Cork born).

"See Venice and die" is a phrase familiar to all, but it might well be reapplied, especially in reference to the subject of this little sketch—"See Cork and die."

CATHLEEN SHEEDY.

Letter-Box.

KRUKOW KANAL, 11 Kb 33.
ST. PETERSBURG, RUSSIA.

DEAREST MOTHER:

We are having some terrible weather, rainy and sloppy—not to mention the awful mud covering the streets. It is a change from tidy Dresden, in real earnest. You will be glad to know that, in spite of all of this, I am taking long walks every day; two of us decided that if we are to keep healthy the only way is to walk, so right after dinner we have arranged to walk for at least an hour. When we came back to-day, Mr. H—— was here and also my accompanist, the former has been looking for rooms—they purposed raising his room rent 30 roubles, but, when they saw he was going to move, they reconsidered, and the chances are he will stay there, after all. Ben P—— was over the other night and several of the other students and we arranged to study a little French together—I don't know whether our good resolutions will hold out or not.

You remember the Russian girl, Miss C——. She is in the same pension as Carrodus. They asked several of us over there the other evening and we had a very giddy time. If you ever saw Carrodus doing silly stunts on the fiddle you would laugh yourself ill. He has had an offer to go into the music-halls, and, I am sure, if he went he would do splendidly. He is quite as clever as any I have ever seen in that line. When he plays, for instance, "Beautiful Garden of Roses" *con molto sentimento*, and glances thrillingly around at us, one sees he could do his love-making to the whole audience and properly impress any vaudeville audience. The temperament he puts into these absurd things and the expression is enough to burn up a snow pile.

I started reading a German play last night,—this streak of application seems almost too good to last, don't you think so?

Thelma G—— was in to see me to-day, and imagine, they pay 95 roubles just for their room. She says it is quite lovely. I shall probably call and see her to-morrow. She doesn't live very far from me.

Good night, mummy dear. I shall post this on the way to church to-morrow. There is such a convenient Mass at 9.30, that I always attend. High Mass is at 11.30. I went once but it was too crowded.

* * * * *

This morning I had a letter from Nicola (Miss Thomas) and such a sweet picture of herself that looks like a pretty old-fashioned Southern belle; has she sent you one? You must ask her for one, if she has not.

Last night Miss C——, Carrodus and Ben were here and they played (I mean Carrodus and Ben) Spohr duets, then we had a trio and improvised, thinking ourselves great geniuses when we succeeded in strumming out a waltz.

* * * * *

I did nothing but get interrupted yesterday with this letter till I was distracted, so sent off a post-card this morning to let you know I was all right.

C—— phoned he had forgotten to take a book I promised to lend him and might he come and get it, saying he would come about eight; then he phoned again to say he was going to bring peroginies (you don't know what they are, but they are the most gorgeous fat cakes that one can only get in Russia). So in he came with a big parcel of these things in one hand, and a bunch of flowers in the other (please, do not get specially excited: Miss C—— had sent the flowers, and they are lovely). Then he was balancing a music-case between the flowers and the parcel and beaming cherubically. The others in the pension came in and we managed (four of us) to eat a most extraordinary lot of these cakes and had tea, then some music and the very jolliest sort of an evening.

I have decided to play with Madam Stein (Prof. Auer's accompanist). I had thought at first that I was not ready for her but she is willing to accept me and is a wonderful help. I shall get one practice in before my lesson, and then regularly, at least once a week.

Thelma G—— was in for a minute to-day and told me that Rachele had made a wonderful improvement, so I am quite anxious to hear her.

My staccato is the balkiest thing, but once in a while it really does go, so I must be on the right track.

I have just sent a letter off to Paris to some one who got my address from Prof. Auer and wanted information about rooms in Petersburg. I was just settled practising when an American lady dropped in, with her daughter—they had only arrived and wanted rooms. I could not spare the time to go around with them and advised them to get a guide with whom they could hunt up rooms. They had got my address from the American Consul and had come to this pension, but here they are completely filled up. It does seem as if one might exert oneself to do something for others, but I really can't afford the time to go around with them.

* * * * *

I went to see *Carmen* the other night. Some-time ago we bought tickets for a series of concerts, mostly Russian Operas. *Carmen* was well done; the acting though was much finer than the singing. The next one in the series will be Eugene Onegin, by Tschaikowsky. I am, of course, anxious to hear it.

In spite of the constant rain, for the last few weeks, we have done our walking, going out stolidly for a good hour every day after dinner.

* * * * *

To-day I gave an English lesson, to-morrow is Russian, and Bizi Novi, I haven't had time to study it much.

I had a post-card from Rachele, wanting me to go up Saturday night. It appears they have a plan of meeting every week and giving a musical programme. It ought to do us all good.

Barbara T—— has a sore throat and had the doctor, and I know it is because she doesn't go out enough. I gave her a lecture about it. I am feeling so much better since I began my daily walks.

Mr. H—— was in to-night, on his way to the Marinsky Theater. He has given me some very good pointers about technique, which I am using. Really Sevcik's ways of practising are excellent. I do so hope you will find my work satisfactory when you hear me play.

Pasha (the maid here) talks Russian to me by the hour (that is, if I let her). She is bound, I think, that I will understand something of the language, if it is only for the pleasure it gives her to gossip.

I have just been playing with Madam Stein and I am so glad I decided to do so. She is a splendid help and it does do me good to have a really fine accompanist. My day is to be Wednesday, at 4.30, every week.

Yesterday I went to the class at the Conservatory and just got there in time to hear Heyfitz play the Kreutza Sonata of Beethoven. I wish you could hear him. One cannot believe the perfection of his playing until one actually hears and sees him. I was talking afterwards to him. and he is such a sweet, unaffected kiddy, and besides, he has the most wonderful face—he is absolutely beautiful. Little Seydel, the other wunderkind, played Paganini Concerto, but, to me, he does not show any special improvement. Prof. Auer was much excited, trying to make him understand what he wanted, threw a chair down and stamped his foot, calling madly at him. Then, a little wee thing, who does not look as big as Eleanor Warde when I last saw her, played a Mozart Concerto; he is the littlest scrap and so very talented. A girl—who was very nervous and not very brilliant—played Spohr, and then I left.

At dinner I could not touch the menu here, it was *brains*, and if my life depended upon it I could not taste it, so we went to the Café Vienne, that is the very nicest restaurant, where one gets a wonderful meal for 75 kopeks.

* * * * *

I have had dinner and been for a walk and practised and was doing trills, and I am just stopping a minute to rest my hand. I am invited up to Miss B——'s to-night for tea, but shall come home very early and go to bed, as my lesson will be to-morrow, at 2.30.

* * * * *

I have been simply upset at not getting a letter off sooner to you, and, in desperation, got off that post-card. I shall try and remember the things I have been doing this week, just to show you how busy I have been. First, of course, Monday there was my lesson and I played one Dont étude and then the whole of the Spohr Gesangscene. It was not too bad. Monday night I heard the Tschaiïkowsky opera, "Eugene Onegin," and I did like it very much. It is so pretty and so full of melody. There is a most

gorgeous ball scene and very beautifully costumed.

I can't think what on earth I did Tuesday, but, Wednesday I went to the bank and, in the afternoon, did not go to the class because I wanted to practise, and, what do you think? After class over dropped Ben and Mr. H——, and do you think I could get rid of them? Not at all; they just stayed and stayed, then Mr. H—— suggested that we all go out and have tea with him. I said I had to practise, thinking, surely, they would go, but no, indeed; they stayed so long it was 9.30 and I was hungry, so they began saying, "Well, of course, I do not notice any very striking invitation to tea," and I said, "I am not going to invite you to tea." Later, I said, "You have stayed so long, I suppose you might as well have some tea." By the time we made the tea it was late enough, I assure you. Every time since that they have phoned I have stated most decidedly I was practising, and refused to let them come at all.

* * * * *

I had a very busy time at my last lesson yesterday. In addition to the Spohr, went through two movements of the Vieuxtemps Concerto (with many interruptions), and I am to play it at the first party (Recital) at Prof. Auer's, which is only a few days away now. The master showed me, too, how my new piece went. It is the Suite of Ries and has five movements. You know it. One of the movements is the Moto Perpetuo.

Last night I heard Zimbalist and, of course, liked him very much. He played quite a novel programme, including his own arrangement of "Old Folks at Home," all on the G string.

Did I tell you about the student parties? Rachelle gave the first one, and I played the Spohr. I am to have the next one to-morrow. There will be fourteen students, including myself and some of the mothers; most of the students will play. I shall not, as I am hostess and it will be necessary to have one calm person. This is the programme:

1. Spohr (Concerto No. II.) first movement...
MISS BARBARA TREAT.
2. Vitali (Concerto), Slow movement.....
MISS RACHELLE COPELAND.

3. Chopin—Auer—Nocturne
MISS RHODA BACKHOUSE.
4. Dvorak Concerto—first two movements....
MR. DAVID HOCHSTEIN.
5. (a) Chopin—Nocturne, E flat.....
(b) Pugnani—Prelude and Allegro.....
MISS GRETA VON SILEN.
6. Sinding (Suite), first two movements.....
MR. NEUSCHELLER.
7. Tschaïkowsky—Sérénade Mélancolique
MISS THELMA GIVEN.
8. Paganini Concerto in D.....
MR. RUDOLF LARSEN.
9. Saint Saëns Concerto, B minor, first
movement
MR. LEONARD CARRODUS.

The next party will be at Greta's, and I am going to play my Vieuxtemps number.

I have just come home from the Auer and Essipova Sonata evening (concert). It was simply splendid. First, there were two Sonatas, by Schumann and Schubert, then the César Franck, and last, the Kreutzer of Beethoven. It was really wonderful and, I assure you, despite his years, Auer can still play some; his bow arm is simply marvellous. You could not imagine anything like the flowers, wreaths and baskets and all sorts of decorations. I never in my life saw such gorgeous flowers and in such quantities.

* * * * *

Are you having snow in Toronto? We have lots and lots of it with splendid sleighing, and the little wee sleighs look so cute; they are so tiny that one feels almost on the ground when driving in them. You never saw anything like the way the Esvortschiks (phonetic spelling) are bundled up. They start bundling up, I judge, the first of November, and I don't think they ever change their clothes or—between you and me—even take them off at all till, perhaps, March, and—did you know?—the more fashionable the equipage, the more clothes the driver has on till the very swell ones cannot get down out of the carriage, but must be lifted out.

I must tell you of the doings this week—the Heyftiz Recital was last Friday. It was, of course, extraordinary, and the enthusiasm—well—even here I think I have never seen anything to equal it. At his concert was that other wonder

child, Ferrari, the six-year-old conductor, who, it is claimed, is equal to or better than the famous Nikisch. Monday we went to hear "The Meistersinger," but it was done so badly—probably the Dresden performances spoiled us—that we got out after the second act. Tuesday was our Musicale evening at Greta's. It was most successful. Greta is with her aunt, and they have the most beautiful apartment you ever saw—very large and roomy. We had an enjoyable dance afterwards. The Swedes are most delightful people, very charming and so hospitable. I shall try and write the programme:

1. Faust Fantaisie*Wienawski*
MISS GRETA VON SILEN.
2. (a) Carrodus, Four Little Miniatures...
(b) Wienawski, Polonaise, D Major....
MR. LEONARD CARRODUS.
3. Bruck, first movement, Concerto, D Minor
MISS RHODA BACKHOUSE.
4. (a) Chopin—Auer—Litanisches Lied ...
(b) Fiocco, Allegro
MISS BEATRICE HOSBRUGH.
5. Händel—Sonata, A major
MISS BARBARA TREAT.
6. Lalo—Andante and Rondo, Symphonie
Espagnole
MR. RUDOLF LARSEN.
7. Paganini—Concerto, D major.....
MISS THELMA GIVEN.
8. Tschaïkowsky—Canzonetta and Al-
legro Concerto
MR. BENJAMIN PALEY.
9. Vieuxtemps—Adagio—Allegro Marziale...
MISS JULIA O'SULLIVAN.
10. Bach—Chaconne
MR. DAVID HOCHSTEIN.

To-day I had a lesson—brought the Ries Suite, but Auer wanted to hear the Vieuxtemps Concerto and was quite annoyed I had not brought the violin part with me; fortunately, I had the piano part and an Englishman, Mr. Collingwood, a pupil of Glazounow, played it with me. I began the last movement, I thought, quite fast enough. Auer stopped me, saying, "That is all right for practising, but I want to hear it played"; and it went at tip-top speed, I assure you. But the Professor was satisfied and said

it would be all right for his party (Recital). So, mother dear, wish me luck.

* * * * *

The exciting party (Prof. Auer's pupils' Recital) is over and it was not half so terrible as I thought, and, do you know, I played better than I ever hoped to do because under such trying circumstances it is certainly an ordeal, but all the difficult passages came out clearly and it went ever so much better than at Greta's. Every one thinks there is an enormous improvement since last year. Prof. Auer was very well satisfied with all of us and considered the programme (practically the same as at Greta's) quite exceptional. He patted me on the shoulder and said, "A little nervous, perhaps, but very good."

At the next party (Recital) all the new pupils will likely play, and we others will be sitting back at our ease, criticising their efforts. They are of all ages and the majority English; one boy is from Australia.

* * * * *

Last night we attended the big concert, Mecklenberg directing the Orchestra, with Auer as soloist. The whole programme was devoted to Beethoven. I never expect to hear anything like it again. Auer played superbly—with no excuses necessary for his age (you know he is almost seventy) or for the fact that it was Auer. It was just magnificent. He had a most tremendous ovation and played the Romance in F for an encore. Mecklenberg, of course, was wonderful. I think he is the finest conductor I have heard. He is a Dutchman and splendid-looking.

I had a lesson to-day and am more than satisfied with it. I brought the Viotto—the first movement of it—and the last two parts of the Ries Suite. He did not have time for all the Ries, but you should have heard his lesson on the Gondoliera. It was enchanting. He would strike an attitude, very ardent, and strum on an imaginary guitar while he would sing away most thrillingly, his expressive eyes full of tender appeal. It was lovely and he was trying for all he was worth to make me play "con molto espressione."

* * * * *

Some of our Christmas happenings may interest you. First of all, Christmas Eve all the

pupils were invited to the Hosbrughs', and such a happy time as we had playing games and reviving our childhood days! Then a few of us who were invited went to the pension, where the Givens reside, for dinner at midnight. There were about 'steen courses, including, of course, turkey and plum pudding. Dinner was not furnished until three a. m., then we danced until four o'clock or so, when more refreshments were served—some delicious ice cream, fruit and nuts. We did not leave until about half past six, and, as we were walking past St. Isaac's Church (that is the wonderful Russian Cathedral) some one suggested that we go in, as they have a special service at six a. m. on Christmas Day (remember, Russian Calendar is 13 days behind). Accordingly, we went in and remained a short time, then all started for home while I went to my own little church and was just in time for the half past seven o'clock Mass. I did not reach home until half past eight when, I assure you, I was ready for bed. Never was there a more exciting time—and perhaps never shall I have a similar opportunity. I heard the others remained up till noon. Did you ever hear anything to equal that? But such parties are possible only once a year and Russians always do stay up later than any other people. I wish you had been here to see how Russians enjoy themselves. It is worth seeing.

Mme. Stein had a tea, Thursday. It was very nice and Prof. Auer came in late. L—— gave a party for Miss T——'s sister, Friday, and that closes the Christmas gaieties. I have said, absolutely, no more going out—"little Jilly stays to hum."

A wonderful box of candies was given me yesterday, supposed to be the best in Russia. It came all the way from Harcov.

Best love, mother dear, to you and all at home and to inquiring friends.

JULIA.

HÔTEL BELLEVUE, DRESDEN, SAXONY.

MY DEAR SISTER:

If intentions were deeds or if thoughts could result in letters, then you would suffer from a surfeit of epistles, for scarcely a day has passed in which you have not been mentioned as the "very next" to be communicated with. But as

we seem to have been looking through a rapidly revolving kaleidoscope and as each successive picture was so beautiful, I would say, "Oh, we must not write that letter for a while—there will be so much more to tell." And so the scenes rapidly came and went, while we waited for the grand coup.

It has come. Yes, surely! I have seen one of the very few objects the sight of which searches into the soul of one and lifts the tired spirit—and mine has been *so* tired lately—out of depression's depths almost to the plane of Eternity. It is the Sistine Madonna, that canvas from out of which the girl Mother and the Infant Christ look into depths not seen by mortal eyes. The young Mother holds her Babe so tenderly and the pliant little body of the latter curves with the position and the lovely head leans—it does not nestle—against the ear of the Mother. Both have a brooding expression, intense yet resigned, sad yet unafraid, and one imagines the darling Infant has just said, "Yes, gentle Mother, the shadow of the Cross lies there beyond but you have Me and I have you—and the Father will help us both!" It is literally a sermon on canvas, and the room in which it alone is exhibited is as still as a church, the only sounds to break the silence being whispers of admiration—perhaps, indeed, of adoration.

This picture was talked of and dreamed of by us ever since we arrived in Germany, and we wondered if we would find it equal to the "Madonna della Sedia" in Florence. It is far more inspiring. The "della Sedia" is perfect, as, of course, all of Raphael's are, but the expression is so different in the two pictures. The Mother of the Chair has a human mother's expression and the Child's face partakes of it. They foresee—or perhaps humanly feel—danger, and are timid, and one feels sorrow in one's heart for the sensitive Virgin and her helpless little One; but, in the Sistine picture the expression seems to look beyond and over the life of sacrifice and over the Passion and Death into the glorious Resurrection.

We went straight to this room, looking neither to right nor left at the other pictures on our way, as we wished the first impression in the gallery to be made by Raphael's masterpiece, and our intention was to linger amongst the other gems

after worshipping at that shrine. But our hearts and minds were full. None of the others—not even Murillo—had any attraction, and we left the Museum for that day, humbly thankful that the Hand which guided Raphael's brush, had also led our steps here.

There are, as you know, other figures in the picture—St. Sixtus on the right and St. Barbara on the left and the well-known Raphael's cherubs at the bottom, but though all are perfect, the central figures alone focus the attention. One could wish that nothing else were on the canvas but, I presume, the Benedictines in Piacenza, for whom the picture was painted, made it part of the contract that the patron saint of their church—St. Sixtus—should be represented, so, of course, another must needs be introduced to maintain a balance.

The background of the picture consists of cherub's heads which are so delicately put in to form clouds that a photographic process scarcely reproduces them.

Next to Raphael's Sistine Madonna, Correggio's "Holy Night" is my favourite here. It is his masterpiece, and one realizes the Divinity united to humanity in the Babe as soon as the eye rests upon the canvas. All the wonderful light emanates from the little body, and the woman at the back is holding up her hand as if half blinded by the strength of its rays. I have heard of sermons in stones—we are seeing them on canvas!

Dresden is a lovely city, thoroughly European in appearance, but possessing the virtue of cleanliness—a quality which is not characteristic of cities over here though Germany prides herself upon her civic neatness. The cathedral is very imposing from the outside but is a disappointment interiorly, being very bare and time-worn.

The King of Saxony and the Royal Family were present at Mass yesterday, and though we tried to forget their presence, we were only human and yielded several times to distractions, which they certainly did not invite, being most unostentatious and devout.

Our hotel faces the Elbe on one side, and on the other, theater platz, around which are grouped the opera house, the theater, cathedral—joined to the Palace by a covered stone bridge—the wonderful gallery with the pic-

ture of pictures, and other fine buildings. We are enjoying the life here and would like to remain but other places call, so we shall leave in about a week for Vienna, by way of Augsburg, Weimar, Nuremburg, Munich, and Oberammergau, where we shall stay a few days with the dear people again.

We heard wonderful music in Berlin and were fortunate enough to secure places for the first performance of *Parsifal* in the Royal Opera House, which was selected by the Kaiser, Kaiserin, Crown Prince and Crown Princess. Babe was much amused by the evident boredom of the Crown Prince, who acted like a tired child and yawned and twisted about a great deal. We sat behind him, a few nights later, in a theater where "The Merchant of Venice" was being produced. Again he deported himself like a boy, but a very pleased one, this time, and laughed and applauded generously. Of course, there are strained political—and probably domestic—relations between him and the Kaiser all the time, and he naturally does not enjoy too much of papa's company.

We have some dear friends in Berlin at whose summer house in Norway the Kaiser frequently visits. If we return north we shall have the honor of meeting him.

Au revoir.

ANNIE.

COLEGIO DE LA B. V. M.,
MADRID, SPAIN.

DEAR M. M. F.—

This term was for us the least eventful of the year, consequently, it is difficult to find matter for an interesting letter to the RAINBOW.

Our long vacation lasted three months, during which time we were scattered in all directions—some to the south of France, others to the north of Spain, others to the Sierras, but all, or nearly all, away from Madrid, seeking cool breezes, and change from the dusty capital.

Classes were resumed on the second of October, but, long as the vacation had been, many did not return for the opening day, as the weather was beautifully fine, and they took advantage of it as long as it lasted.

When we reassembled, many familiar faces were missing, but the places of those whose

school-days are over were quickly filled by newcomers. Such is life! The former played their part upon the (school) stage, and the latter now come on and begin theirs, to be succeeded, later, by others.

Our numbers have already reached the magic *hundred*. We are delighted to be so numerous—bright and gay—realizing that school-days are indeed the happiest days.

The great event of this term was the arrival of our venerated and much-loved Mother Provincial, whose coming was hailed with unfeigned joy by all. We love to have her once more in sunny Spain—after a year spent in Ireland—for she is so kind and sympathetic.

All here are most enthusiastic about cricket—even if hard knocks are given; it is a fascinating game, and we enjoy it immensely. We had an interesting match lately. The play ran high; we scored 238, and our opponent, 230.

Our cricket-ground is on an elevated level at the back of the College, where the clear, pure air blows fresh from the Guadarrama, and we return from our games in high spirits, ready for anything for the rest of the day.

One of the winter sports which Madrid people enjoy is to make an excursion to Navacerrada—a mountain covered with snow during eight months of the year. Fancy this in Spain!

Nearly all of us have skis and sleighs, in the use of which some are quite expert. We have a glorious time during these expeditions. I am sure Canadians would enjoy such sports, so, if any should visit Madrid in winter, we would be happy to introduce them to our winter pastimes.

Next term I hope to send a more interesting letter to readers of the RAINBOW.

ANGELITA DE LA TORRE Y PARRAS.

QUEENSLAND, AUSTRALIA.

DEAR M. M. F.—

My letter to-day will be descriptive of some of the animals found in the Australian *bush*, as the woods here are called. There are none of the familiar types met with in other parts of the world. Instead of these there are marsupials only—kangaroos, wallabies, opossums, and the duck-billed platypus. Australia, a land which,

long since cut off from the rest of the world, has developed types of plants and animals all its own; a country that has now reached a stage of development at which Europe had arrived centuries ago, stands alone.

The kangaroo and wallaby—the latter a smaller kind of kangaroo, with long hind feet and short fore limbs, upright posture, erect ears, rat-like muzzle and long flattened tail—are known to every colonist. There are red and gray kangaroos, and brown and black wallabies. Kangaroos are not numerous where we live, but wallabies are—and they are most destructive. Everything must be wire-netted, even young fruit-trees, as they eat the bark. In the early morning and evening we often watch them cropping the grass in the paddocks. It is remarkable to see them rise to their full height and scan the horizon, resting on a tripod, the hind feet and the tail. One little “joey” is produced at a birth, and it is conveyed to a pouch—merely a fold of skin—in which the mother carries it for six months. After two months it leaves the automatic feeder, occasionally, to crop the grass, and jumps into the pouch at the least noise. The wallaby presents a comical appearance jumping along, with a little head peeping out of the pouch. By this time the “running” joey, as the colonists say, may weigh six pounds. All kangaroos are very timid, but, if shot at, they sit upright, perfectly still, as if paralyzed by the sound. They look very pretty, dancing and playing together, and, no doubt, if those who invent the modern dances saw them, we should hear of the “wallaby” dance.

The tree-kangaroo is found in North Queensland. It is distinguished by its long, prehensile tail. Like the cat it falls on its feet. It does not, like monkeys, swing from branch to branch by its tail, which is carried upright and not as by other kangaroos, and aids its owner in balancing.

The rat-kangaroos, which are destructive in our gardens, are characterized by round ears and scaly tails. They do not leap like their namesakes but run swiftly on all fours.

Another interesting animal is the native bear or koola, with its bushy ears and thick gray and brown fur. I often see them munching gum leaves, which are their food—they die without

them. Only the old koola goes about during the day. Once a young cub came down from its sleeping-place and an old koola emerged from the *bush* and ordered it back again, in the bear language. When sleeping, the bears sit on a branch with their arms around the tree. To hear them at night you would think that a lot of pigs were grunting.

The duck-billed platypus also lives in this land of wonders. While walking along a creek, at sundown, I saw what I thought was a little dog taking a bath, but, when I noticed the bill and webbed feet, I remained perfectly still to watch it for the platypus is very timid and only seen in quiet spots. The hind feet are made for tunneling, and the tunnel always connects with some creek. The prevailing colour of the outer fur is dark brown, but the fur underneath is of lighter hue. The platypus lays eggs and suckles its young.

In a future letter I shall tell you about other animals I have seen in the land where some authors say that the birds have no song and the flowers no scent. This is a great untruth. Those authors never went for a tramp in the Australian *bush*.

Au revoir.

LUCILLE BUCHANAN.

Love's Day.

Ah Love! when the morn softly stealeth
From behind the hills of night,
May you be a-near to salute me, dear,
In the shadowy, misty light.

And all through the day's passing hours, Love,
May the tender thought of you
Ambrosia be, for the soul of me,
To sustain, make me strong and true.

Then, Love, when the twilight is falling,
And the wearisome day is through,
May you be a-near for the words of cheer
From a heart that will still beat true.

Life is short, and our brother-men are, like ourselves, very imperfect. It is best to judge all charitably, to resent nothing too bitterly, to forgive much, and to smile over many things.

School Chronicle.

Loreto Convent, Niagara Falls.

Our Chronicle for last issue was closed before the beautiful and impressive ceremony of Reception of the Children of Mary took place in December. Reverend Father Chestnut, C. M., officiated and delivered an excellent and appropriate sermon. The favored young ladies received into the Sodality on this occasion were Miss Dorothy Souther, Margaret O'Malley, Josephine Spalding, Elizabeth Dant, Florence Mullin, Agnes Burchill, Helen O'Brien and Elena Weatherstone.

The delightful Christmas entertainment likewise took place too late for a notice in our last Chronicle. We shall now simply mention the fact that the many in attendance—friends of the religious and of the students—bestowed highest praise on the youthful performers who, in the interpretation and execution of their several parts, were faultless.

PROGRAMME.

Echoes from Bethlehem, A Christmas Miracle.

(Reverend Father Finn, S. J.)

Incidental Singing.

Nazareth *Gounod*

Bethlehem *Gounod*

The Birthday of the King.....*Neidlinger*

Lullaby *Tozer*

Noël *Adam*

Adeste Fideles.

Prologue, Roman Martyrology.

Anthem *Foster*

St. Luke II, 9-16.

The Carol of the Fir-Tree.

Shepherds' Song*MacDowell*

Our Lady of the Crib.....*César Franck*

Snow in abundance and the merry chime of passing sleigh-bells! "Mother, don't you think that we should have our sleigh-ride this afternoon? There might not be just such another day." In answer the sleighs are at the door before three, p. m., and glide away with bright-faced *prima donnas*, whose sweet strains float through the wintry air. What a glorious ride!

Up hills and down the snowy slopes and on, and on, past Brock's Monument! Surely is it true that the newest joy seems the best. The unanimous report on this particular drive is, "It was the loveliest we ever had."

We are indebted to Reverend Father Rosa, C. M., for two eloquent sermons, delivered on the Sunday before Lent and on Ash Wednesday, respectively. They were effective in attuning our hearts and minds to the spirit of this season of penance, commemorative of a Saviour's loving ordeal, self-imposed and unparalleled.

A recent call from Reverend Father Cormican, S. J., of Buffalo, gave us much pleasure.

Reverend Father Cox, S. J., of Guelph, while conducting a mission in a neighboring city, paid a brief visit to Niagara and entertained us with one of his charming, characteristic talks, inculcating the spirit of cheerfulness. Father Cox's words and manner invariably recall one of Stevenson's optimistic sayings: "When we see the good there is for us to do, we realize what a beautiful thing it is to work, to love and to be happy."

As Washington's Birthday and Shrove Tuesday fell in close proximity, we had a joint celebration—Colonial Banquet and Ball, the rhymed announcement running thus:

Will Madame Washington come to a ball?

Ay, that she will with pleasure,

With queenly grace she will enter the hall

And tread a stately measure;

And maidens will come in rich brocade,

Powder and puff and patches,

And gallants will lilt them a serenade

Of old-time trolls and catches;

And then, they will curtsy a minuet,

With easy grace entrancing,

Which will make the beholder quite forget

Some modern, vulgar dancing.

Will General Washington come to our ball?

We trust he will, on reading

That we honor the ways of the olden days,

When life was worth the leading.

And His Excellency came in response to the invitation and Martha came, and, needless to say, they were the honored guests of the evening.

Alexander Hamilton was there and Thomas Jefferson and Mistress Martha Skelton and Mrs.

Tucker and Mistress Maria Ward—in fact, most of the celebrated Colonial dames were present. It was a brilliant gathering and represented the beauty, dignity, grace, sprightliness, wit, and chivalry of the early days of the young republic.

At half-past five, the guests were ushered into the banquet hall, which was draped with the national colors. The tables were dreams of beauty. In the centre of each was a rustic basket of red and white tulips, tied with a large bow of blue ribbon.

The favors were tiny brass candlesticks, holding wee red, white and blue tapers; the same color scheme was carried out in all the table appointments. The viands?—Dainty enough they were to please the palate of the most delicate and sylph-like eighteenth century maiden, and, at the same time, substantial enough to meet the demands of a bevy of twentieth century school-girls; moreover, many of the dainties were prepared by the skilful hands of the fair graduates!

The ball-room was a veritable rose-bower. Roses twined with foliage festooned the ceiling and garlanded the pillars. Clusters of roses clung to the green lattice-work curtains and drooped from the chandeliers, where the pink lights shed a softened glow on the scene of loveliness.

At seven o'clock, to the strains of a Colonial march, the guests entered the hall, and, as they balanced and swayed to each change in the music, the spectators had an opportunity of admiring the costumes and the beauty and grace of the dancers. The march ended, Miss Helen Fox recited "The Minuet," after which the minuet was danced with such old-time grace and dignity that Benjamin Franklin smilingly remarked to Betsy Ross: "The Loreto girls are an ornament to any century!"

A very pretty feature of the programme was the Vocal Gavotte from "Erminie." With stately bearing, the dancers descended the staircase to the stage, where, with bow profound and air demure, the partners saluted and gravely moved to their places. Then, stepping lightly to the lilting music of their own voices, they wound through the mazes of the quaint and charming gavotte.

Towards the close of the evening, the May-pole

dance began, and, as the pink and green ribbons crossed and re-crossed and whirled around carried by the dancers, the animated scene was exceedingly pleasing. The merry-makers were all Colonial, and, whether the measure to be tripped were stately or sprightly, they did not for a moment forget the dignity incumbent upon them as wearers of panniers, powdered hair and patches.

After the singing of some national airs, refreshments were served, and, in a short time, good-night greetings were exchanged and the line of Colonial guests withdrew, declaring that this had been the most delightful evening of the year.

St. Patrick's Day was celebrated with the usual enthusiasm shown at Loreto on the feast of Ireland's patron saint. What post-graduate, on reading this, will not recall the traditional "extra sleep," "late Mass," at which were sung the inspiriting hymns, "St. Patrick's Day," "Hibernia's Champion Saint," "All Hail!" etc.; then, the perfect holiday and the pleasant evening's programme! This year, Miss Irving, our elocution teacher, gave a most enjoyable recital. Miss Jean Mitchell, of Hamilton, favored us also with several beautiful piano selections. Her soulful accompaniment to Miss Irving's perfect rendering of "Her Letter" and "Peelong" were much appreciated.

Our thanks are again due to Reverend Father Rosa for showing us, with his splendid projection lantern, copies of nearly two hundred of the world's greatest paintings. The mere viewing of these pictures, in silence, would be educative, but Father Rosa's remarks on the chief merits and history of each render the presentation of these wonderful productions invaluable.

One of the most pleasing numbers on the programme at the last meeting of the St. Teresa's Literary Society was the following original poem, "Love's Day," by one of the members, Miss Laura Stuart (Class '16):

Remember you are immortal; realize your own immortality. Remember it all day long, in all places. Live as men whose every act is ineffaceably recorded, whose every change may be recorded for ever.—*Cardinal Manning.*

Loreto Convent, Mount St. Mary, Hamilton

January the eleventh—The year auspiciously opened with an Illustrated Lecture on Lourdes, by Right Reverend Msgr. Mahony, D. C. L., V. G., in St. Mary's Cathedral Lyceum, which we were privileged to attend.

In view of the approaching International Eucharistic Congress, which will assemble at Lourdes between the 22nd. and 26th. of July, as officially announced, the subject was timely—and, it goes without saying, lost none of its interest in the unique presentation by the eloquent and always pleasing speaker.

The first picture disclosed was that of the town of Lourdes, lying within the shadow of the Pyrenees, whose name gleams like a beacon of hope to the ever-increasing crowds of pilgrims drawn to the Shrine to offer their homage to, and invoke the succour of her who is at once the Help of Christians and the Comfortress of the Afflicted.

Various representations of Bernadette—tending her father's sheep—being sent with her sister and another child to gather faggots—were given, and the story of the miraculous apparition of the Blessed Virgin and the naïve conversation that the little shepherdess related as having ensued between herself and the Queen of Heaven, graphically told.

We saw the Gave, foaming and tumbling from distant crevasses of ice, flowing past Our Lady's Rock, like some immense serpent, coiling itself beneath the victorious feet of the Heavenly Apparition; and the Grotto—Shrine of prayer and miracle—in which the white Madonna sees her clients kneeling before her from dawn to dawn—ablaze with candles like flowers of fire in their tall stems.

The first glimpse of the beautiful basilica, poised on its craggy rock among the foot-hills of the Pyrenees, whose higher ranges tower in snow-clad beauty beyond the picturesque church, thrilled our hearts—the interior was also shown, as was the Church of the Rosary, stretching out mighty arms, as if to embrace and draw the crowd of pilgrims that come with their burden of pain and misery.

The spectacle of pilgrimages was an unforgettable sight—trains arriving with their sad freight—brancardiers, or stretcher-bearers, with

leather straps hanging from their shoulders, carrying the sick and the crippled to the hospitals or to the Grotto, among them pathetic children who had never spoken a word or walked a step, or seen a human face, or heard a sound in their world of unbroken silence.

The series appropriately closed with a picture of Bernadette as a Religious; and one of the Blessed Virgin—a white figure with a blue sash and a rosary, two golden roses upon her bare feet, and the words, "Je Suis L'Immaculée Conception," in a circle of glittering letters above her head.

Msgr. Mahony, an untiring friend of high ideals, has been happy in his selection of subjects for these illustrated lectures, which not only afford instruction by interesting entertainment, but teach the great moral lesson of the triumph of virtue over vice, the beauty of truth and goodness, the glory and greatness of God as shown forth in His servants and in His mighty works.

January the thirtieth—Every one is still talking of what was, unquestionably, the most enjoyable and highly intellectual feature of the month—Mr. Wilfrid Ward's Lecture on "Four Great English Cardinals"—Wiseman, Manning, Newman, and Vaughan—at Loreto Abbey, Toronto, where we were bidden, to enjoy the treat.

"What's in a name?"—Oh, very much—in the name of Ward!

Had we not from earliest youth revered that name as the synonym of "scholar?"—And we were now to hear a scholar, the son of a scholar! Our expectations were to be realized!

In voice and eloquence Mr. Ward did convincing justice to his theme. Around him played a soft and kindly light as he set forth in potent words, well chosen and perfectly spoken, the strength and beauty and greatness of soul characteristic of the eminent prelates who formed the subject of his discourse.

The information gained,—the amplification of all that we had ever learned of the four "Great Lights"; the uplifting influence of the Lecture—especially from so scholarly a man as Mr. Ward—and the benefit derived, will serve as a joy and an inspiration throughout life.

During the delightful informal hour which preceded the Lecture, many interesting facts relative to the distinguished writer and his work,

were gleaned, and the policy of the *Dublin Review*—a publication made justly famous by his father, Dr. William George Ward, and which, for the past eight years, Mr. Wilfrid Ward has been capably editing,—outlined. "It has been my idea," said Mr. Ward, "to bring into combination the work of these Catholic thinkers and men of learning, who know the intellectual language of the day, who accept what is true in modern research, in science and criticism, and who still reverence the authority and ancient traditions of the Church."

In the carrying out of his arduous programme and in his efforts to maintain the high standard of his great quarterly, Mr. Ward has shown himself to be in the first rank of the publicists of the day.

Here let me quote a brilliant Frenchman's estimate of this eminent editor: "It is Mr. Wilfrid Ward's distinction to be at once layman and theologian, and, as theologian, to be broad without being rash. It is a rare and happy circumstance for a layman to have been disciplined in theology, without losing in consequence any of his activity and independence."

For many years before Tennyson's death, Mr. Wilfrid Ward and the venerable Laureate used to take walks three or four afternoons a week, for the poet was the neighbour and the friend of the Wards on the Isle of Wight. When Mr. Ward's father died, the lines that welled from the heart of Tennyson have seldom been equalled in any epitaph in English:

"Farewell, whose living like I shall not find,

Whose faith and work were bells of full accord;

My friend, the most unworldly of mankind,

Most generous of all Ultramontanes—Ward;
How subtle at tierce and quart of mind with mind!

How loyal in the following of thy Lord!"

February the ninth—Old Boreas had come down from his icy caves under the shadow of the North Pole and given us a long-delayed touch of real winter, one of those days when the mercury drops so low that we can hardly follow its "below-zero" depths—a condition not altogether conducive to gaiety, you will say—but the question of weather was totally ignored when the Opera House was the objective point and the

Matinée performance of the Orphans' Festival, the magnet.

It would be impossible in a short space to give laudable comment to the various numbers on the programme, distinctly novel and interesting as they were, suffice it to say that the performers, one and all, acquitted themselves in a manner that evoked the highest acclaim of the audience.

February the tenth—Once more the chime of Jubilee bells—Golden Jubilee bells—rings out at Mount St. Mary, marking the fiftieth anniversary of the entrance into religious life of Sr. M. Raphael Driscoll, whose Cycle of Golden Years, fraught with labour and prayer, combining the active duties of Martha with the contemplation of Mary, was characterized by deep religious joy and fervent gratitude.

The celebration was appropriately ushered in with a Solemn High Mass, sung by our esteemed chaplain, Reverend J. O'Sullivan, and all were requested to unite with the celebrant in offering the Holy Sacrifice for the happy Jubilarian to whom God had vouchsafed the rare favour and blessed privilege of fifty years in His service.

Congratulations from relatives and friends to the favoured Religious, whom long years of separation had not caused them to forget, were received—many sent a very tangible expression of their good wishes in the shape of numerous gifts—the day was marked throughout its course with the usual festivities, and the sunshine of happy hearts within was reinforced by the glorious sunshine without, making doubly bright and joyous the auspicious occasion.

His Lordship's presence, with its blessing, crowned the joys of the day. He came, in the paternal goodness of his heart, to add his felicitations to those expressed by the Community, and passed the hour which preceded Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament in the parlor with the Religious, leading the conversation into channels of pleasant interest with his wonted versatility of thought and vigor of expression.

In the evening, an entertainment, including musical and literary selections, was given. Thus ended an eventful day of heartfelt, tender memories.

February the fifteenth—A Song Recital of artistic interest by Miss Grace Baum of New York. Few, if any, Song Recitals, hitherto enjoyed by

the students, were more delightful than that of Miss Baum, who proved that she could sing simple, charming melodies as well as the classical compositions that she has a deservedly high reputation for interpreting.

It was gratifying to many that Miss Baum gave as encores "The Last Rose of Summer," "My Rosary," "Abide with Me," and "What shall I do for a Valentine?" in which the sweetness and sympathetic quality of her rich, full voice and the note of pathos that she sounded were particularly noticeable.

Miss Baum's reception was most enthusiastic, and the delight in her singing genuine, as the insistent applause which greeted every number showed. She not only charmed us by her singing and personal magnetism but gave us a treat for which we feel we cannot be too profuse in the expression of our gratitude.

February the twentieth—More than a week ago, the Faculty and student body had the exceptional pleasure of welcoming Reverend Mother Stanislaus, who has since been gladdening us with the sunshine of her presence and cheering us with sweet words of wise advice. She has visited the different classes, spoken words of encouragement, expressed her satisfaction at our improvement, and exhorted us to remain always loyal children of our Alma Mater.

School life seemed more interesting during her sojourn among us.

February the twenty-fourth—Mardi Gras—Ye Olde Tyme Concert, given by the pupils.

PROGRAMME.

All ye maidens will sing
 I Cannot Sing Ye Olde Songs.
 Mistress Morrissey will sing
 Love's Olde Sweet Song.
 Mistress Lahey will recite
 Long Ago.
 Mistress Sweeney, Brohmann, Blanchard, Walsh,
 Addison will sing
 Ben Bolt.
 Mistress McGowan will sing
 Listen to the Mocking Bird.
 Mistress Hanrahan will recite
 Olde Fashioned Roses.

Eight maidens will dance

 The Minuet.

Fifteen faire maidens will sing

 Annie Laurie.

Mistress Morrissey, Oles, Brohmann, Addison
 will sing

 The Olde Fashioned Pocket.

(With apologies to "The Olde Oaken Bucket.")

Mistress Oles will recite

 That Olde Sweetheart of Mine.

All ye assembly are requested to sing

 Auld Lang Syne.

February the twenty-eighth—Another ray of brightest sunshine has entered the home of Mr. and Mrs. North Storms, Chicago, Ill.

May the parents of the sweet baby girl, Roberta, realize their fondest dreams of joy and happiness in the little one that has recently blessed their wedded life.

March the twenty-seventh—We were privileged to assist at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, celebrated in our chapel, by the Most Reverend Pellegrino Francesco Stagni, O. S. M., D. D., Apostolic Delegate to Canada, attended by Right Reverend Msgr. Sinnott, of the Apostolic Delegation.

After breakfast we had the honor of being presented to His Excellency, who very graciously gave us a holiday in memory of his visit—all too brief to satisfy our desires—necessarily curtailed, owing to the fact that His Excellency had made arrangements to leave for Toronto by an early train.

ANITA.

Loreto Convent, Stratford.

"There is no 'present' tense in the *metastrophe* of Time.

The present is the point at which the "future" turns into the "past."

The quiet peace of the holy Advent season has given place to the joyous strains of Christmas Carols. Three Masses in our little chapel to-day, celebrated by Reverend J. F. Cox, S. J., of St. Stanislaus' Novitiate, Guelph, whose presence gives additional sunshine to our convent home.

We were pleased to have a visit from Mother Melanie and Mother Kostka—albeit their visit was of a very sad nature owing to the illness of Mother Kostka's father, whose death has since been recorded elsewhere.

We, who had the privilege of listening to Arthur Friedheim's delightful piano Recital will long retain the memory of that rare musical treat. The following is the programme: *Tannhäuser* Overture (Wagner-Liszt); *Sonata Appassionata*, op. 57 (Beethoven); *Spring Song* (Mendelssohn); *Barcarolle* in G minor (Rubenstein); *Étude* in G sharp minor (Chopin); *Prelude* in G (Chopin); *Scherzo* in B flat minor (Chopin); *Polonaise* in A flat (Chopin); *Humoresque* (Tremolo) (Liszt); *Elfenjagd* (Theme and Variations) (Liszt); *Campanella* (Arpeggio) (Liszt). Among the many encores we might mention as particularly beautiful, "Moto Perpetuo" (Weber), "Rhapsodie Hongroise" No. 2 (Liszt), "Humoresque" (Liszt). Friedheim was one of the Liszt pupils who went to Rome with the Master. Liszt was very proud of the young man who, many said, was destined to succeed him in popularity as a virtuoso and composer. His repertoire covers almost the entire compositions of Liszt, Chopin, Mendelssohn, Beethoven, Brahms and later masters.

"Come to Me all ye who labour and are heavily burdened and I will refresh you." A religious ceremony that always appeals to the Catholic heart—the Forty Hours—opened on Sunday, Jan. 25th., with High Mass, celebrated by Reverend L. P. Lowry. The music was exceptionally devotional and rendered by a choir of twenty-four young ladies. A Mass by Marzocchi—written for two voices—sung chorally throughout with Gounod's "Ave Verum" at the Offertory, and the Proper of the Mass sweetly chanted by six of the choir members, formed the programmes of the first and fourth days, while on the second and third days a Mass by Gounod and a Gregorian Mass elicited an expression of special approval from the celebrant, Reverend Father Gleeson, by reason of their greater solemnity of style. A pleasing feature was the assistance given by Miss M. Way and Miss N. Byrne in each contributing a solo.

The hours of the day were spent in silent adoration and intimate communion with the Divine

Guest, ever ready to bless and console. The ceremonies closed on Wednesday with a grand "Te Deum," a fitting ending of those days of grace.

Peace Eternal.

On February 4th. our dear Sister Ermingarde passed away after an illness of four weeks. The tributes of her friends and the devotion of her pupils witness to her as "friend" and "teacher." Her uprightness of character and simplicity of manner made the way of duty easy to her, and though her life was only a fragment—nine years in the Community—she reached the goal and won the reward promised to those who have "left all to follow Him."

We extend sincere sympathy to our dear school companion, Mabel Holman, who was called home to the death-bed of her dear mother. Marie and Gertrude particularly, miss her keenly.

It is not hard to account for Kathleen's radiant smile and reluctant departure, 4. p. m. Sister Loreto's transfer to her native city is a matter of family jubilation.

"Whispers of Erin!" How you do talk! If you're looking for sport, hear the news from Dundalk. Eh, Marie?

We, of the Shakespearean Pageant, owe some thanks to Miss T. Macklin for her kind interest and generous aid in the preparations for the affair.

What a kind friend sometimes visits us at 4 o'clock! What sweets to taste, what songs to hear, we know are ours when Margaret's near.

Ask "Calpurnia": "What would a Pageant be without a fairy godmother?"

How charmingly Father Egan expressed his appreciation of our dramatic efforts by inviting us to repeat the same in his spacious hall at the Immaculate Conception Church—but that is an old story and of "old stories" we might say, "the oftener we hear them the better we like them"—(the stories, *not* the dramas!).

A message from over the seas tells us we may expect our esteemed Pastor, Dean McGee, home early in May. The Australian climate, we hope, has benefited his health.



BIDDLE STAIRS AT CAVE OF THE WINDS. BUILT 1829.



FOOT OF AMERICAN FALLS BEFORE INCLINED RAILWAY WAS BUILT PRIOR
TO 1853.

NIAGARA



RAINBOW

Earth's noblest thing—a woman perfected

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No. 3

A Day Day, Nineteen Hundred and Fourteen

Loreto's Greeting to His Lordship Right Reverend
T. J. Dowling, D. D., Bishop of Hamilton.

AMID the roses and sunshine of May, when our gardens had burst into bloom and the skies looked down with radiant joy on our flower-strewn paths, we reverently greeted our beloved Bishop and paid him the filial homage of our grateful hearts, on the twenty-seventh anniversary of his Consecration to his present See.

It was meet that while all nature proclaimed the recurrence of this auspicious day, during Our Lady's dedicated month, His Lordship's privileged children should gather around him in the halls of time-honoured Mount St. Mary to render homage to the lustrous virtue and qualities imbued with the sacred purple of Christian royalty—to rejoice in the glorious record of his golden years—in the serenity of his strength—in the benedictions hallowing his life—for has not that noble life been itself a benediction!

Aptly were the arts of music and speech brought into the service of the heart in welcoming Loreto's honoured guest, whose name is held in venerated and cherished memory by every member of the Institute and daily remembered in prayer that has followed the swiftly-passing years.

His Lordship was received with the singing of the "Ecce Sacerdos Magnus," as he entered the concert hall, accompanied by Right Reverend Mgr. Mahony, V. G., J. C. D., and a number of the clergy. Then the following programme was rendered.

PROGRAMME.

Ecce Sacerdos Magnus.....Witt
(Orchestral Accompaniment.)

Address to His Lordship and Floral Presentation,

JOSEPHINE MORRISSEY.

GreetingJ. Strauss
(Orchestral Accompaniment.)

SENIOR CHORAL CLASS.

Crowning of Graduate—Josephine Morrissey.
Conferring of Graduation Medal.

Presentation to Graduate of Matriculation Certificate.

"The First Te Deum".....Preston
JOSEPHINE MORRISSEY.

"Killarney" Balfé-Campoine
"Kamenoi-Ostrow"Rubenstein, Op. 10
(1829-1894)

MARY OLES.

Little Children's Greeting.

Floral Presentation.

SENIOR CHORAL CLASS.

(Orchestral Accompaniment.)

GOD SAVE THE KING.

At the close of the programme our beloved Bishop graciously expressed his pleasure with our efforts to entertain him. His address was a marvel of eloquent energy and interest brought to the occasion. Despite the fact that he has multifarious duties throughout the length and breadth of his diocese, the discharge of which keeps him ever alert and busy, he often robs himself of much-needed rest in order that he may offer words of commendation, warning,

and advice to the young about to go forth on life's journey.

His Lordship referred to the lack of modesty in dress, to the shameless modes originated by women who had not had the privilege of a convent, Christian education, but whose unbecoming fashions have been, alas, only too often adopted, thoughtlessly, by those from whom we should expect other things. Following this, His Lordship sorrowfully referred to the change that the manners of young women had undergone; to the seeking of so-called prerogatives by women, not contemplated by their Redeemer; and to the state of society, in general, where woman is concerned. Home and its kindred precincts, wherein the gentler virtues flourish, are woman's divinely appointed sphere. To yield that place is to lower the ideal of redeemed womanhood.

Having shown us life in new perspective, the pettiness and emptiness of living on low levels, and given us glimpses of what we might become, the gentle Shepherd of our souls exhorted us to be loyal to the inspirations of that noble Christian womanhood which it has been the ambition of our teachers to develop.

That many years, rich in blessing and laden with merits, may be added to the already golden past of our beloved Bishop, is the fervent prayer of his devoted children of Loreto, Mount St. Mary.

Robin.

A robin swung in the branches

Of the blossoming apple-tree,
While I wept like the rain for a bauble vain
And what could never be.

This is what he told me,

At least, so I believe—
"Better sing to-day if the skies are gray,
You have time and to spare to grieve."

When next he swung in the branches

Of the blossoming apple-tree,
I matched his note from my own glad throat
As true as true could be.

This is what I told him,

"Your message I believe,
And I'll sing to-day if my skies are gray,
I have time and to spare to grieve."

RUTH STERRY.

A Pilgrimage in the Footsteps of Blessed Thomas More.

By JAMES F. ST. LAWRENCE.

Preface.

THE agreeable task to which we are about to address ourselves is one which were we not sure of a welcome would never have been attempted. Rome apart, there is perhaps no city so crowded with historical interest as London (in which the many scenes we have endeavoured to describe took place); but hardly less certain is it that few are more ignorant of its story, or visit its ancient shrines less frequently, than the average Londoner. Nay, we have even heard some of them declare, almost as a boast, that, though they have spent all their days in London, yet never once have they set foot inside Westminster Abbey. To one such we, greatly daring, put the question, "How do you spend your time?" "Oh, in different ways," was the reply. "Quite so," we rejoined, "indifferent ways." We always like to agree whenever possible. Had we then been writing to such as these we would have run the great risk of being unread, and this result no writer likes to court. But in addressing those who, on account of their long distance from the scenes to be described might be excused for lack of any great interest we are assured of an appreciative audience, however "gross and full of bread" our lame attempt may have proved. Let us say at the outset that never have we met anyone with a greater love for, or knowledge of, the many historical memories which London recalls than that of the average visitor across the Herring Pond; whether he hail from that part of the great Continent, which flourishes under the Union Jack, or from that New Ireland in the West, the Land of the Stars and Stripes.

Introduction.

In London, which never sleeps, for the fell hand of the destroyer is never at rest, it daily becomes more difficult to turn the corner, and, as it were, the pages of History at the same time, in the hope of finding in the buildings of to-day that which will bring the past and its many memories vividly before us. What is

Everybody's business is Nobody's business, and thus time after time, but, alas, too late a-day, the Londoner awakens to the fact that yet another landmark, venerable in years and hallowed by memories, has been destroyed in order to give place to an erection whose only reason for existence is purely commercial. The Claims of the Past upon the Present are lightly regarded; whilst those of the Future upon both are ignored. The mania for building upon such lines as these is slowly but surely grinding London into a hideous uniformity, and, if not checked in time, the day may eventually dawn when Westminster Abbey itself may be forced to make room for a Manufactory redolent of Pickles and Prosperity—unless of course some American Multi-Millionaire comes purse in hand to bid for the property with a view of transposing it into a suitable background for his Collection of Old Masters. Then, perhaps, England, mindful of the sea of tears shed over the departure of "Jumbo" (the elephant which nearly set two great Powers by the ears), may be shamed into protest; if not on account of the respect due to the Abbey, at least to prevent its falling into the hands of others.

Little or no attempt is made to conceal the cold-blooded destruction which for so long has been going on; and so the memories of many a famous place are suffered to linger in the old-time names which the new buildings retain. Still the antiquarian is able to trace the whereabouts of ancient houses long since "improved" off the face of the earth; albeit the old names of the new buildings convey as little to the inhabitants as the presence of a piscina in a Pre-Reformation church does to the mind of the verger who, for a monetary consideration, shows visitors round the sacred building; nevertheless these old names speak eloquently to those who understand not only the use of words but also their meaning.

We are especially fortunate, therefore, in our setting forth, since perhaps in all London there is no quarter which, however sorely tried in places, has preserved more of its old-world charm than Chelsea, whither we are bound in order to begin our Day in the Footsteps of Blessed Thomas More.

To every Saint his candle. If we have chosen the Great Lord Chancellor as our subject rather

than one of the many Saints, who in the solitude of their cells have lived long years of austerity, or within their sheltered haven, girt about with that peace which the walls of the monastery enfold, have poured forth their gentle lives in prayer to God, it has not been without reason. These holy men and women have reached heights of holiness which all must regard with love and awe; to which many indeed may aspire, but few perhaps attain. The field, however, in which the victory of Blessed Thomas More was won—the World—is that in which our readers for the most part, in common with the present writer, are daily called upon to play their part. Thus the life of this great Martyr appeals to us in an especial manner, and its noble story, wherein he figures as a loyal husband, an affectionate father, a sincere friend and, above all, as a faithful son of Holy Church, should serve as an encouragement to those "in the World but not of the World" to follow his example, whilst at the same time they seek the help of his powerful intercession.

Chelsea.

King's Road, our starting-point, which wears a Commercial rather than a Regal air, recalls the days of Charles the Second when it was first constructed in order to enable the Merry Monarch to reach his Palace at Hampton Court more expeditiously. For generations none but the Feet of the Mighty dare tread its sacred soil; but those days are gone. To-day the poorest man has leave to wander there; but the motor omnibus and the taxi-cab as they flash to and fro, poisoning the air with their deadly fumes, force him to keep moving.

Many and great are the charms which Chelsea possesses; and as our Pilgrimage has not yet begun in real earnest, we may make a slight détour in order to glance at a few of its many places of interest, the chief of which is the famous Royal Hospital.

In the reign of James the First (in unloading whom upon England Scotland achieved one of her greatest successes), a College for Clergymen was erected by that king in order to enable them to Cope with the Wiles of the Jesuits in their Endeavours to Convert England; but this venture of the Wisest Fool in Christendom proving a failure (the Jesuits have a lot to answer for),

the building fell into decay. When Charles the Second came to the throne he had the old building pulled down, and commissioner Sir Christopher Wren to erect the present Hospital, which from then till now has fulfilled the good purpose of its erection, viz., that of providing in the winter of their days a home for soldiers who, after long years of faithful service and good conduct, have deserved better of their country than the degradation of the Workhouse or the miserable pittance earned by the crossing sweeper's broom. For many a long year to come may the Hospital continue its noble work! Each Pensioner has his own little room in which to sleep and take his meals. The ancient Dining-Hall is used as a Recreation Room, where their pipes well aglow, the heroes of a hundred encounters fight their battles over again. In this Hall Wellington lay in state; and so great was the press of people anxious to pay tribute to his memory that some were crushed to death, while many others were badly injured. On that occasion some adventurous Frenchmen, taking advantage of the crowd, made off with trophies brought by the British troops from the Belgian battle-field in 1815, and housed at the moment in this Hall where the dead warrior was lying in state; and as these trophies were once the property of French soldiers, so now by this act of their fellow-countrymen was Waterloo avenged! "He also serves who only stands and"—*helps himself*. The Chapel of the Pensioners is filled with banners won upon the field of battle or carried in triumph there, but now tattered and falling into dust. The Pensioners present a picturesque appearance in their peaked cap of a century-old pattern, and their old-fashioned coats, red in Summer and blue in Winter.

Within a stone's throw is the site of the famous Chelsea Bun Shop which enriched three generations of bakers. As many as fifty thousand customers in a day have clamoured at its doors in order to obtain some of the famous Chelsea buns, whose name is still a household word. Even Kings and Queens did not deem it beneath their dignity to obtain some of these dainty delicacies by the surest of all ways, that of calling for them in person. It came to pass, however, that the Fourth Generation, thinking to do better, came to grief. The old premises were pulled down and rebuilt upon a grander scale; but the cus-

tomers, missing the old-world air of the former shop, shook the dust of the place from their feet and returned no more. Like the man who, with dire results, experimented with physic, this hare-brained baker might have for epitaph:

"I was well;
I would be better;
Here I am."

What famous people have made Chelsea their home! What memories are awakened by the names of Turner, Maclise, Burne-Jones, Dante Rossetti (for, from the distant days of Holbein down to these, Chelsea has ever had attractions for Artists), Dr. Johnson, Swift, Steele, George Eliot, Leigh Hunt, to mention but a few. But, above all, there is one name so intimately associated with the place as to deserve special record, that of Carlyle, the Sage of Chelsea.

Here we have his house, now preserved by the Nation, in which we may see the very room, at the top of the house, where he wrote his most famous works, and can note its cunningly contrived double ceiling, built in the vain hope of shutting out the City's noise, which nowadays would seem to be the breath of life of those who work for a living in the streets of London. Here also we may peep into the kitchen, where, as was the custom then, foregathered those who enjoyed the pipe, and certainly Carlyle was of the number. If only its walls could speak, what tales they could tell of the giant encounters of mighty brains in which Tennyson, Ruskin, Emerson and others took part! At the back of the house is, to quote Carlyle:

"A garden (so called in the language of flattery), in the worst order; but boasting of two vines which produced two bunches of grapes in the season which 'might be eaten' and a walnut-tree from which I gathered almost sixpence worth of walnuts."

Within easy distance of Carlyle's house stands the Catholic Church, occupying the site of the famous Chelsea China Works, whose ware is so highly prized by collectors.

Facing the river and near the Royal Hospital are the Botanical Gardens, the oldest in England, and for centuries in the care of the Apothecaries' Company. Herein are cultivated all kinds of herbs for medicinal purposes, and hither would-

be chemists gather in order to be trained in the way in which they should go.

A little beyond is a terrace of new and imposing buildings, one of which by its name recalls former days, namely, the "Swan House," built on the site of the tavern which bore that name and was beloved, as the reader will remember, by Pepys, and which figures also in the pages of "Jacob Faithful." This house also marks the winning-post of the annual race from London Bridge rowed by London Watermen for the Dogget Coat and Badge. The said Dogget being a staunch Orangeman, the Badge, not unnaturally, is of the modest hue of yellow.

We might wander for hours in this delightful district without exhausting the interest which every turn and twist of the way reveals; but as we have a long journey before us it were well to return to King's Road, and, after a few minutes' walk having reached Beaufort Street, bid farewell to all distractions; for here our Pilgrimage begins in real earnest.

Beaufort Street, as we will see presently, derives its name from that borne by the old house of the Mores at a later period of history. All the houses on the right hand side from King's Road to the Thames stand upon the site of the garden attached to the house of the Great Lord Chancellor. The middle of the block to-day is occupied by the Convent of the Sisters of Marie Réparatrice, and adjacent to this a very beautiful Chapel has recently been erected. In the latter by day and by night the good Sisters offer up their pure hearts in prayer to God for the conversion of England; and these supplications breathed forth from a spot hallowed by the presence of one who gladly laid down his life for the Faith, will not be suffered to go unanswered; nay, more, we are seeing day after day their response in the spread of the Catholic Faith here in England, and this at a moment when all the sects show visible signs of decay.

Blessed Thomas More.

The details of the life of the truly great man in whose honour this Pilgrimage is being made are too well known to need more than passing reference here. He was born in 1480 in Bread Street, one of the many turnings out of Cheapside, which by the names they retain even to this day, such as Wood Street, Milk Street, Friday

Street (where fish was sold), and so forth, recall the time when this was the chief marketing centre of the City. Moreover, he was a Cockney of Cockneys; for the bells of Bow Church, within the reach of whose music one need but be born to merit that title, gladdened the air with their melody within but a few yards of the chamber in which Blessed Thomas More first saw the light. His father was a Judge of King's Bench. As a boy the future Lord Chancellor was educated at St. Anthony's School in Threadneedle Street; but does not appear to have learnt the only lesson which seems nowadays to be taught there—the all-importance of making money. For a time he acted as Page in the household of Cardinal Morton, Archbishop of Canterbury, who kept at his Palace in Lambeth, and the many gifts of the youth, particularly his ever-ready wit, did not escape the notice of that astute Churchman, who, one day venturing upon prophecy—ever dangerous ground—observed:

"This child here waiting at table, whoever shall live to see it, will prove a marvellous rare man."

At the age of sixteen More was sent to Oxford, where he remained two years, during which time he met Erasmus, who, though some years his elder, felt greatly drawn towards the future Lord Chancellor and became his lifelong friend. Upon leaving the University More entered the Inns of Court with a view to studying law, thus following in his father's footsteps. During this period of reading he spent two years at the Charterhouse, then the London House of the Carthusians; but without taking vows. Finding, however, that he had no vocation to the Priesthood, he again addressed himself to the Law with renewed vigour, and no sooner had he been called than he began to advance rapidly at the Bar.

At the age of twenty-four he entered Parliament, and speedily made a name for himself by reason of his fearless opposition to the grasping greed of his cruel and miserly royal master, Henry the Seventh.

Like father, like son. Both Henry the Seventh and his successor had much in common; both were greedy to grasp and hard of heart; but in one respect they differed. Whereas the former in his latter days, with the fear of death before

his eyes and an ill-spent life to look back upon, haunted perchance by memories in which the real murderer of the young Princes in the Tower loomed larger than in the pages of History, becoming greatly attached to Mother Church left her huge sums of money that Masses might be said in perpetuity for his soul's repose. Henry the Eighth, on the other hand, rounded off a wasted life by attaching to himself the Church and all its wealth; and having squandered this wealth upon the favourites of an hour to whom he had temporarily lost his head, upon recovery of this indispensable part of his person he promptly adjusted the balance by causing those unhappy favourites on little or no pretext to part with theirs forever.

It was indeed a dark and dour day for England when the Tudors, whose very name is the best commentary upon their claims, came to the throne. Of the children of Henry the Eighth, with whom the line ended (for Nature, however red of beak and claw, could not but sicken of the brood), we have a Brat, a Belittled and a Brute. A Brat, for Edward with sickly finger having scrawled his name on the walls of some of the schools which his father's greed had suffered to remain and adding a few to the number figures in History—save the mark—as the Founder of Learning. A Belittled, the best of a bad bargain, because where the Wolf is Judge no sheep are white, and Mary, in order to serve as a striking background to the snow-white purity of the re-establishment of the Reformation is generally depicted in hues distinctly sanguine; and thus comes down to us the most maligned monarch in English History with the possible exception of Richard the Third. And a Brute, because Elizabeth, however great a Queen, earned for herself the greatest reproach that the fair sex knows in that she was an unwomanly woman.

But to return to Sir Thomas and the more profitable spending of our time.

In the course of a few years he became Speaker of the Mother of all Legislative Assemblies; by which time (possibly learning wisdom), he took unto himself a wife. His marriage, brought about upon quite unconventional lines, turned out very happily. The future Lord Chancellor felt greatly drawn towards a younger daughter of one of his great friends who, in addition to possessing the advantage of youth, was

more than passing fair. Nevertheless he could not but feel sorry for the elder and plainer sister, whom, out of pity which soon ripened into love, he married. She bore him three daughters and one son; but after six short years of ideal married life the shadow of Death fell upon his home; and with four young children, the eldest but five years of age, More was left a widower. For the sake of his little ones, it may be, rather than for his own, he married again; this time a widow who was some years his senior, but she bore him no children. He, on the other hand, bore very patiently with her shrewd tongue; and thus they lived peacefully together.

Meantime More had established himself as favourite not only with Wolsey but also with the King, and on various occasions was employed as Ambassador abroad. At the age of 34 he is supposed by some to have written the very one-sided History of Richard the Third associated with his name, though we ourselves are more than inclined to think that its authorship is to be attributed to Cardinal Morton at the inspiration of Henry the Seventh, in whose interests it was useful to paint the last of the Plantagenets as black as possible. A few years later More produced his most famous Book, "Utopia," which has long since become a Classic. In the course of time he became a Knight (in those days a title of distinction), a Privy Councillor, Treasurer of the Exchequer, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, and, finally, on the downfall of Wolsey, attained to the highest office which lay in the power of a sovereign to bestow upon a subject, that of Chancellorship of England. The first layman for many years to occupy that proud position, he retained it for over two years, and so well did he acquit himself that he cleared off all the arrears of work; the fame of which achievement still lives in the epigram composed at the time in his honour:

"When More some years had Chancellor been
No more did suits remain;
The like will never more be seen
Till more be here again."

For over twenty years More enjoyed the intimate friendship of the King, who so greatly delighted in his company and wit that at times Sir Thomas was hard put to it to know how to escape from Court in order to enjoy the company

he so greatly preferred, that of his wife and children. An unwilling guest at the palace of the King, he would at times, like Brer Rabbit, "Lie low, and nothing," and under cover of his seeming melancholy make good his escape. Unlike many men, More was never less dull than when at home. As regards his appearance we read:

"He was less than middle height, with an ashen-gray face, grave and severe when his features were in repose, but with benignant eyes which often kindled with love and pity when he was moved. The uplifted eyebrow, the wrinkled forehead, the sad playful pucker about the corner of his mouth revealed the inner soul of the man as he contemplated the whims and freaks of human nature, for in whatsoever position circumstances placed him he was always ready with some dry remark that meant more than appeared on the surface."

Though short, he was well proportioned, and had hair a mixture of black and yellow. His voice was soft but distinct, though his singing, in which he took uncommon delight, seems to have impressed some of his hearers as being "not very tunable." Apart from his wit, his great good humour was one of his chief possessions. His son-in-law, Roper, from whose "Life of More" we propose freely quoting, tells us that though he lived for sixteen years with his father-in-law, during all that time "never once was he known to fume."

Erasmus has drawn the following beautiful pen-picture of the home life of his beloved friend:

"There he converses with his wife, his son, his daughter-in-law, his three daughters and their husbands with eleven grandchildren. There is no man living so affectionate to his children, and he loveth his old wife as well as if she were a young maid. His house (is) a school or university of Christian religion, for though there is none therein but readeth and studieth the liberal sciences their special care is piety and virtue; there is no quarrelling or intemperate words heard; none seem idle; that worthy gentleman does not govern with proud and lofty words, but with well-turned and courteous benevolence; everybody performing his duty, yet is there always alacrity, neither is sober mirth anything wanting."

This charming description of a Christian home may be supplemented by the following from the gifted pen of J. R. Green, who, though not a Catholic, held the great Lord Chancellor in high esteem. We quote from his "Short History of the English People":

"It is when we get a glimpse of him in his house at Chelsea that we understand the endearing epithets which Erasmus always lavishes upon More. The delight of the young husband was to train the girl he had chosen for his wife in all his own taste for letters and for music. The reserve which the age exacted from parents was thrown to the winds in More's intercourse with his children. He loved teaching them and lured them on to deeper studies by the coins and curiosities he had gathered in his cabinet. He was as fond of their pets and of their games as his children themselves, and would take grave scholars and statesmen into the garden to see his girls' rabbit hutches or to watch the gambols of their monkey. 'I have given you kisses enough,' he wrote to his little ones in merry verse when far away on political business, 'but stripes hardly ever.'"

It was, however, the Religious side of life which most of all appealed to Sir Thomas More. His daily custom, according to Roper, was as follows:

"If he were at home, besides his private prayers with his children, to say the seven psalms, litany and suffrages following was his guise nightly, before he went to bed, and with his wife and children and household to go to his chapel, and there upon his knees ordinarily to say certain psalms and collects with them, and because he was desirous for godly purposes some time to be solitary and sequester himself from worldly company; a good distance from his house builded he a place called the new building, wherein was a chapel, a library and a gallery, in which as was his use upon other days to occupy himself in prayer and study together. So on the Fridays there usually continued he from morning until evening spending his time daily in devote prayers and spiritual exercises; and to provoke his wife and children to the desire of heavenly things, he would sometimes use these words unto them: 'It is now no mastery for you children to go to

heaven. For everybody giveth you good example.'"

What a preparation for the day when he would be called upon to show that the best way to live for one's Faith is to lay down one's life in its defence.

Nor was his love and kindness confined to his family circle, for, as we read in Hoddeston's "History of More":

"He hired a house also for any aged people in Chelsea whom he daily relieved, and it was his daughter Margaret's charge to see them want nothing; and when he was a private lawyer he would take no fees of poor folks, widows, nor pupils."

His many and noble parts drew great men towards him, of whom Linacre, Colet, the founder of St. Paul's School, and, as we have already seen, Erasmus visited him; while for three years Holbein, whose fame as a painter had yet to be established, found shelter under his hospitable roof. So fascinating was his company as even to draw the King to visit him; and here in the "faire house which he had builded for hymselfe at Chelsey" did he assist his royal master in framing the reply to Luther that earned for Henry the Eighth, from the hands of the Pope, the proud title of Defender of the Faith—a title still borne by British monarchs; but one which, like that of King of France, used by so many of our rulers centuries after France had shaken off our yoke, must not be taken too seriously.

Roper has left us a description of one of these royal visits:

"For the pleasure he took in his company would his Grace the King suddenly sometimes come home to his house at Chelsea to be merry with him, whither on a time unlooked for he came to dinner, and after dinner in a fine garden of his walked with him by the space of an hour holding his arm about his neck."

Poor Sir Thomas! But he was not the stamp of man to be deceived by such manifestations of "entire good will"; for, as Roper adds:

"As soon as his Grace had gone, I rejoicing, told Sir Thomas More, how happy he was, whom the king so familiarly entertained, as I had never seen him do to any before, except Cardinal Wolsey, whom I saw his Grace once walk with arm

in arm. 'I thank our Lord, son,' quoth he, 'I find his Grace my very good friend indeed, and I do believe he doth favour me as singularly as any subject within this realm. Howbeit, son Roper, I may tell thee, I have no cause to be proud thereof. For if my head would win him a castle in France (for then there was a war between us) it should not fail to go.'"

To record a tithe of the wit and humour of Sir Thomas More, the salt with which his every utterance was seasoned, would take more time than our leisure affords. Still, who can forget the way in which he reminded a debtor of his obligations by directing his attention to a skull having for its motto, "Memento Morieris," which, he assured his visitor, meant "Memento Mori Aeris," or, in other words, "Remember to repay More his money"?

In the "Lives" of Aubrey we read the following:

"It chanced that while he was seated on a terrace at the end of his garden which looked over the Thames that a Tom of Bedlam came up to him, and had a mind to throw him from the battlements, saying, 'leap, Tom, leap.' The Chancellor was in his gowne, and besides ancient and not able to struggle with so strong a fellowe. My lord had a little dog with him. Sayd he, 'let us firste throwe the dog downe and see what sport there will be,' and so the dog was throwne over. 'This is very fine sport,' said my lord. 'Fetch him up, and try once more.' While the madman was going down my lord fastened the dore and called for help, but ever more kept the dore shut."

A mutual sense of humour drew him to Master John Heywood, the first Catholic Poet of the Renaissance in England, who, on the recommendation of Sir Thomas, was appointed Jester to Henry the Eighth. In later years, however, Heywood, rather than take the Oath of Supremacy, fled to Belgium. During the reign of Mary he returned to England; but, on the accession of Elizabeth, fled again, and died in exile.

The Old Home of the Mores.

When at last the storm broke (which the refusal on the part of Sir Thomas to be present at the public marriage of Henry and Anne Boleyn had brought to a head), the future Martyr was

called upon to take the Oath, or else pay the penalty. The former course he refused to adopt, and consequently his estates became forfeited to the crown, and thence passed into the hands of strangers. But, ere we accompany the Great Lord Chancellor on his last journey from his home at Chelsea, let us glance briefly at some of the latter history of the place where he had spent so many happy hours.

Here Ann of Cleves, after the divorce, lived in retirement for sixteen years, and won the affection of all by her openness of heart and hand. Dying a Catholic, she was afforded a Royal Funeral in Westminster Abbey by Queen Mary, who by that time had ascended the throne, and who drove to the ceremony, accompanied by Princess (afterward Queen) Elizabeth, as chief mourner. Of the many matrimonial ventures of Henry the Eighth, only in the case of Ann of Cleves do we find attempt being made to erect a monument, and even on this solitary occasion the work was left half undone. The unfinished monument occupies the spot where Henry used to sit when attending service at the Abbey.

The next, and also Royal, inhabitant was that bravest of her Sex, Katherine Parr, who, though she did not live as long as her historical namesake (Old Parr, who lived to the age of 151 years and lies buried in Westminster Abbey), made hay while the sun shone. Having become twice a widow, she had the courage to become the sixth wife of Henry the Eighth; and reaping the reward of her prowess in surviving him took unto herself, at the age of thirty-four, a fourth husband. Nor is the list of Royalty yet exhausted. Here the Princess Elizabeth, then at the tender age of thirteen (it comes as a shock to associate that creature with anything tender; but she speedily outgrew it), lived for a time with her fearless stepmother; and yearly after she had been crowned, visited her old home in Chelsea.

Passing into the hands of the Marquis of Winchester, the old home of the Mores became in time the property of the great Lord Burghley and his son. The Earl of Lincoln next possessed it, from whom the Earl of Middlesex purchased it. The widow of the latter sold it to Charles the First, and this marks its last connection with Royalty. Charles presented it to his favourite, Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, who (as all who

can recall their History of England or, more likely still, have not forgotten their Dumas, will remember), met his death at the dagger of Felton. Such is the irony of fate—and of houses—that the ancient home of the Mores should become during the Commonwealth the property of John Lisle, one of the judges who sentenced to death its former Royal Master, Charles.

After Lisle the property passed into the possession of the Earl of Bristol, by whose widow it was sold to the Duke of Beaufort—the Fly-in-the-Amber whose name is given to the present street to the exclusion of that of Blessed Thomas More, who perforce must rest content with such fame as may be gathered from a set of Flats erected in this street and named after him.

Coming to later years; here for a time lived Lady Mary Montague, who had few rivals as a Letter Writer and none as a fearless foe of the poet Pope. Here, also, Smollett wrote "Humphrey Clinker," and had he been as clean of mind as he was swift of pen, would have achieved great things.

The property ultimately passed into the hands of Sir Hans Sloane, by whom it was promptly pulled down. The prowess of this Ruthless Stranger is commemorated in the names given to neighbouring parts of the district, Hans Place, Sloane Square, etc., and, moreover, he built and bequeathed to the Nation a Museum in Lincoln's Inn Fields, into which it is safe to say that hardly one in a million of Londoners has ever set foot; yet, in spite of all his efforts, the fact remains whilst there are few who know aught of Sir Hans Sloane there are hundreds who both know and respect Sir Thomas More, whose house this alien destroyed.

In the garden at the back of the beautiful Chapel of the good Sisters of Marie Réparatrice may still be seen a tree, under which the Great Lord Chancellor was wont to go and rest; while the garden wall, as fresh in colour and as strong to-day as when, centuries ago, it was first erected, remains an eloquent proof of the loving care which men brought to their work in olden days, but now to be sought for in vain.

Crosby Hall.

On that part of More's garden lying nearest to the river stands a building worthy of more than passing notice. Many centuries ago Sir Thomas

Crosby, a wealthy London merchant, erected in the heart of the City a stately dwelling-place, which from his far-off day to ours has been one of the glories of London. Escaping the Great Fire of 1666, this ancient house naturally deserved respect at the hands of generations to follow, and had it been erected in any other city than London would have been jealously preserved. But, alas for London and the Present Age, its site in Bishopsgate was required by an adjoining House of Business; and although, for once, heroic efforts were made to save the ancient Hall, its fate was sealed. That it had been the residence of Richard the Third; that its memory is enshrined for all-time in the plays of Shakespeare—nay, that the Prince of Poets himself for years lived under its very shadow—all counted for nothing.

To relate all that has taken place within its walls would fill many volumes. Here, for example, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, lived Sir John Spencer, the richest man of his time; and hither also came the first Earl of Northampton, wealthier in title than in pocket, to woo the Knight's only daughter, Elizabeth. The father, as sometimes happens, liked not his proposed son-in-law and forbade him the house. Love, however, found a way. Nothing daunted, but disguised as a baker's boy, the Earl presented himself at the Hall, and not only earned a reward for his punctuality in calling for orders (though in reality he came against them), but also contrived to carry off in his barrow the beautiful heiress, whom he promptly married. Thanks to the good offices of Queen Elizabeth (of whom it is refreshing to be able to say a good word), peace was ultimately restored between the irate Knight and the adventurous Earl; who, on the death of his father-in-law, inherited a million of money.

In this famous house, also, lived the Countess of Pembroke, whom Rare Ben Jonson has immortalized in his famous Epitaph:

"Underneath this sable hearse
Lies the subject of all verse:
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother,
Death, ere thou canst find another
Good and fair and wise as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee."

The Sidney referred to is, of course, Sir Philip, whose self-sacrifice in refusing the drink offered to him as he lay dying on the field of battle, because he deemed the claims of his fellow-sufferer, a common soldier, more pressing than his own, won for him an imperishable name in History, and whose "Arcadia," dedicated to the sister so honoured by Jonson, marks an epoch in English Literature.

Above all, the fact that Crosby Hall, having filled many parts, for the recording of which we unhappily lack leisure, became a Restaurant seemed to make for its assured safety; for, whatever his failures, the Londoner as a trencherman has few rivals. It had, however, gone hard indeed with this famous old house had not some one, in happy hour, recalled the fact that for some years Blessed Thomas More, before moving to Chelsea, had lived therein. When he left the City he sold the property to Antonio Bonsivi, his nearest and dearest friend, to whom, "with a cole" he wrote from his "poore prison in the Tower" one of the last of his touching epistles of those dark days. In Crosby Hall, moreover, after his Martyrdom, "Meg," his favourite daughter, and Roper her husband, thanks to the hospitality of Bonsivi, lived for some years, being only absent during the short reign of Edward the Sixth when, together with their host, they sought safety abroad.

Chelsea Church.

A little beyond the Hall, and on the verge of the Thames stands the Parish Church, which we would do well to visit before we turn our backs upon Chelsea for the last time and wend our way to the Tower of London, where our Pilgrimage ends. Well does Henry Kingsley describe this ancient building:

"Four hundred years of memory are crowded into that dark old church and the flood of change beats round its walls and shakes the doors in vain, but never enters. The dead stand thick together there, as if to make a brave resistance to the moving world outside, which jars upon their slumbers."

This very unattractive-looking church dates from the Fourteenth Century, and though additions little to be admired and alterations much to be deplored have been made, retains more of its

old-world air than most buildings of its years; and we are glad to hear that a movement is on foot to restore upon reverent lines this link with the Past. It is one of the very few remaining churches in which may still be seen ancient copies of the Bible and other books chained to a lectern. At the East end is a chapel, built by Blessed Thomas More, containing a monument built by him to the memory of his two wives who lie buried beneath. The epitaph (in Latin, and of great length), is from the pen of Blessed Thomas More, who was anxious to leave on record the fact that he laid down his high office of his own free will, as may be seen from the following translation:

"Therefore wearied of worldly enjoyments, he obtained permission from the best of Princes to resign his dignities, that he might spend the closing years of his life free from care."

The modest request accompanying his resignation was one, however, which "the best of Princes" was far from granting. The epitaph ends in these touching terms:

"As a constant reminder of the inevitable approach of death, he has prepared this vault whither he has removed the remains of his first wife. Good Reader, I beseech thee that thy pious prayers may attend me while living, and follow me when I am dead, that I may not have done this in vain, nor dread with trembling the approach of death, but willingly undergo it for Christ's sake, and that death to me may not be really death, but rather the door of a more blessed life."

Well has his prayer been answered! Though, at death, he desired that he might be laid to rest beneath this monument, that, as we will see later, was not to be.

In this quaint little church Blessed Thomas More was accustomed to serve Mass, to sing in the choir and to carry the Cross at the head of the Procession round its little aisles. We read that:

"Hither one day the Duke of Norfolk coming to Chelsea to dine with Sir Thomas, fortune to find him at church singing in the choir with a surplice on his back; to whom, after service, as they went home together, arm in arm, the Duke said: 'My Lord Chancellor a Parish Clerk, a Parish Clerk, you dishonour the King and his

office.' 'Nay,' quoth Sir Thomas, smiling upon the Duke, 'your Grace may not think that the King, your Master and mine, will with me for serving God, his Master and mine, be offended or thereby count his office dishonoured.'"

In this same small church Sir Thomas, with customary spice of wit announced to his wife his resignation of the high office he held. It was the custom at the end of the service for one of the Lord Chancellor's servants to wait upon her ladyship and inform her that his lordship (who sang in the choir) had gone. We learn from Roper that:

"The next holiday after his surrender of his office and departure of his gentlemen he came unto my lady, his wife's pew, himself, and making a low curtsy, said unto her, 'Madam, my lord is gone.'"

No building played a greater part in the life of the future Martyr than this seldom-visited church. Hither he came:

"As his accustomed manner was always ere he entered into any matter of importance (as when he was first chosen of the King's Privy Council, when he was sent Ambassador, appointed Speaker of Parliament, made Lord Chancellor, or when he took any mighty matter upon him) to go to the church and to be confessed, to hear Mass, and be housled; so did he likewise in the morning early the selfsame day he was summoned to appear before the Lords at Lambeth."

How different was his final departure from those whom he cherished so greatly and the place that he loved so well from the leave-takings which had gone before! Then:

"At his departure from his wife and children, whom he loved tenderly, he used commonly to have them bring him to his boat, and there to kiss them all and bid them farewell."

But now:

"Would he suffer none of them forth of the gate to follow him, but pulled the wicket after him, and shut them all from him, and with a heavy heart (as by his countenance it appeared) with me, and our four servants, then took his boat towards Lambeth."

At that time, and for a century or more to come, the Thames served as the principal route

from one part of London to another. Its waters, now, at Chelsea, only disturbed at distant intervals by the passing of a barge or a still more infrequent pleasure steamer, were alive with boatmen plying for hire, with their one-time familiar cries of "Westward Ho!" or "Eastward Ho!" according to the direction in which they fancied the passenger was minded to travel. Many were they who marked, and mused upon, the grave face of Blessed Thomas More as his boat passed them, and they crossed themselves as they thought of the perilous days in store. As under the steady pull of the oarsmen the boat sped swiftly towards Lambeth Palace, Sir Thomas More was wrapt in silent prayer. The agony through which he passed in that short journey is known only to God. The parting from all those whom he loved so dearly; the certain doom awaiting him unless, which could never be, he violated his conscience, together with the manifold attractions which life possesses, even for the poorest—all these tore at his very heart-strings; but ere the Palace appeared in sight his mind was at peace, and, with a smile, he told Roper that the struggle was over.

Lambeth Palace.

A few minutes later they reached the Palace, for many centuries the residence of the Archbishops of Canterbury. In passing the boatmen saluted, with bared heads, as was the custom, the Shrine of St. Thomas, which, built into the wall of the Palace, faced the River. The niche, empty, alas, remains to this day. A few moments and the boatmen drew in their oars at the entrance of the Palace, an ancient and imposing building, not as now compassed about with brick on every side, but towering alone in the midst of green fields.

This historical building has suffered much at the hands of the Puritans, and not a little at those of that fellow-fiend the "Restorer." The striking gateway, which as a lad Blessed Thomas More had seen a-building, is to-day much as he saw it for the last time. The so-called Lollards Tower, which still frowns upon the River, is even older, having been erected in 1434—as a Water Tower. There is no reliable evidence that it served as a prison before the reign of Henry the Eighth, however much it was pressed into service for that purpose during his reign

and since. It is still, however, the pleasant humour of to-day to dub it the Lollards Tower; and the visitor has pointed out to him the cells in which the forerunners of the so-called Reformation suffered imprisonment, torture, and worse. "Something lingering, with burning oil in it." Thus is History written.

The present Hall was erected in the reign of Charles the Second on such ruins of the original, built by Boniface in 1244, as the zeal of the Puritans had spared. The crypt dates as far back as 1190, while the chapel, sadly altered, was built in the latter half of the Thirteenth Century. In this chapel the Consecration of the Archbishops of Canterbury formerly took place, and here, since the Reformation, the present wearers of that title go through a ceremony and enter into office.

Upon landing, Sir Thomas More was met by Cromwell, Cranmer and others, and urged to take the Oath. The future Martyr was the first layman called upon to do so, and it was felt that his example would count for much. Needless to say, their efforts were in vain. During his stay, which lasted for some days, the mind of the Great Lord Chancellor must often have travelled back in thought to those far-off happy days when, as Page to Cardinal Morton, he first entered that Palace; and not only must he have recalled the prophecy uttered by his Eminence in this very place, but also have looked forward with calm joy to the day when that prophecy should be fulfilled.

As may very well be supposed, his stay was not without food for his wit. Here daily he witnessed, with a smile of pity, a hore of Clergy falling over one another in their anxiety to secure their benefice. Only one (the Vicar of Croydon, and it is meet that his name should be set on record), showed any qualms of conscience; nor, indeed, as Sir Thomas noticed, were these overcome until after repeated visits to the buttery in search of strong ale.

"Willing to wound, but yet afraid to strike," Cromwell and his fellows still urged Blessed Thomas More to yield. They knew only too well, as in the event proved, what a wave of indignation would sweep over Europe at the execution of one who by common consent was the foremost man of his Age. Their efforts failing, a compromise was arrived at. A new form of

words was proposed in which, while the supremacy of the King in temporal matters was acknowledged, the claims in matters spiritual were framed in such a way as to remove all difficulties. To this course Bluff King Hal (to call him by a title which in truth is the greatest piece of "bluff" in History), was agreeable; not so, however, Anne Boleyn, at whose heart-strings the refusal of Sir Thomas to be present at her public marriage tore. In the heyday of her power and beauty, she essayed the seemingly impossible task of hardening the heart of her spouse, and, wonderful to relate, succeeded. But only for the moment. In setting about the destruction of one whom she regarded as her greatest enemy she did but compass her own. The order went forth that either Sir Thomas More took the Oath in the original form or faced the consequences. Not for a moment did Sir Thomas hesitate.

From Lambeth Palace the Great Lord Chancellor was removed to Westminster, where as the prisoner of the Abbot he was for some days entertained—with reasons why he should submit. But before we accompany him on his journey thither, let us recall a few of the ancient memories of Lambeth Palace ere we take leave of it.


Strange but true, this was the very first building in which, upon her first arrival in London, Queen Katherine of Aragon lodged. Here, too, that Jack-of-all-trades, Cranmer, had his workshop; to-day proving to his own entire satisfaction, and that of his Royal Master, how perfect were the proofs that Anne Boleyn was truly the wife of Henry; to-morrow, with dazzling versatility and erudition, demonstrating, again to his own satisfaction and that of the King, that the claims of the said unhappy Queen had no existence. Here also, during "the spacious days of Great Elizabeth," were imprisoned for the remainder of their time some of those brave Bishops who refused to acknowledge the claims of that monarch in matters spiritual, and at whose passing died also the Orders by which a section of the Church of England as by law established sets such store.

As we take final leave of this ancient Palace of the Archbishops of Canterbury, so many of whom were also Princes of the Church, some thoughts suggest themselves. How could an "Anglican" like, let us say, St. Thomas of Canterbury, accept office at the hands of a Pope to

whom he owed no allegiance? This suggests yet another thought, "Why should a later Pope take the trouble to canonize St. Thomas if that Archbishop had not been in communion with Rome?" Finally we may ask ourselves the question, "Was Adrian the Fourth (Nicholas Brakespeare) an Anglican," and did he cease to be one when he became Pope, and if not why not?

(To be continued.)

The Holy Ghost Flower.

 ON the road leading from Pueblo to the City of Mexico we pass through the ancient town of Tlacala, capital of the little state of the same name. It rests in a broken, hilly region, far down on the eastern slope of the mountains which belt the valley of Mexico. To the southeast of Tlacala and almost within its picturesque suburbs, reposes the historic shrine of "Our Lady of Ocotlan." There is a delightful tradition attached to this santuario or shrine which carries us back to the times of the Conquest—to the days when the Franciscan Fathers began to live with the tribes, to Christianize and civilize them. In the beginning, when the fathers had settled among the Tlaxcalans and taught them the Christian religion, a pious Indian, whose name was Juan Diego, was most faithful in assisting his unfortunate neighbours. Smitten by a plague which then raged in the town and country, with the hope of finding better water to assuage the thirst of the sick he left the Church of San Francisco, where he had been praying, and moved toward the river.

And when he had come to the place where the Holy Spring now flows and where then there was a grove of pine-trees, called by the Indians Ocotes, he heard the call of a sweet voice and, turning towards it, the Beth-Coll or Daughter of the voice spoke to him and said: "God save thee, Juan Diego, whither goest thou?" And Juan spoke back and said: "I go to find good water for the sick." And then there appeared to him a beautiful maiden clothed in white garments girdled with a pale blue cincture and her long, flowing hair was the colour of the sun when it retires at the coming of night. Then the maiden—the Blessed Virgin—smiled upon him and

said: "Dig near the tree thou standest at and thou wilt find water which will not only quench the thirst of them who are sick, but water that will cure their infirmity." Then the Virgin vanished. So Juan dug at the foot of a great Ocote and lo! there gushed forth a cool and refreshing stream of water which flows to this day. And the Indians came from far and near and built here a beautiful shrine—indeed a great church—and they called it the Santuario de Neustra Maria de Ocotlan. And from the ground there grew up for the first time many vines which twined themselves around the pine-trees—the Ocotese, and when the next year came 'round, lo! these vines were wondrously beautiful, for they were robed in flowers of fairest hue and perfumed the air and no one knew what was the name of the beautiful flowers. Then, one day, there came from Honduras a priest to visit the shrine, and when he saw the flowers he behaved like one who saw a vision. He asked did anyone in Tlacala ever before see anywhere flowers like those? And no one answered him, for no one had ever seen the like. Then the priest from Honduras told the people to take good care of the trees and the vines for the flowers of the vines were the "Holy Ghost flowers" and were never found anywhere north of Honduras.

The Holy Ghost flower which flourishes in Ocote belongs to the orchid family, but the vine is not a parasite, for its roots are in the ground. The stalk or stem grows to a height of four or five feet. The capsule or seed-vessel changes from a beautiful green to the colour of Caspian alabaster. Their petals compose the flowers which at night exhale a delightful perfume. When mature, the petals open and on the upper petal is a chapel, in miniature, of the colour of pure alabaster. Above the chapel appears with drooping wings the tiny image of a dove—the emblem of the Holy Ghost—from which the flower receives its name. The plant will not flower away from its own home.

And now, before dwelling upon some strange desert and forest trees that I have seen, I must permit my memory to linger for a while with Ocotlan and its ancient shrine. The road to the shrine from the Plaza of Tlaxcala passes by the little chapel of San Nicolas and up a sloping hill to the left of the sanctuary built over the holy well or spring. Standing upon the plateau

of the little mount, called the Monte de Virgem, is the quaint but attractive chapel, a singular structure frescoed and ornamented with colours intended to produce contrasting yet striking effects. In a spacious building close to the chapel dwells the pastor, the Padre Capellan, of the shrine. Here also in better days rested the dignitaries of Church and State who came to Ocotlan on each recurrent anniversary of the apparition—May 3d.—to pray at the shrine.

To the adornment of the church—for it is more a church than a chapel—the Indian artist, Francisco Miguel, devoted twenty-five years of his life. Miguel's carvings on the pulpit, dome, transepts and chancel are exquisite in richness and beauty. The Camarin, that is, the sacred room to the left of the main altar, where the holy vessels are kept, is a marvel of the carver's art and proves that the Indian, under favourable and encouraging auspices, may achieve greatness in every department of art and science. I have not seen in Europe or America a mass of carving surpassing in delicacy and sensitive touch the work of the Tlaxcala Indian, Francisco Manuel, dignifying and ennobling this wayside sanctuary of Ocotlan. Over the central altar of the Santuario, an altar beautifully wrought and panelled in silver, stands in a shrine of leafed silver, a medium-sized statue of the Blessed Virgin. Over the holy figure hovers a marvellously and delicately wrought star, luminously bright, which vanishes and appears, disappears and is seen again.

On the north wall is a finely executed painting of the Virgin of the Apocalypse and, kneeling on each side of the Virgin, looking up into her eyes of wondrous beauty, are life-like representations of the two Franciscan priests—Don Juan de Escobar and Padre Francisco Fernandez de Sylva, under whose administrations the beautiful church was begun (1543) and completed (1574). On the south wall and opposite the Virgin of the Apocalypse is a painting in oil of Neustra Senora de la Luz—Our Lady of the Light. A marvelous brilliancy of colouring and an apparent radiation of light are distinguishing features belonging to this painting.

In the years 1852-4, the nave of the church was done over and partially modernized in a manner which added, it is said, very much to its splendour and beauty. An inscription at the south

side of the entrance informs the pilgrim, interested in art, that the architect of the alterations "left the chancel and transepts untouched because of their antiquity and of the merit of the carving." I wonder if it was permitted to the disembodied spirit of Francisco Manuel, the Indian artist, to return to the scene of twenty-five years of his life and labours and read over this tribute to his genius.

The Camarin in the rear of the high altar is in itself a fascination and a wonderful work of art, an exquisite arabesque of most delicate stucco-work, into which are deftly introduced miniatures in oil of the twelve apostles and the anti-Nicene Fathers of the Church, coloured and gilded profusely.

The paintings by Juan de Villalobos—the "Virgin of Ocotlan" and a "Life of the Blessed Virgin" in panels, seem to form, with the delicate carving of Miguel, a scene from the drama of Sperranzi. The floor of this room is covered with two-ply Mexican antique tapestry and is full of sacred relics and curios, which would demand an afternoon to examine intelligently. Here are photographs of the "Santuario of Our Lady of Ocotlan" and a "Corner of the Mercado or Market of Ocotlan."

W. R. H.

Where Jacques Cartier Was Born.

THERE is no corner of France more interesting than Brittany, and few towns or cities of Brittany more interesting than St. Malo. From Southampton on the southern coast of England you can take the boat in the evening and reach the city where Jacques Cartier, the discoverer of Canada, was born, early in the gloaming grey of next morning.

Like all mediæval cities of Europe, St. Malo is a walled city with massive and high-arched gates, and with its narrow streets presents that compressed and crowded appearance that marks so many of the ancient towns of Europe.

To the Canadian, perhaps, its greatest interest lies in the fact that here was cradled the hardy explorer and mariner, Jacques Cartier, who set out on his perilous trip across the Atlantic, touched our Canadian shores, and first planted upon them the fleur-de-lis and cross of France.

This intrepid explorer followed in the wake of Columbus, the Cabots, and John Verazzani. It was an age of exploration and navigation in which Spain led the way, but it was the genius and scientific research of Italy that made possible the work of Columbus, Verazzani and the Cabots.

The Malouin, by the way, is a sailor—essentially so. Something about the old walled city of St. Malo, with its six gates, its high tides, its countless sails moving unceasingly hither and thither like winged birds upon the deep, its atmosphere of the sea, together with that free social and jovial character of comradeship which is the dower of marine cities that have been dreaming for centuries, now lulled, now awakened by the songs of the deep,—something about this old, quaint and historic city tells you without the memory of history that here, indeed, the great Malouin explorer, Jacques Cartier, was born.

In the Cathedral of St. Malo, which is partly gothic and partly Renaissance, you read without the chancel, upon the floor, these words:

Ici
S'est Agenouillé
Jacques Cartier,
Pour Recevoir La Bénédiction
A Son Départ Pour La Découverte
Du Canada Le Mai 1535.
Honore Mercier
Premier Ministre De Québec
Souvenir De Sa Visite
1891

As I stood reading this commemorative inscription, full of patriotic import to every Canadian heart, I thought of the beautiful ballad penned by that gifted Irish poet, historian and orator, Hon. Thomas D'Arcy McGee:

"In the seaport of St. Malo 'twas a smiling morn
in May,
When the Commodore Jacques Cartier to the
westward sailed away;
In the crowded old Cathedral all the town were
on their knees,
For the safe return of kinsmen from the un-
discovered seas.

* * * * *

A year passed o'er St. Malo, again came around
the day

When the Commodore Jacques Cartier to the
westward sailed away.
But no tidings from the absent had come the
way they went,
And tearful were the vigils that many a maiden
spent.
And manly hearts were filled with grief and
gentle hearts with fear,
When no tidings came from Cartier at the clos-
ing of the year.

But the earth is as the future, it hath its hidden
side,
And the Captain of St. Malo was rejoicing in
his pride
In the forests of the North. While his townsmen
mourned his loss
He was rearing on Mount Royal the fleur-de-lis
and cross.
And ere six months were over and added to
the year,
St. Malo hailed him home again, 'cheer answer-
ing to cheer.'"

But Cartier was not the only daring soul
cradled in St. Malo. Here was also born, June
10, 1673, Duguay-Trouin, one of the boldest
seamen who ever commanded a privateer. When
but twenty-one years of age, Louis XIV. com-
missioned him as Captain in the royal marine.
His great feat was the capture of Rio de Janeiro,
the 21st. September, 1711.

As with the Norwegian, so with the Breton,
something in his nature links him with the mys-
tery and drama of the sea. Mayhap his child-
hood has passed where the white sails come and
go and in time he comes to regard the ocean with
a feeling of filial kinship and reverence, not fear.
It is worth noting, too, that nearly one-half the
sailors in the French battle-ships are Bretons.

St. Malo was the birthplace also of the initia-
tor of nineteenth-century Romanticism in France
—François René de Châteaubriand—whose
Genius of Christianity and *The Martyrs* entitle
him to rank among the best French prose-writers
of the nineteenth century. Born in 1768, he was
an eye-witness of the French Revolution and all
its attendant horrors. After his voyage in Amer-
ica in 1791, to which may be attributed somewhat
the richness of colouring in his works, he enrolled
himself in the army of the *Emigrés*, and entered

Paris on the 18th. Brumaire—that is during the
second month of the calendar of the First French
Republic—for this time Danton and Robespierre
were revising civilization and patching up the
seamless garment of Christianity—with, of
course, the aid of the goddess of Reason.

In connection with the spirit which pervades
the literary work of Châteaubriand at this time,
it should be noted that nearly all the writers of
this period embody in their work something of
the same unrest, as witness Childe Harold of
Byron, and the Werther of Goethe. It is what
the French call *Le Mal du Siècle*.

The tide at St. Malo rises to an extraordinary
height—higher, I think, than in the Bay of
Fundy. At ebb of the tide the two islets, *le*
Grand Bey and *le Petit Bey*, can be reached by
a causeway. On one of these islands is the tomb
of Châteaubriand. There are also imposing
statues of Châteaubriand and Cartier in the city,
the latter being erected to the great Malouin ex-
plorer and mariner about eight years ago. For
the purpose of aiding in its erection, it will be
remembered that Theodore Botrel, the Bard of
Brittany, visited Canada in the summer of 1903
and gave a series of recitals from his poems in
Ottawa, Montreal and Quebec.

The statue to the Discoverer of Canada is
worthy of the hardy and heroic Breton who first
planted the standard of faith and civilization
upon our shores. Inscribed upon the statue are
the following lines of Botrel:

"Le front nu bravant les tempêtes,
Vêtu de lourdes peaux de bêtes,
La hache d'abordage au flanc,
Il écoute sous les étoiles
La brise rire dans ses voiles
Et chanter dans son drapeau blanc."

THOMAS O'HAGAN.

O fool, to try to carry thyself upon thy own
shoulders! O beggar, to come to beg at thy own
door! Leave all thy burdens on His hands who
can bear all, and never look behind in regret.
Thy desire at once puts out the light from the
lamp it touches with its breath. It is unholy—
take not thy gifts through its unclean hands.
Accept only what is offered by sacred love.

Island Reberies.

Vindication of Mary Stuart.

(Continued from October Issue)

OF all the queens, of all the rulers of history, we have so far learned that Mary Stuart was called upon to endure, and did endure, for the Faith, sufferings that approached very nearly those of the One who established the Church. Those about her person testify that never for one moment did she forget what was



MARY STUART, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

expected of her as Christian princess, woman, daughter, wife, mother or friend.

History has brought us to her Calvary: she is nailed to her cross—the prisoner: the impossible, so-called wife of her cousin's husband, Bothwell, the notorious rake, the godless Reformer, but, at the same time, the *best* of her Lords of the Congregation!

Her prayer is now, "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?" Three hundred years have, little by little, revealed Heaven's reasons for requiring so much of this *privileged* soul. It is that honest souls may see—in the light of State Records, etc., etc.,—the condemnation of the

murderous-hearted Reformers, and the falsity of their doctrines.

In Mary Stuart is vindicated the Catholic Faith in all that it meant to humanity in those days, and in all that it will signify to the end of time, viz., the true Christian life and the true Christian death.

The bad, unrepenting Catholic gave up the interior life and the confessional. Through seven regencies he sought to profit materially by spoliation and plunder; and, instead of reforming himself, as a true Pharisee he went about "reforming" the Church; while his children and children's children were taught a tissue of falsehood respecting the faith of their fathers.

Mary Stuart's beloved King Francis of France lived and died a saint; her second husband, King Henry (Lord Darnley), as a prey to the intriguing Reformers, was more sinned against than sinning, and had turned to his religious duties and unwittingly made saintly preparation for the cruel death meted out to him by the Reformers.

With Mary Stuart's Christian ideal, with either Francis or Henry, Bothwell could no better compare than could a leper with an angel!

In the distracted Queen's Gethsemane, God had allowed her one comfort,—the satisfaction of being able to keep her beloved child out of Bothwell's clutches, by sending secretly her trusty Catholic Bishop, John Lesley of Ross, to Lord Mar with the injunction that he was to deliver the little Prince into no hands but her own, and not until she made that requisition in person!

* * * * *

We must now consider the material aims which the Reformers—soon to be styled the Insurgent Lords—had gained; how they were to secure to themselves the proprietorship for all time; and how they were to "justify" themselves in the eyes of the world,—ah, and especially in the eyes of their innocent families and posterity!

Little did they foresee that state records would prove them murderous traitors; that their own descendants would turn over to the historian (Strickland) condemning documents.

Much remained to be done before their Queen attained her twenty-fifth year—only six months in the future—when she could take from the

holders all possessions given by herself, or in her name, by her mother, during the regency.

Mary Stuart, true to her noble heart, had been very generous with the Crown property, and had thus reduced her own Scottish revenues by a third,—always secure enough in her French revenues as Queen Dowager of France!

Moray, especially, had so imposed upon his royal sister's affection, that—"inheriting nothing,"—his income had become kingly.

To make himself Regent, then King, was now his ambition.

Very cautiously did he go about the realization of his ambitions.

Moray and the other Associate Lords, professing their belief that the Queen was under undue restraint (as she really was), assembled their forces at Stirling and marched on Edinburgh. Bothwell withdrew to Borthwick, taking the Queen, his prisoner, with him; and Moray thus easily obtained possession of the capital. Proclaiming that "they were minded with all their forces to deliver the Queen's most noble person forth of captivity and prison, and to punish Bothwell both for the cruel murder of the late King Henry, and the ravishing and detention of the Queen," they advanced upon Borthwick Castle with twelve hundred men. They had no artillery, however, and the Castle was one of the strongest in the Lowlands, so they were forced to fall back on Dalkeith. Bothwell hastily conveyed the Queen once more to Dunbar Castle, which was deemed an impregnable fortress.

Bothwell, convinced that his fellow-conspirators meant his undoing, now issued a mandate in the name of the Queen, summoning all her faithful subjects to meet at Dunbar Castle. Two thousand men responded—principally hinds and moss-troopers from his own and neighbouring estates, untrained to regular war, and only half-hearted in the cause for which they appeared. With these he marched to Carberry Hill—taking the Queen with him—intending to attack Edinburgh; but he found himself opposed by about three thousand men under Moray and Morton. Neither party seemed willing to fight.

"Albeit her Majesty was there," observes Sir James Melville, "I cannot name it to be her army, for many of them that were with her had opinion that she had intelligence with the Lords,

chiefly such as understood the Earl of Bothwell's mishandling her. So part of his own company detested him, other part believed that her Majesty would fain be quit of him."

Negotiations were entered upon. At length, Mary, trusting to the professed friendship of the Associate Lords, and glad to escape from Bothwell, consented to place herself under their protection. Bothwell hurried from the field.

The Queen's resolution was a fatal one. No sooner had she come within the grasp of Morton than he ordered his soldiers to surround her, and led her triumphantly as a captive into her own city of Edinburgh. Instead of entering her palace of Holyrood to resume her royal sway, she was thrust into a solitary chamber in the Black Turnpike—one of the common prisons of the city—and exposed to the reviling and reproaches of the incited rabble that thronged the Canon-gate.

On the following day the burgers of Edinburgh once more assembled, with the intention of releasing her, but, as usual, by fair promises, the Associate Lords prevailed upon her to disband them; which done, she was marched on foot to Holyrood, in the midst of her captors, as though she had been a sin-stained malefactor.

The Lords saw that the loyalty of the burgesses was not to be despised; and they prepared another place of confinement for their victim-Queen.

At midnight Queen Mary was awakened by Lindsay of the Byres and Ruthven—the murderers of Rizzio—compelled to assume the outer cloak and hood worn by the lower orders, that her station might not be recognized, and was carried swiftly away on horseback in the midst of the company of armed men, to the shores of the Forth. A boat was in waiting, which conveyed them to the shores of Fife, and striking inland, they soon reached the shores of Lochleven. Despite her resistance she was forced to cross the waters of the loch and to enter the gloomy gateway of Lochleven Castle, a hopeless and dispirited prisoner. Too late did she perceive the treachery of her brother, the Earl of Moray, for she could now understand his malevolent intentions. The warrant for her committal had been signed by six of his near relations: her infant son was in the custody of Moray's maternal uncle, the Earl of Mar; and the jailor

in whose charge she was left was Lady Douglas of Lochleven, the mother of Moray and the mistress of James V. What tenderness could she expect from one who saw her as the chief obstacle between her son, the Earl, and the throne?

The records that have been preserved of the Queen's imprisonment at Lochleven show the rigorous treatment to which she was subjected, with the purpose of terrifying her into an abdication. After Mary had suffered five weeks of indignities and privations, the Lords proceeded with their plot. Their purpose was to obtain her signature to a deed of abdication, resigning her kingdom to her son, the baby Prince not yet a year old. They employed both fraud and force. Sir Robert Melville approached her privately as her friend, and assured her that there was no way of preserving her life but by signing the deed. Mary refused to listen to him. He next handed her a letter addressed to her by the English ambassador, stating that "it was the Queen of England's sisterly advice that she should not irritate those who had her in their power by refusing the only concession which could save her life."

Mary rejected the "sisterly advice" with scorn, and Melville retired discomfited.

Immediately afterwards, Lord Lindsay burst into her apartment, and, seizing the documents which declared that she voluntarily resigned her crown and appointed Moray as Regent, he threw them down before her, and ordered her to sign them or dread the consequences. In vain she attempted to reason with him. He told her with an oath that "if she would not sign those documents he would do it with her heart's blood, and cast her body into the Loch to feed the fishes."

Then Melville came behind her whispering that deeds signed under compulsion were void and of no effect.

At length, overcome by the violence of Lindsay, and the duplicity of Melville, she signed the deeds which deprived her of her birthright as Sovereign of Scotland. Acting upon them the Earl of Moray was at once proclaimed Regent; and the coronation of the infant Prince was performed in the East Kirk of Stirling, shortly afterwards.

Instead of this act releasing her from prison,

the captive Queen was more strictly guarded than ever, and confined to one tower of the Castle, to which few had access.

Mary was destined to escape from her prison with the assistance of one whom no inmate of the Castle suspected—"little Willie Douglas," an orphan boy of sixteen, who, taking pity on the Queen, offered to give her the means of escape by preparing one of the boats for her. On the 2d. of May, 1568, the attempt was successfully made. Lord Seton, who had been apprised of the venture, was awaiting the landing of his Queen, with friends and swift horses. Again a Queen, Mary rode rapidly southward to Lord Seton's Castle of West Niddry. Here she found the nucleus of a royalist army already assembled, and she marched with them to Hamilton Palace, the seat of her relative, the Duke of Hamilton. Many of the Lords, discontented with Moray's overbearing rule, deserted the Regent and joined her there; and she soon found herself at the head of six thousand men. Anxious to prevent bloodshed, the Queen twice appealed to her brother to resign the Regency, which had been fraudulently conferred upon him. Moray would not listen to her messengers, and a conflict was made unavoidable.

As the Regent held the strongholds of Edinburgh and Stirling, the Royalists deemed it advisable to have possession of Dumbarton Castle; so the Queen's hastily-gathered army was marched in that direction. Moray checkmated his sister's forces: and the armies encountered at Langside, a suburb of Glasgow.

An unfortunate dissension had arisen in the Queen's camp between the Earl of Argyll and Lord Claud Hamilton, each claiming the right to command: and it is probable that the disastrous result of the battle was largely owing to this cause. By midday the insurgent army was victorious. Moray allowed no quarter; every defeated loyalist who could not escape was butchered.

When all hope was lost, the Queen of Scotland was hurried from the carnage by Lord Herries, and, with Mary Seton, Lady Livingston and her other ever-faithful ladies, did not draw rein until they had reached Dundrennan Abbey, sixty miles from Langside. They had reached there by circuitous routes.

Of this flight Queen Mary writes in her touching letter to her mother's brother, the Cardinal of Lorraine:

"I have suffered injuries, calumnies, captivity, hunger, cold, heat, flying—without knowing whither—four-score and twelve miles across the country, without once pausing to alight, and then lay on the hard ground, having only sour milk to drink, and oatmeal to eat, without bread, passing three nights with the owls."

From Dundrennan Queen Mary, having resolved to pass into England, whence she could return to Scotland, or continue the journey to France, sent back to Queen Elizabeth a diamond ring, which the latter had once sent her as a pledge of her eternal friendship and good faith, and to be used by Mary as such, should occasion ever require.

The "avant-courier," with the ring, took the following letter:

"You are not ignorant, my dearest sister, of great part of my misfortunes; but these which induce me to write at present have happened too recently yet to have reached your ear. I must therefore acquaint you briefly as I can, that some of my subjects whom I most confided in, and had raised to the highest pitch of honor, have taken up arms against me, and treated me with the utmost indignity. By unexpected means the Almighty Disposer of all things delivered me from the cruel imprisonment I underwent; but I have since lost a battle, in which most of those who preserved their loyal integrity fell before my eyes. I am now forced out of my kingdom, and driven to such straits that, next to God, I have no hope but in your goodness. I beseech you, therefore, my dearest sister, that I may be conducted to your presence, that I may acquaint you with all my affairs. In the meantime I beseech God to grant you all heavenly benedictions, and to me patience and consolation, which last I hope and pray to obtain by your means.

"To remind you of the reasons I have to depend on England, I send back to its Queen this token of her promised friendship and assistance.

"Your affectionate sister,

"MARIE R.

"From Dundrennan."

In vain Mary Stuart's friends remonstrated with her, and begged her not to put any trust in the professions of Queen Elizabeth. She names, among the principal of those who opposed her fatal resolution of seeking refuge in England, the Archbishop of St. Andrews, Lord Herries, Lord Fleming, Lord Livingston and the Laird of Lochinvar. "But I," relates the ill-fated Queen, with unavailing regret, "commanded my best friends to permit me to have my own will."

Lord Herries and Lord Fleming, Lord and Lady Livingston, the Queen's Ladies, and other faithful friends—sixteen in all—finding that they could not prevail upon their unfortunate Sovereign to give up her rash purpose, determined to share her perils.

They embarked at Abbey Burn-foot in a small fishing-boat. The Queen's mind misgave her when she was fairly out to sea and under sail for England, and she said she would go to France. The boatmen made an ineffectual effort to change their course, but the wind and tide were contrary, and carried the little vessel rapidly across the Solway Frith, and drove her, within four hours, into the harbor of Workington, a small seafaring town on the coast of Cumberland.


The Rubicon was crossed—Mary Stuart should look on Scotland no more!

She soon found that the fears of her faithful friends had been well-grounded. On the day following her landing, the Earl of Northumberland sent a troop of his retainers, ostensibly, to do her honor, but really, to prevent her escape, and she was led by them to Carlisle and lodged in the Castle.

Here she received a note from Elizabeth, stating that "she found it impossible to meet her until she had cleared herself of the murder of her husband." In vain did the Scottish Queen appeal for justice; in vain did she entreat to be allowed to return to her own land. She had placed herself within the grasp of a merciless foe, and must abide the consequences. The remainder of her life, which was protracted for nineteen years, was spent in a succession of English prisons. She was detained a captive by one who had no jurisdiction over her, and who did not dare to bring her to an open trial.

IDRIS.

The Winnipeg Stampede.

OUR readers doubtless know that a stampede, stampedo, or estampida, are Spanish terms meaning a wild, headlong scamper of frightened animals.

The late stampede at Winnipeg was an event, a pageant presenting to us the four hundred years of the white man's occupancy of America, taking us back to the Spanish colonizing of this continent under the eye and the advice of Columbus, the pious Italian, the Discoverer of America. We now speak of his countrymen as "foreigners": and we ignore the fact that the Spaniards founded the only "missions" of mercy for the despoiled Indian; brought from Spain to America the fruits for which the tropics are famous—oranges, lemons, pears, peaches, pine-apples and grapes; and introduced to our boundless pasture-lands that most useful animal, the horse.

Turned free upon the unfenced fields, this Spanish equine became the mustang or bronco, the "wild" horse known to fame as the "bucking broncho."

The Spaniards brought also the cow, whose descendants, roaming free over the boundless pasture-lands, became, in turn, the wild cattle of the plains.

Many of the Spaniards took Indian wives; their descendants, having a strain of wild, free blood, literally *took after* the wild horses, and, having captured and subdued them, utilized them in pursuing and "rounding up" the wild cattle.

The Gaucho of the South-American pampas was the prototype of the North-American cowboy.

Bronco riding and "steer-roping" followed the peopling of the New World from South America to the plains of Mexico, and the prairies of the United States and North-Western Canada.

Riding and roping became a fine art, requiring the most strenuous genius of its devotees.

As a national "industry," all this is another story—in "economics."

How was the world in general to behold what we had in imagination admired? We could not go to "the fields boundless and beautiful," so it all came to us, at Winnipeg, August 9-16, 1913.

The daily afternoon performance was preceded by a morning pageant.

On that one particular morning I was delighted to see that the Spaniard had come into his own, when the leading personage was a mounted Spanish-Mexican, in national garb, including the irresistible sombrero.

I perhaps could more correctly style this admired personage—a Spanish-Mexican-Indian; for it is a far cry back to Columbus, and the Spanish soldiers and adventurers who took to themselves Indian wives. Of the fourteen million inhabitants of Mexico, eleven millions are Indians or "Mexicans," with Spanish names—and now engaged in—revolutions! His immediate followers in the pageant were a Mexican Band—of music.

Then came the Indians! Dressed in fringed buckskins, feathers, and war-paint; mounted, and on foot, they—braves and squaws, types of the soil's first inhabitants and masters,—seemed quite properly, to have once more come into their own. There is a quiet, stoic sadness and dignity about the Indian that invites reflection more or less pleasant, and the conclusion—at least, on that occasion—that theirs was the *right of way!*

The "braves" were followed by the squaws, mounted, with their papooses behind them in the travois net suspended from the crosspiece which joins two long trailing poles attached at the upper end to the saddle,—one at each side of the horse. The papoose is a safe distance from the horse's heels. This vehicle is more primitive than the Red-River cart, lacks its creaking, and is much more picturesque.

Next in the pageant came the cowboys, and cowgirls, claiming Mexico, the United States and Canada as country.

Ah, here were the most daring, confident, expert, and *interested* riders in the world,—and from all parts and *classes* of the world!

Did not Colonel Roosevelt, ex-President of the United States, raise and command a regiment from the cowboys of the Texas plains?—his "Rough-Riders"!

From the cowboys of the Alberta and Saskatchewan plains, Lord Strathcona organized the "Strathcona Horse," which did duty in the South-African war; and assisted in teaching the Mother Country respect for her colonials. Our Canadians could fraternize with the New Zealanders and Australians, but with the narrow,

whipped-into-one-groove "Tommy Atkins"—O dear! no!

When the boys of *wide range* were conquering every positive and negative obstacle, despairing "Tommy" was looking for the "jam-carts."

As for the cowgirls,—a first glance suggested dwarfed "gingerbread men"; but no! their faces wore a hard, *uncrumbling* expression! Their wide-brimmed hats and fringed skirts were apropos and smart,—quite in line with the cowboy costume.

Quick came the thought query—Why should there be cowgirls? Is it want of brothers, or inability of fathers?

It was a very pretty sight to see the American cowboys salute their country's flag, which, when the procession appeared, was unfurled from the American Consul's office, on Portage Avenue.

The pageant passed!—was gone.

Gone is the *raison d'être* of both cowboys and cowgirls: the boundless plains are now cut up into small ranches or farms; and, of all disasters, the barbed-wire fence is literally "the limit"!

After the Pageant came the activities and wonders of the "stampede" as enacted in the extensive Amphitheater which, on the last day of the stampede, seated an audience of one hundred and fifty thousand!

At the gate we secured stampede literature, to which we had recourse during the hour of waiting. As to the cowboy:

"The great days of the cowboy have passed. The agricultural stage pushes aside the pastoral. Farming, wherever it can be advantageously pursued, and stock-farming, possess, or will possess, the great area where once the knights of the quirt (whip) and stock-saddle lived their healthy and adventurous lives. They were found at one time or another from Mexico to the Peace River, throughout the so-called arid lands and bad lands of Texas, New Mexico, part of Arizona, Colorado, Wyoming, Montana, Western Kansas, Nebraska, Dakota, and the Canadian Northwest Territories. But the cowboy will soon be only a memory, like the buffalo-hunter. He will disappear as the trapper is disappearing. The broncho buster and the horse-wrangler will go the way of the old stage-driver.

The accessories of the cowboy, his sombrero and chaperajos, and jingling, heavy spurs, have struck the imagination and blinded it to his qualities and services. He was courteous and self-contained, as men who live out of doors and carry dangerous weapons, and know that their associates carry them, are apt to be; truthful, honest, brave, of course, and not merely in action but in endurance, laborious and full of resource. He belonged to a highly-skilled profession. An early initiation into it and years of training were necessary. Plenty of Easterners who thought it was easy for any muscular fellow, graduated from the riding-schools, to become a cowboy, found their mistake. The cowboy rode well and roped well. Skill with the rope is only attained after long and constant practice.

Considering the refractory and unbroken or badly-broken beasts the cowboys had to ride, and the rough country in which most of their riding had to be done, and considering the perfect control of their mounts, they must be counted among the best, if not the best, horsemen in the world.—and masters of a style effective for their purposes.

Perfect presence of mind was necessary to the cowboy. We are likely to forget in his fringe and jingle how much hard work, often under difficult conditions, he had to do. Cow-punching in a stampede during bitter weather is no child's play. The men in the "line camps" had duties more responsible and difficult than often fall to soldiers. A great round-up was managed with a skill and discipline substantially military. One day a cowboy drags a steer out of a quicksand and the grateful beast charges at him in consequence! The next day he is fording a freshet-swollen river, or struggling through a blizzard. A bright-eyed and resolute race were and are the cowboys. Their military capabilities received sufficient demonstration in 1900, in the Strathcona Horse, and in 1898, in the Rough-Riders.

The personal qualities of the cowboys are visible enough, but their services to civilization are scarcely thought of. Over wide regions they have been the pioneers. They have fought a good fight against thieves, especially horse-thieves, the arch-criminals in a new country

where everybody must ride. Essentially the cowboys have been a force for law and property in a territory where no writ runs that is not signed by the strong hand.

Their costume and profession are a modification of those of the Mexican vaquero. They spread from the south northward, somewhat of their quiet courtesy is perhaps due to their southern origin.

The east added to their number. For a time cowpunching was almost a mania among eastern college men. Cultivated youths were fascinated by the free, open life. There arose an odd and delightful society. The ranchman was only a cowboy-in-chief. He was emancipated from many prejudices and localisms. It was noticed that cowpunching was a sure recipe for reducing the Bostonian morgue!

A few words about cowboy character may be quoted from ex-President Theodore Roosevelt's writings. He, a New Yorker, Harvard student, Western plainsman, rancher, national statesman and conservative analyzer of his subjects, years ago gave the following description as a result of personal knowledge and experience:

"Cowboys resemble one another much more and much less than is the case with their employers or ranchmen. A town in the cattle country, where it is thronged with men from the neighborhood round about, presents a picturesque sight. Here are assembled men who follow the various industries known only to frontier existence, who lead lonely lives, except when occasion causes their visit to the 'camp.' All the various classes—loungers, hunters, teamsters, stage-drivers, trappers, shepherds, settlers, and men drawn from all classes, plainsmen and mountainmen—are here to be seen. Most prominent of all, the cowboy: singly, or in twos and threes, they gallop the wild, little horses down the street, their lithe, supple figures erect, or swaying slightly as they sit loosely in the saddle. Their stirrups are so long that their knees are hardly bent, and the bridles not taut enough to keep chains from clinking."

At shouts of "Guy! O Guy!" we raise our eyes and look out on the arena, where we perceive Guy Weadick, the promoter and manager of the Stampede—a most fascinating horseman—riding here, there and everywhere.

Referring to our "literature" we find—"Mr. Weadick is a cowboy, himself, and as a fancy roper he has travelled the United States and Europe, both with vaudeville and with the leading wild-west exhibitions. The gay boulevards of Paris: the broad streets of Berlin: even St. Petersburg and the foggy streets of old London have seen the tall young cowpuncher in his marvellous exhibitions with his 'educated rope.'"

Poor Guy Weadick, this moment, lies a wreck at death's door, the victim, not of bucking broncho nor of wild stampede horns and hoofs, but of an automobile!

Weadick's horsemanship was rivalled by all who took part in the different features of the daily programme—Wild Horse Race: Riding of Bucking Horses by Cowboys and Cowgirls: Roping of Long-Horn Steers by Cowboys and Cowgirls: Steer Bulldogging by Cowboys: Trick and Fancy Riding by Cowboys and Cowgirls: etc., etc., etc.

It was all so new and marvellous that the four-hour programme ended but too soon.

We sat there wishing that all our good-horsemen friends were with us to enjoy the great exhibition—King Richard, Coeur de Lion, and his famous charger, "Favel," would have died again of sheer envy!

Please, bear in mind, dear reader, that hundreds of wild bronchos and wild steers were brought to Winnipeg for the Stampede; and a fresh number of these were daily let loose to be ridden and caught by the dauntless cowboys and cowgirls.

To quote a few lines of enlightenment as to a real stampede:

Did you ever hear the story of how one stormy night

A wild beef herd stampeded down yonder to the right?

* * * * *

The thunder now began to peal and crash along the sky,

The cattle pawed and moved about and the wind went whistling by.

Then suddenly without a sign there came an awful crash

And my eyes were almost blinded by the lightning's frightful flash!

And then the scene that followed defies my
tongue to tell,—
For those wild steers all *stampeded* when the
deadly lightning fell!
I don't know how it happened, but when my
vision clears
I find that I am riding in the midst of running
steers.
And, oh, the thoughts that filled my brain, as in
that living tide
Of hoofs and horns and glowing eyes I made
that fearful ride.
On and on at deadly sped,—I dared not slacken
pace—
A stone wall had not stopped us in that blood-
curdling race!

* * * * *

And when I got my senses the hoofs and horns
were gone
And Bill was kneeling at my side with streaming
"slicker" on.
You see, my leg was broken, and chest was badly
crushed
By half a dozen reckless steers as over me they
rushed.
But it's hard to kill a cowboy: he is pretty tough,
you know,
Else I'd been riding in the clouds with angels
long ago!

—WALLACE D. COBURN.

Truly, the cowboy possesses the quick eye and
hand and the steady nerve of the surgeon, added
to the bravery, courage and endurance of all the
heroes of song and story.

The joyous, will-and-free atmosphere of the
Arena suggested the lines:

"I love the herds on the open range, the riders
who guide them well,
Who ride like fiends in the night stampede thro'
the ocean of chaparrall;
I love to dream in the camp-fire of the days as
they used to be,
And the stalwart men who were heroes then;—
so the West, the West for me!"

More and more convincing became the con-
clusion that the passing of an art so splendid and
picturesque in its perfection, means a lost glory
to our New World!

The sadness of it is voiced in Charles Clark's
"Appeal"—

I rode across a valley range,
I hadn't seen for years;
The trail was all so spoiled and strange,
It nearly fetched the tears.

I had to let the fences down,—
The fussy lanes ran wrong:
And each new line would make me swear,
And hum this little song:

'Twas good to live when all the sod,
Without no fence or fuss,
Belonged in partnership to God,
The Government, and Us!

With sky-line bounds from east to west,
And room to go and come,
I loved my fellow man the best
When he was scattered some.

When my old soul hunts range and rest,
Beyond the Great Divide;
Just plant me in some stretch out West,
That's sunny, lone and wide.

Let cattle rub my tombstone round,
And coyotes mourn their kin,
Let horses come and paw my mound,—
But don't you fence it in!

What a grand old saying is that—"Wonders
will never cease!"

Neither Spaniard, Gaucho, Mexican nor
American took the world's championship as
bucking-horse-bareback-rider, but a Canadian,
Emil Le Grand of High River, Alberta.

And it is only thirty years since the cowboy
became part of our Northwest!

A long and far call back to you, Christopher
Columbus!

IDRIS.

—•—

They who recognize by the light of faith the
sovereignty of God in all things will recognize
the sovereignty of God in the daily and hourly
details of their own personal life and in the
changes of their lot.—*Cardinal Manning.*

Niagara Rainbow.

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR

By the Students of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary in America.

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JULY, 1914.

It becomes our rare privilege and delight to felicitate His Lordship the Right Reverend T. J. Dowling, D. D., Bishop of Hamilton, upon his approaching Golden Jubilee, his fiftieth year completed in the sacred ministry: for His Lordship was ordained priest on August the fifteenth, eighteen hundred and sixty-four—the Feast of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin.

The fifty Golden Years have been told out, one by one, in fulfilment of priestly and episcopal duties: and they may be counted severally in the many churches and other lasting memorials of our great Pastor's active and fruitful stewardship as Priest and Bishop.

Indefatigable and enthusiastic in his labors, neither heat, cold, nor distance, can deter our good Bishop from duties which he often relentlessly imposes upon himself.

To the diocese the episcopal career of His Lordship the Bishop of Hamilton has been a fruitful benediction; and to Loreto his Consecration has added a deeper significance to the month

of May. His Lordship has faithfully carried on the traditions of the Church: and as a watchful, loving pastor, he not only takes personal interest in the pupils of Mount St. Mary during their school-days, but also after they have gone to their homes and the mist of time has gathered between the present and the past.

Never had the Immaculate Virgin a more devoted advocate of her cause—the "Lily of Israel" a more eloquent and convincing preacher of the necessity of following in her footsteps.

Well do the fifty Golden Years, as golden bells, with the celestial chorus, ring out their glad burden in heaven's own harmony.

*

"Here's to the really cultured woman," writes a cultured friend, "she is all the simpler and the less obtrusive for her knowledge: it has made her see herself and her opinions in something like just proportions. She does not make it a pedestal from which she flatters herself that she commands a complete view of men and things, but makes it a point of observation from which to form a right estimate of herself. She neither spouts poetry nor quotes Cicero, on slight provocation; not because she thinks that a sacrifice must be made to the prejudice of men, but because that mode of exhibiting her memory and her Latinity does not present itself to her as edifying or graceful. She does not write books to confound philosophers, perhaps because she is able to write books that delight them. In conversation she is the least formidable of women, because she understands you without wanting to make you aware that you cannot understand her. She does not give you information—which is the *raw material of culture*—she gives you sympathy, which is its sublimest essence."

*

Real culture is as rare now as it was before the desire for universal education; and it is likely to continue to be as rare. Machinery cannot bestow it; and you cannot have universal educa-

tion without machinery. Many think, now, that because the elements of culture—those of its elements, at least, that come from books—are given into the hands of the multitude, the consummate product is within easy reach as well. It is a delusion natural in the first blind rush of ambition and aspiration; but it is one that, some time, must come to an end. The student and the artist know better. The great public, some day, will know better, too.

*

We are, if we must believe the advance guard of Modern Thought, upon the verge of so many revolutions nowadays that one becomes just a little bewildered. All the ideas which the Past handed on to us, fondly imagining they would satisfy us as they had satisfied it, are in the melting-pot. Every theory, every principle, is haled before the judgment-seat of the new idealism, and sternly invited either to justify itself or to cease from imposing upon credulous mankind.

In no direction is this process more striking than in the realm of education. Other views than those prevailing nowadays were held some years ago as to what goes to make up a complete system of intellectual training for girls. The range of woman's studies then was restricted to narrow limits indeed. Our own age has brought in a new order of things. The present generation aims at nothing short of placing the weaker and the lordlier sex on the same intellectual level. Reform in the sphere of feminine education was assuredly needed, and we will hope that the universal recognition of the need may lead to the discovery of a system of training for our girls as perfect as is compatible with the conditions that affect all human institutions. So far, however, few wise heads will admit that we have more than approached the goal of our aspirations. A broad way to the acquirement of knowledge has been opened out to woman, and no pains are spared to stimulate her to intellectual exertion; but acquirement is not enlightenment or even enlargement of mind; and mental

activity if not well and judiciously regulated may do more harm than good. Feverish effort, frantic emulation, undue brain pressure, ill-digested knowledge, a taste for publicity—these are among the conditions of our new-fashioned system; and with all due deference to modern progress, we are inclined to ask whether, when the advantages and disadvantages of the old and of the new régime are fairly weighed, the balance is altogether in favor of the latter. If the quantity and quality of the learning acquired in the by-gone era were below the present standard, was not the inferior measure often acquired with more salutary effect? If mental exertion was less active then than now, was there not more of quiet, profitable work and steady, invigorating discipline? If there was less of ambitious striving and showy achievement, was there not more of pure motive and at least as much genuine cultivation? But a future generation will be more competent than we to judge whether the women who came forth from the schools of the past or those brought up upon modern principles, were the better prepared to perform their duty nobly, and to fight intelligently and with credit the great battle of life.

*

These are the days of clubs, societies, committees and combines, for the furtherance of every aim imaginable under the sun, religious, educational, economic and social. There is hardly a town or hamlet without some organization for welding together the units of a community in the interests of some public or private good. It would seem that the day of great individual achievement, the day when one man stands forth among his brethren and performs deeds of heroism and produces works of genius for the common weal, are past and gone. Those days, however, when a man's fireside was his club-house, and his parents the God-elected presidents thereof, make some of the most glorious pages in history.

It is but a poor tribute to the modern man, this necessity for combined effort, but we must only try to read "Progress" between the lines, and, forgetting the real meaning of the term, believe it so. Yet, since we must have clubs, let us see if we cannot organize one whose aim will be the recovery of something which we have lost this three score or more years; something which has taken so much of the savour out of our social and domestic life, that in lamenting its loss we neglect to put forth any real effort towards its restoration. Francis Thompson, in his poem addressed to St. Anthony, and in reference to England's loss of the true Faith, says something very much to our present purpose. He says:

"The thing she seeketh, give her not to find,
Give her to find the thing she seeketh not."

Of course, I mean the dear old-fashioned, feminine, lovable, domestic "girl." For how many long, weary years she has been lost to us! Except on the printed pages of the books we like the best, and in the memories of some we love the best, she is nowhere to be found. At home, next to its presiding Angel, "Mother," she was the very soul of the place. Evidences of her industry, and the refinement of her taste greeted the eye at every turn. The walls were hung with the product of her pen and brush—not masterpieces, indeed, no, but the result of many busy hours, and much careful application—whose real value lay in the store of patience laid up for a future day. What has become of her sweet simple wardrobe—with its inconspicuous gowns for daily wear and its pure muslins and delicate colored sash ribbons for festive occasions? Where are the innocent gayeties that formed the golden prospect and retrospect of her life? The little household duties, the charities, the self-forgetful ministrations to the young, the poor, the aged, that made up her daily programme? Was there not a charm about her very bashfulness when she came among those out of her im-

mediate circle? Her tenderness of feeling and sympathy for those in distress were things so much to be counted upon, that they called forth no comment even. No great and attractive picture is this we have drawn, perhaps, and yet, undoubtedly, this was the material from which the sublimest examples of motherhood, wifehood, and maidenhood have been fashioned.

What dreadful catastrophe has a new age brought with it, to deprive us of such a treasure, and to give us in exchange—what? Surely, oh, surely, not that loud, restless, self-indulgent, forward girl, whose one aim seems to be to gratify every passing whim and fancy, every vulgar desire and appetite, and this at whatsoever cost, and with utter disregard as to whether she can afford it or not. Not, surely, this girl whose mind is furnished with matter drawn from sensational newspapers, upon whose horrors she has fed until by familiarity they are no longer horrors, who finds herself at home everywhere except at home, and who frets and fumes unless life presents one unbroken stream of novelties for her barren mind to feed upon! To whom, before she is out of short skirts, parties—and even balls—are a necessity of her being. Spaulding says:

"The vulgar can see no beauty except in perpetual novelties and sensational surprises, while the trained eye and the delicate mind see delights everywhere without end."

Yes, this is but one side of the modern girl, but this side is so prominent and so persistently before us that we are forced to ignore the good one—admitting, of course, that there *is* a good one, as there is to the worst problem that can come up for discussion.

Is there any hope of a remedy? you ask. There is, of course, if a universal combine among enlightened parents is formed to take up the cause and warmly pursue it. But there must be very different influences at work in the home life of young girls, than those which prevail nowadays,

and a long list of so-called amusements must be blotted out of her programme. Her earliest ideals must be carefully directed, good principles clearly defined and implanted in her character—with example, that powerful teacher, ever on hand to provide the necessary model according to which she must shape her life and conduct. No school or University can supply for these home exercises, in character-building and moral training.

Mothers, Christian mothers, have you not realized this enough to make you ready to face any ordeal, or make any sacrifice, to restore to your household this long-lost treasure? Do you not also realize that, in great measure, you, yourselves, are to blame? You, who in your foolish anxiety that no one should surpass your daughter in exterior advantages, have by your ambition created an appetite, whose demands are now beyond all reason and good sense, if not also beyond your means? You, yourselves, wish her to take your place, from time to time, in the household whose duties have become too confining and exacting for your health and spirits. But hitherto her own will has been her law, her appetites have led her where they would. She has no sympathy for you because she has no experience of your work, besides her pursuit of pleasure leaves her no time to help you. Happy will you be if her idea of pleasure be not one that in a short time will vitiate her mind and ruin her character altogether.

"But the remedy! the remedy!" you cry. I answer that an intelligent knowledge of a disease, its symptoms, its effects, is half the cure. You cannot turn the world back in its old path again—true, but you can prepare and administer an antidote for so palpable an evil, if you have a real and determined will to do so. You can call the old-fashioned girl by a *new-fashioned* name. You can make her dress, her ways and her virtues the vogue in your own vicinity if you like. Only you must be determined and persevering, and you must be ready to face a little

criticism, and to withstand temptation, and be great enough to dare the monster "Fashion" in his den.

*

The Dedication of the works of Francis Thompson to Wilfrid and Alice Meynell tells us to whom we owe the three often exquisite, and always interesting, volumes of the poems and the prose of a writer whose lofty thought and beautiful diction entitle him to high rank among our too limited number of real poets. The life and nature of Francis Thompson were in effect something very like poems in themselves, many-sided and as often steeped in shadow as bathed in sun. It seems to us that in some phases he was a poet whose genius was almost more clearly evident in his prose than in his poetry, for, while both give us fine and individual thoughts expressed with a sure sense of the bond between the thought and the word, there is occasionally in the poetry a certain obscurity, a preciousness, we might almost say a sense of effort and affectation, all of which are absent from his prose essays.

In a necessarily brief tribute to a writer of big brain, fine culture, and a finer heart, it is only possible to deal in generalities, and it may be said at once that Francis Thompson sounds on one page the depths of human nature and human life, while on the next he soars upon the wings of imagination into a sunlit heaven of pure poesy. Of his essays, the study of Shelley is singularly beautiful as well as critically acute, and in poetry and prose alike there are to be found gems of thought cut by the unerring hand of a master-craftsman in creating phrases that "on the stretched forefinger of all time" shall sparkle for ever. These three volumes form a worthy memorial of a real poet, who will one day assuredly come into his full heritage of fame.

In running through Vol. III. of the prose, the other day, we happened on this passage, which, with but slight change, might be applied to our time:

"Alas, for the nineteenth century, with so much pleasure, and so little joy; so much learning, and so little wisdom; so much effort, and so little fruition; so many philosophers, and so little philosophy; so many seers, and so little vision; so many prophets, and so little foresight; so many teachers, and such an infinite wild vortex of doubt! The one divine thing left to us is Sadness. . . . 'Eat,' we say, 'eat, drink, and be merry' (we say to our children) 'for to-morrow ye are men!'"

Could it be put any better? Scarcely. And yet how few people realize where we are going. Perhaps many of us would more fully realize the barrenness of our times if we were better acquainted with Francis Thompson.

*

During the course of a lecture on "Hamlet," recently delivered in Washington, by the Hon. Maurice Francis Egan, Minister Plenipotentiary to Denmark, the distinguished litterateur remarked that, hitherto, he had always maintained that Shakespeare could have composed all his plays without having travelled a mile from his native heath of Stratford, but, since visiting Denmark, this conviction had been relinquished. Hamlet and Polonius are typical Danes and could only be portrayed by one who was familiar with the characteristics of the people of that country. In all probability, Shakespeare made the journey to Denmark with a company of English players some time during the reign of Anne of Denmark, who is known to have been devoted to the drama.

Dr. Egan is a recognized authority on Shakespearean drama, in general, and on "Hamlet," in particular, living as he has done for these past years in close proximity to the Danish Helsingor, so replete with historic associations and traditions. The point of view adopted in the lecture was the comparison of the Shakespearean version of "Hamlet's" story with that of the ancient chronicle of Saxo Grammaticus.

Dr. Egan went on to say, further, that although every one associates Hamlet with Elsinore, the real Hamlet never did and never could

have lived at Elsinore, separated as he was by geographical barriers. Furthermore, no Castle of Elsinore ever existed. Many travellers to-day visit Elsinore, and shed a few tears at the grave of Hamlet, but alas for illusions! The tomb was, in reality, put up by a hotel keeper, with a view to booming his trade.

*

On the third of June an interesting ceremony took place at the Château of Laeken—a suburb of Brussels—when the two young Belgian Princes, the Duc de Brabant and the Comte de Flandre, eldest sons of the King of the Belgians, received, the first, the Sacrament of Confirmation, and the second, his First Holy Communion. The Cardinal Archbishop of Malines celebrated Mass in the private chapel of the Château, which is built among the greenhouses of the garden and is composed of crystal, being in the shape of a rotunda, with half a dozen apsidal chapels.

At 8.30 a. m., the private chaplain, the religious tutor, and other dignitaries received the King and Queen and conducted them to the altar, where they made way for the young princes.

All the old servants of the Royal Family were invited to attend, but besides these, only intimate friends were present.

The young princes made their profession of faith in clear, firm tones. When the simple, but touching, ceremony was over, the King and Queen and Cardinal Mercier partook of breakfast with the royal children.

*

A monument is proposed to Reverend John Lingard, in England—Lingard, the Irish priest-historian whose name is too often forgotten by those who ought to be most familiar with it. "We wonder," writes a correspondent on the other side of the Atlantic, in reference to the proposed monument to Lingard, "whether it should really be a figure in stone, or a new edi-

tion of his history, which seems to have gone out of print."

Lingard was one of the great writers who were indebted to accident for a publisher. To Mawman's printing-house the priest-historian, as yet unblazoned by renown, sent his manuscript. Flung into a drawer for that kind of consideration that generally ends in rejection, it remained untouched till one day Lord Holland—himself an expert in the science of history—called on business. Mawman passed some remark to him about the effrontery of an unknown writer attempting an elaborate history of England.

"History of England!" exclaimed the peer. "There is only one man of this epoch qualified to take such a work in hand, and that is Dr. Lingard of Ushaw College." "That's my man," rejoined Mawman, who at once sent the work to press. The fame of its author was soon established by attacks which he answered in judicial tone and with profound documentation. He accepted \$1,500 a year from Queen Victoria, who approved of his "Letters on Catholic Loyalty."

The *Athenaeum* calls him "one of the most honest writers that ever took upon himself the heavy duty of telling the history of England."

It may interest RAINBOW readers to know that Dr. Lingard was ordained in the chapel of St. Mary's Convent, Micklegate Bar, York, on April 18, 1795.

His unabridged History of England is in the library of this house of the Institute.

*

A special interest attaches to the centenary of the birth of Aubrey de Vere, that sweet poet whose effusions entitle him to a niche—and by no means a humble one—in the temple of fame. Taking for themes the heroic and the legendary in Ireland's Celtic tradition, he has done what no one before him accomplished on so large a scale and in so characteristic a manner—given us in English poetry the ancient treasures of a people's

thought and life hitherto sealed up in the Gaelic tongue or at best translated into English prose.

The friend of Newman, Keble, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Gladstone, he moved in the most refined and cultured society of his time. In his beautiful home at Curragh Chase, County Limerick, Aubrey de Vere was visited by many celebrities, and his rare charm of manner, gentle wit and refined humour made his companionship much sought after among men and women of mind and talent. When the snows of age descended upon him, it was his wont to delight a circle of friends with anecdotes of Wordsworth, of whose traits and habits he retained a vivid and affectionate remembrance.

"When I first knew him," writes Mr. Wilfrid Ward, "as a man of threescore years, he had still the simplicity, the unspoilt keenness of enjoyment, the buoyant hopefulness, the trustfulness, the reverence for all that was great and good, which belonged to a youth as yet untouched by the world, whose brightness is undimmed by the disappointments and disillusion of life. In a letter written in middle age, he declares that he feels just as he felt at eighteen. And at sixty he appeared to his friends to be still unchanged. He was one of those of whom we are apt to think that they ought never to die."

Sarah Coleridge, in a famous comparison, once said that "Wordsworth wrote like a poet, Henry Taylor looked like a poet, and Aubrey de Vere lived like a poet."

*

We have received from Benziger Brothers, Publishers, New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago, "Roma," Part III.

The work is to be completed in eighteen parts, and the price of each part is 35 cents, post-paid. A year's subscription is \$2.00, and the price for the complete work, \$6.00.

In the present number we are first taken by Dr. Kuhn through the ruins of the old temples and basilicas of Rome. He then describes for us the "Thermae," or large public baths, which were temples of luxury in the widest and fullest

sense of the word. Next he tells of the history of the theatres of Rome, and the story of the beginning of the art of acting is a very interesting one. The number closes with a graphic description of the great amphitheatres of Rome, huge structures, wherein many a mortal combat was fought "to make a Roman holiday." The illustrations in this number are numerous and fully up to the standard set by the preceding ones.

*

"In Quest of Adventure" (Benziger Brothers), by Mary E. Mannix. 8mo., cloth, \$0.45; post-paid.

In this new story Miss Mannix has, so to speak, taken a new departure. Two little boys, brothers, who long for change and that spice of life which even children crave in a limited way, sally forth from time to time from their quiet, well-ordered home, to taste the sweets of untrammelled vacation hours, to breathe unaccustomed airs and enjoy, as best they may, in the limited time and space at their command, a little journey in their small world. They make a discovery, one adventure leads to another, till they have all the diversion they wish and more than they can well control. They make new friends and companions, they are initiated into lessons of kindness and patience, and learn, above all, that a gruff and unprepossessing exterior often hides a heart of gold.

The interest of this little book is well sustained from first to last, and it will serve pleasantly and profitably to while away a leisure hour.

*

"Polly Day's Island," by Isabel J. Roberts, Author of "The Little Girl from Back East," etc. (Benziger Brothers). 8mo., cloth, \$0.85; post-paid.

Think of children having a shipyard for a playground, and motorboats, sailboats and hydro-aeroplanes to play with! Turkey and Delia, the biggest "little people" you ever saw—native son

and daughter of California—come to visit Polly Day and her wonderful island. Adventure follows upon adventure. Where there is so much water and such a lot of young people, things are bound to happen. And they do—in quick succession. Think of a boy dropping, literally, out of a clear sky upon the island of boats! And a cat that's never tamed, the mascot of the *Miss Lou*—a cat that can swim and box, and render, on occasion, first aid in trapping burglars.

Through it all runs a tender strain of religious feeling, and the children, though so full of life and fun, do splendid work for the fisherfolk. You'll not forget Father Paul, the fisherman priest, or how he taught the simple islanders to identify God and His truths with their every-day life, even to the catching of fish and mending of nets.

And Polly Day, the little girl from whom the book takes its title! She is as full of "character" as a nut is of meat. Fearless, generous, a bit wilful, a bit vain, she "just naturally" had to get into trouble. And you laugh at her, and maybe now and again shake your head at her, and you are sorry when you come to the end and there's no more of her, for you feel that she could fill a half-dozen more such books as "Polly Day's Island"—and that you would like to read them all.

*

"The Shield of Silence," by M. E. Henry-Ruffin (Benziger Brothers). 8vo., cloth, net, \$1.35.

"The Shield of Silence" is a strong story with part of the action in the United States and part in the north of Spain. Mrs. Ruffin gives some vivid pictures of life among the Basques in the most picturesque part of Europe, and she has included in her novel a striking account of the political conditions in Spain. Some of the most stirring chapters deal with the Barcelona riot and the influence that leads up to this fearful outbreak. The chief interest of the story lies in the fact that the knowledge of a crime had been in-

trusted to a priest, who, of course, is bound to secrecy. One lesson that the author has clearly brought out, without any attempt at preaching, is that every crime brings its own punishment and no human justice can punish a criminal so effectively as his or her—the latter in this case—own conscience and remembrance of wrongdoing, and that the effects of a great sin are far-reaching and its results often the most unexpected. All through the book the reader, as well as the sinner, is haunted by the memory of a crime that has no human expiation.

*

“The Ups and Downs of Marjorie” (Benziger Brothers. By Mary T. Waggaman. 16mo., \$0.45.

In one of its aspects story-writing contains an element of awe. It is the educational one. A book leaves the author's hands to imprint on the thousands of hearts the lessons and views of life that have impressed themselves upon the author. When there is a question of a book for children, this awe deepens and the author's obligations are increased, as the heart of the child is more susceptible to impressions. This sense of responsibility has long been recognized as the hall-mark of Mrs. Waggaman's work. And it has evinced itself in this, her latest story, more so than ever before. Her story-telling has lost none of its charm, and, apart from giving delight to all young readers, will suggest noble thoughts to the hearts of many children, and shed over their young lives a lasting influence for good.

Marjorie's Ups and Downs flicker like sunshine and shadows through the tangles of a plot, exciting enough to hold its young readers' interest to its happy close.

Little Marjorie Mayne herself is one of the most lovable of Mrs. Waggaman's many juvenile heroines.

From the lucky hour when, in spite of “rumpled curls and torn dress,” she is picked out from all the other prim and proper little orphans at

St. Vincent's to share the good Miss Talbot's country home until the Star of Fortune rises bright over her darkened path, Marjorie does not give us a dull moment, but tumbles from one childish scrape into another in the heedless, happy-go-lucky fashion of a loving little girl whose heart always runs away with her head. Her “Downs” are many—falling into the half-frozen mill dam, innocently stripping the Hillcrest conservatory of all its rare flowers for Miss Talbot's altar—venturing forth at midnight with the old gypsy Selma, to find the “pot of gold” that will save her dear friend's home. But though threatening shadows gather around her for awhile, they are scattered most happily, and the story ends—as all stories should—leaving its little heroine high “up” in the glad sunshine of Joy and Love.

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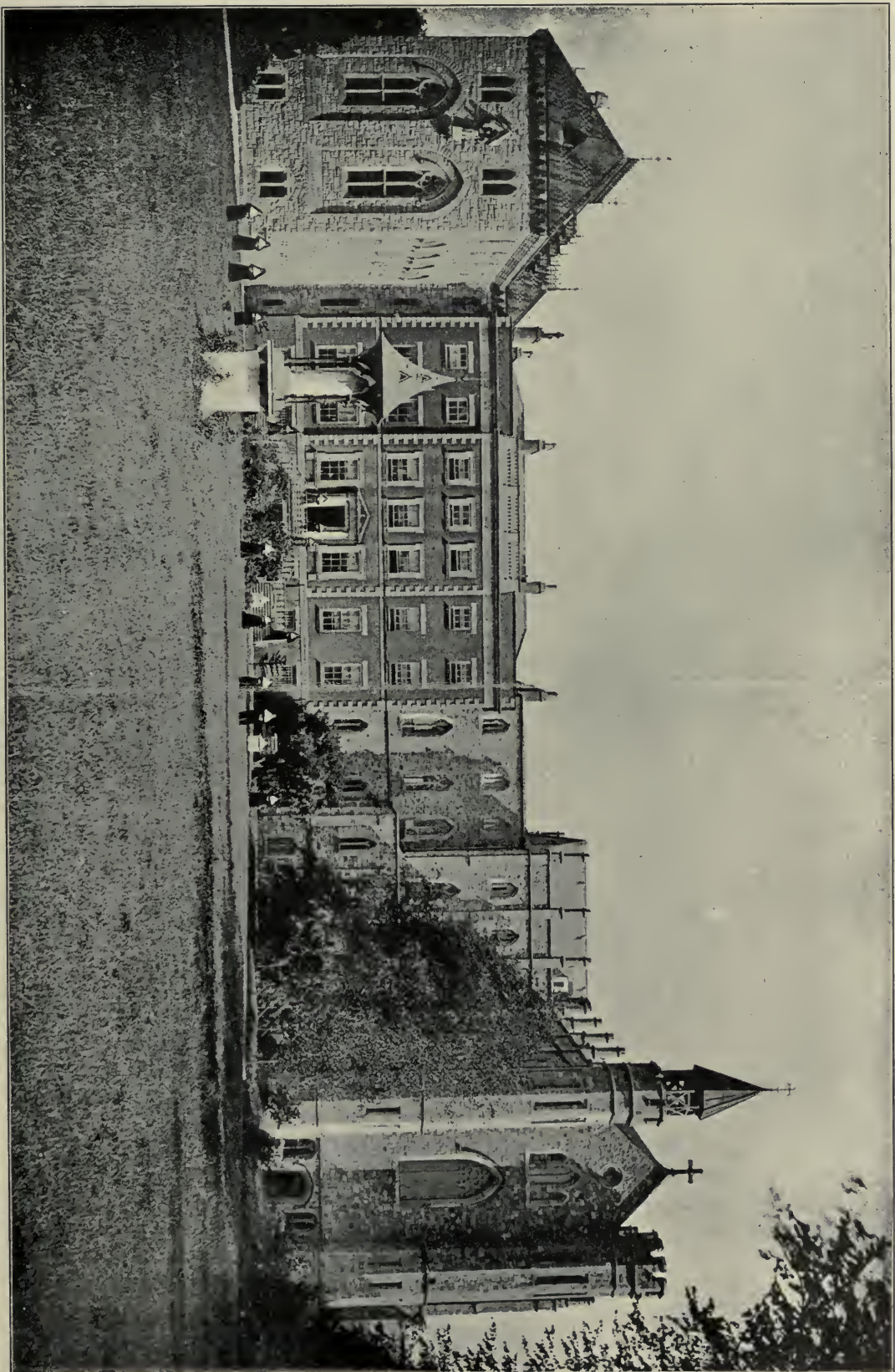
“Roma” (Part IV.) Ancient, Subterranean, and Modern, in Word and Picture, by Rev. Albert Kuhn, O. S. B., D. D., with a Preface by Cardinal Gibbons, published in 18 parts, bi-monthly, each 35 cents, post-paid. (Benziger Brothers.) Subscription to the complete work, 18 parts, \$6.00. 938 text illustrations, 40 full-page illustrations, 3 plans of Rome in colours. A masterly production of the first class—the crown jewel of a Catholic library—the most important Catholic work issued in many years.

The present number is entirely worthy of the preceding ones, in regard to illustrations and text, and fully continues the promise that “Roma” in its entirety will be a work calculated to grace any one's library. Dr. Kuhn's descriptions of the various historic persons and events are given in his usually interesting manner.

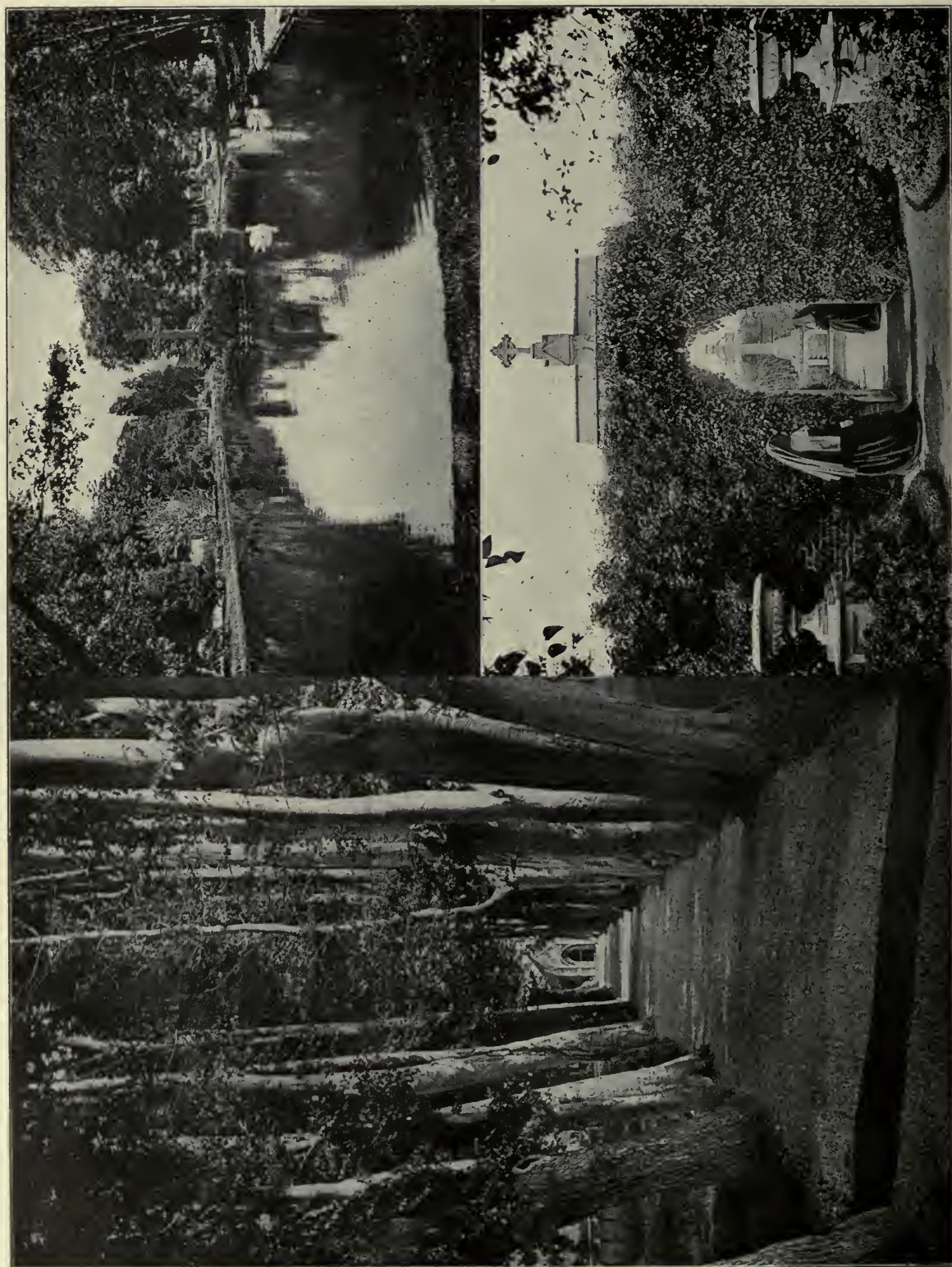
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“The Narrow Way.” By Rev. Peter Geiermann, C. SS. R. (Benziger Brothers). 16mo., cloth, \$0.60; 25 copies, \$10.00.

Father Geiermann is very well known because of his previous works which, by their saneness



LORETO ABBEY, RATHFARNHAM, DUBLIN.



ENTRANCE TO CEMETERY, BEECH WALK, AND LAKE.

and practicality, have appealed to a wide circle of readers. The present volume is a methodical and painstaking analysis of those qualities that must be cultivated and those that must be avoided by all who would walk "the narrow way," the path to heaven. Father Geiermann's studious analysis shows that this way, when approached in the proper manner, will be found to be wide as life itself—for he shows how the yoke may become sweet and the burden light—by the proper, rational use of creatures and the direction of every thought and action to the Creator. The work is especially valuable for its philosophical treatment of the complex qualities that go to make up man, and its logical arrangement and close adherence to the plan mapped out by the author in his preface. It is a very valuable contribution to popular theology.

*

"Ballads of Childhood," by Rev. Michael Earls, S. J. (Benziger Brothers).

The praise from high quarters that greeted a group of "child poems," by Father Earls, a year ago, will be greatly augmented by his new volume, "Ballads of Childhood."

The Literary Digest said among other things: "Since the publication of Robert Louis Stevenson's 'A Child's Garden of Verse,' there have been few poets with a closer sympathy with children and a greater skill in putting that sympathy into verse."

That skill gets wide scope in the new volume. Humor and pathos, romance and the pretty play of fancy and imagination abound. The exquisite sentiment and the graceful art of the poems will make the volume especially welcome to the older readers for their own delectation as well as for interesting literary material for the "children's hour."

Charity is a fire; but three things can extinguish it; the wind of pride, the water of gluttony and luxury, and the dense smoke of avarice.
—*St. Anthony of Padua.*

The Institute of Mary in Many Lands.



Loreto Abbey, Rathfarnham, County Dublin.

AS the name "Rathfarnham Abbey" is familiar to all children of Loreto, to whatsoever clime they belong, some description of it may be welcome to readers of the *RAINBOW*; therefore, we hope to engage their interest, in giving an account of the stately pile of buildings that go to make up our loved Mother House, which has sent forth devoted labourers to every continent.

The original house, bought in 1822 by Rev. Mother Mary Teresa Ball, foundress of the Irish branch of the Institute of Mary, lies in a suburb of Dublin, distant about four miles, and enjoys both mountain and sea air.

It was built early in the 18th century by William Palliser, son of the then Protestant Archbishop of Cashel.

In 1798, it passed into the hands of George Grierson, the King's Printer, whose family had held that office for more than a century.

Tradition relates the fact that Moore used to visit the Griersons.

The room is still shown where he is said to have written his "Life of Byron," and some of his famous Irish melodies, notably, "Oft in the Silly Night."

The house was of red brick, faced with stone, descending by a handsome flight of double steps to lawn and carriage drive, on the one side, and by graceful terraces to gardens, lake, and pleasure-grounds, on the other.

Rev. Mother Teresa Ball added a new story to the old house. This is so neatly and cleverly done as to be scarce noticeable. Round about, new buildings have sprung up from time to time, as the fast-increasing numbers required.

The Abbey now, with its handsome wings and dependencies, forms a little settlement in itself. The entrance hall, large and imposing, is approached by double glass doors. The ceilings and walls are decorated with ornate stucco-work, by artists brought from Italy specially for the purpose. Handsome oil paintings line the walls. One, representing the Presentation of the Divine Child to Simeon and devout Anna, is said to be an original of Titian's. Facing it is a splendid picture of St. Michael and the dragon, after Guido Reni.

Above the entablatures of the doors are the busts of distinguished Irishmen. These doors, of fine red mahogany, are deep set. They lead on three sides to parlours, corridors and grand staircase, which are as finely decorated as the hall itself.

The reception-room deserves special mention. It is of great size, with glass doors, which open on to terraces, and windows which command an extensive view of mountain and woodland scenery, stretching towards Dundrum. Its mantelpiece, inlaid with coloured marbles, is massive. A large oil painting of Dr. Murray, Archbishop of Dublin (who was mainly instrumental in introducing the Institute of Mary into Ireland), reaches from mantel to ceiling, but the chief glory of the room is the real Spanish stamped leather on the walls, which was of crimson on gold, now silvered by time, with beautiful border of leather work, fixed with brass-gilt pins, closely set.

In the scheme of decoration of the ceiling, the central part is occupied by a design of palms, worked with the grace and delicacy which can only be attained by the human hand. The furniture is of carved oak, and specially valuable are some chairs, with backs of brass inlaid. The other rooms of this story are in keeping.

All have handsome pictures, and some engravings of Rome, of the 18th century, which are not unworthy of their place on these walls.

A spacious corridor leads from hall to church, the first in Ireland to be dedicated to the Sacred Heart.

Rev. Mother Teresa Ball drew up the plans herself, without aid of any architect, and it is a standing memorial to her judgment and skill.

The dowry of Mother Aloysius Arthur, a Lim-

erick lady, provided for the complete cost of the undertaking.

The church is cruciform in shape—the style is mainly Gothic. The nuns' choir occupies the nave. The Sisters and pupils occupy the right and left transepts. Over each transept are the sleeping apartments of the Religious. Permission from Rome was procured for this arrangement.

The high altar stands in the centre; above it rises a cupola, with glass lantern.

The high altar itself is a grand work of art. Its sides, back reredos, and canopy are of grey Sicilian marble. On pedestals, at each side, are angels in adoration, sculptured in white Carrara marble, by Hogan—Ireland's greatest sculptor. He took two of his daughters as models for these angels.

Under the table of the altar, is Hogan's masterpiece, in Carrara marble—"The Dead Christ," with the Mater Dolorosa leaning sorrowfully over the body of her Son.

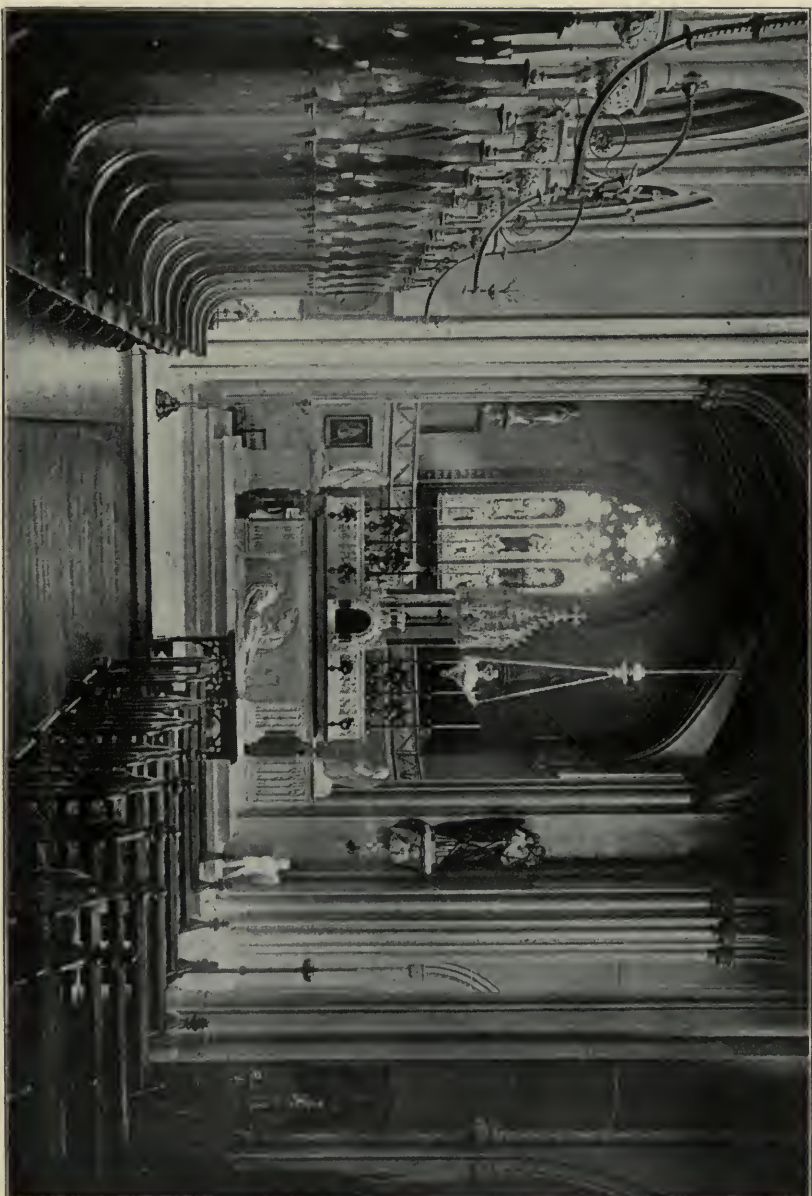
The nuns' stalls are of carved oak. Over the Mother General's stall is a finely-carved canopy.

The numerous friends of Loreto lately subscribed funds for the re-painting of the church—so it has been decorated by skilled artists. Its colouring and tracery are much admired by all who see it. The pillared arches and groined ceilings are of a light buff. The walls are of a contrasting cold stone-grey. The capitals of the pillars are crimson and gold.

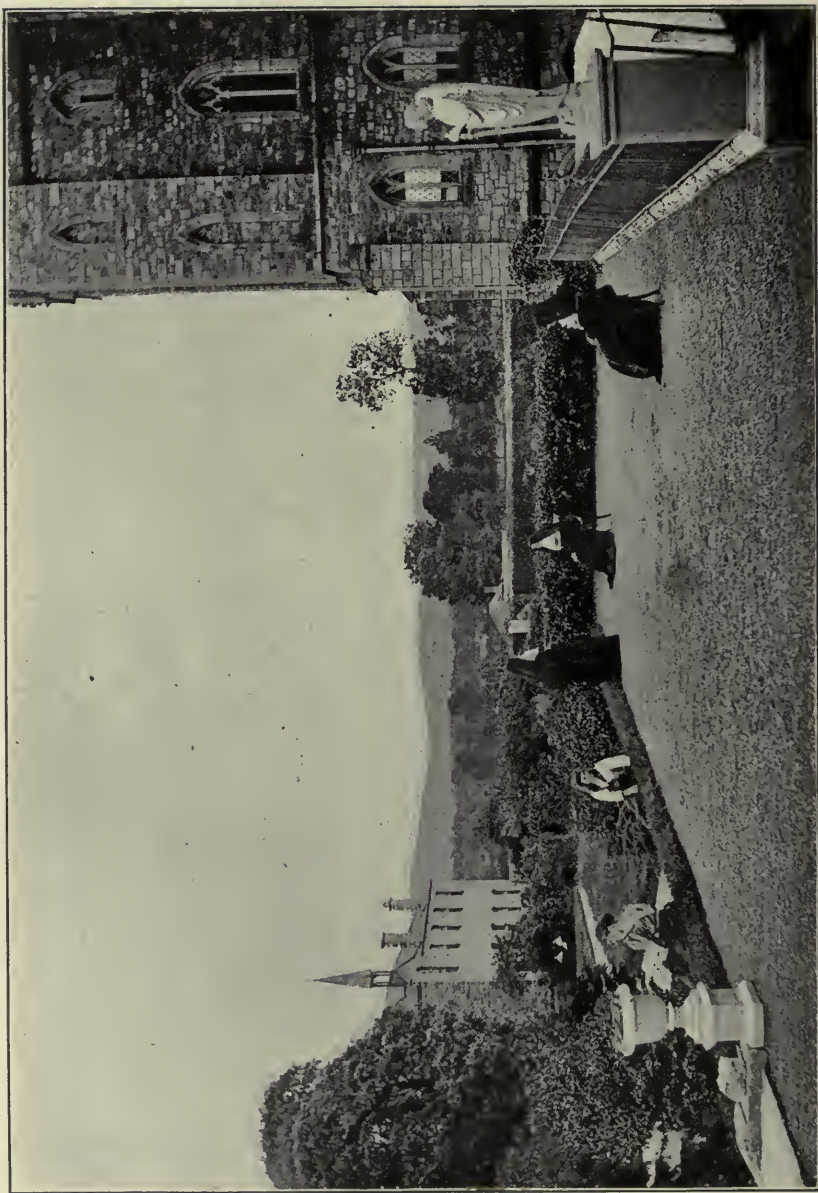
The walls of the sanctuary are richly ornamented with gold, so thickly laid on that it gives the idea of a golden background, with graceful patterns delicately traced thereon. Twelve hundred books of gold-leaf were expended on the sanctuary alone.

On the walls of the chancel; at each side of the high altar, are painted figures of angels in flowing draperies, shaded blue, yellow, purple, and crimson. So exquisitely are these figures executed that they seem hovering round the Tabernacle in devout adoration—floating, as it were, on clouds, without any material support.

The organ is a very fine one, built by Stahtluth of Aix-la-Chapelle. It was erected two years since in a specially-constructed gallery in the pupils' transept. As it is fitting that everything connected with the immediate service of God should receive the utmost care and atten-



THE NUN'S CHOIR, CHURCH OF THE SACRED HEART.



THE TERRACE.

tion, the church choir has been brought to the greatest perfection.

The pupils sing from their places in the church, and tiny tots are very proud and pleased to be allowed to mingle their few notes with those of their more grown companions.

Special training in Solesme plain chant is given by Father H. Bunerunge, professor of music, Maynooth College, who is a gifted interpreter of that difficult branch of Church music. Under his bâton the Abbey pupils acquit themselves in long services with the greatest ease and fluency. One is specially struck by their varied gradations of tone, now swelling forth in rich, clear volume of sound, now decreasing to the merest whisper, and all moving with the most perfect uniformity, as it were, of one voice.

To hear the pupils sing the different parts of a High Mass is a joy always to be remembered. When the youthful voices are lifted on high in praise of the King of Ages, one is uplifted with them, and can imagine their chant blending in prayerful jubilation with that of the Heavenly Choirs that sing around the Great White Throne.

Running round the church is an enclosed cloister; its walls are painted with light green, and its groined ceiling yellow, shaded to a delicate cream, and richly gilt.

One meets at intervals with altars to Our Lady, St. Joseph, Guardian Angel, St. Patrick, and St. Ignatius.

The altar of the Sacred Heart deserves to be specially noticed. It is of Derbyshire spar, a kind of alabaster of a soft cream colour, with rich red veinings. Inset in reredos, are pure white alabaster panels, with carved representations of Our Lord appearing to Blessed Margaret Mary Alacoque, on one side, and Our Saviour kneeling in agony, with figures of the sleeping Apostles, on the other.

The frontispiece, also of white alabaster, represents the Last Supper, with figures of Our Lord and the twelve Apostles.

The statue of the Sacred Heart is of Carrara marble, executed at his studio in Rome, by Hogan's son, who proves to have inherited all his father's great talent.

Our Lady's altar is of Caen stone, as is her statue, which is beautifully chiselled. The panels of reredos are decorated white and blue, after Pugin's best manner.

It is of interest to note that when Dr. Murray introduced "May Devotions" into Ireland, in 1840, it was at Loreto Abbey they were first carried out.

Stations of the Cross are round the cloister walls, as well as many valuable pictures, paintings and engravings, so that the cloister in itself forms a veritable Art Gallery.

The wing corresponding with the church, consists of a splendid concert hall, with roomy dormitories overhead, and pupils' refectory on ground floor.

This hall is lighted by large Gothic windows, mullioned, springing from dado to ceiling. Here a permanent platform is erected, on which the celebrated Abbey string orchestra give their performances, and have their bi-weekly practices.

On a gallery stands a sweet-sounding, two-manual organ, which accompanies the orchestra, supplying the wind effects, and on which pupils learning that instrument are taught.

This orchestra of one hundred performers has won several distinctions. Amongst others, first prizes at the Feis Ceoil (Ireland's Musical Festival) competing with other orchestras, composed of more advanced and experienced musicians.

Every year it plays for examiners, who come from London specially to report on it and the Choral Class. This they do in most flattering terms.

We have already alluded to the church singing.

The rendering of pieces, harmonized for four equal voices, unaccompanied, by the Choral Class, would be difficult to surpass in excellence of attack, intonation, balance of parts, variety of effects, etc. Examiners have frequently awarded the maximum of marks, saying they "could not find an opportunity of deducting a single mark."

It is not only the orchestra and choir, but every branch of musical education has reached a rare standard.

The Religious are specially trained, and certificated as teachers of music, as well as of the other studies.

Loreto Abbey publishes its own musical syllabus each year, and gives medals and prizes to the most proficient in their respective grades.

It is of obligation for all pupils learning music to attend harmony classes, and to present them-

selves for examination in their several musical instruments, so that they are trained to become not only skilful executants, but cultured musicians.

We now come to describe the wings built by our present Mother General, Rev. Mother Mary Michael Corcoran, who is ever in the van of educational improvements, and who has often anticipated even the many requirements of new educational programmes.

We look forward to soon celebrating the Silver Jubilee of her Generalate—as well as the Golden Jubilee of her years in religion—an account of both we shall have great pleasure in sending to the RAINBOW.

The two new wings are east and west of the concert hall. The east wing consists of large study halls for the different divisions of pupils.

Each hall has class rooms adjoining—all fully equipped for the teaching of the several branches now required for the training of the modern young lady.

On the walls are handsome engravings of approved works of art, destined to train the young eye to the beauty of colour form.

A large dormitory, with cubicles, is on the upper story. On the ground floor are bath-rooms and cloak-rooms for the accommodation of the pupils.

A spacious, lofty gymnasium forms the ground floor of the other wing, built by Mother General. Here calisthenics and Swedish drill are taught. This hall is a favourite resort at recreation hours on rainy days, and many enthusiastic young athletes are as ambitious to excel at climbing ladders and ropes and vaulting their wooden horse, as they are to be at the head of their class.

Adjoining the gymnasium, is a specially-built kitchen, in which cooking-classes are held. This important branch of feminine education receives great attention.

Surprising to the mere onlooker, is the skill attained, even by the junior pupils, not only in preparing an entire dinner of several courses, but in turning out the most tempting cakes, highly ornamented with icings, and all the other dainty delicacies prescribed for the advanced cooking course.

Unexpected as it may seem, dressmaking, cutting out, and laundry work are included in the programme of the cooking-classes, and very

proud are the pupils who can call attention to the fancy blouses they are wearing, which they have not only *made*, but *made up* for themselves.

Over the gymnasium, are the science laboratories and art rooms—all complete in their own way.

The laboratory has the reputation of being one of the most perfectly-fitted in Ireland. No apparatus is wanting for the teaching of physics, chemistry, physiology, botany, etc.

The classes are visited and examined by inspectors of the Department of Technical Education, who have reported them for “conspicuous merit.”

The nuns who teach must be fully certificated. Their well-earned summer holidays are often spent attending science lectures, in preparation for examination, so that they may be declared eligible to impart their knowledge. The art room is lighted from the roof, and contains a profusion of casts, models, etc., as well as samples of the excellence attained by the students in painting, modelling, and the various branches of art which are taught under the head of “Drawing.”

Mother General has also built an up-to-date laundry, all the machines of which are worked by electric power. The same dynamos and accumulators supply electric light to all the buildings of the house. These are worked and kept in order by two of the Sisters, who are constantly on the premises, taking the place of the engineer, usual in such establishments.

One of Mother General’s pet undertakings, in which she takes special interest, is the museum which she established shortly after coming into office. She located it in a fine room on the second story of the “red house,” the windows of which look out on the Dublin mountains—which are in close proximity, with their ever-changing colours, seen through the mists and clouds of Old Ireland’s moist climate. The sea is likewise visible in the distance.

Here is a very fine collection of armour and rare old china, the gift of Major McEnery, uncle to one of the Religious. The fact that the South Kensington Museum offered him a high figure—which he refused—for the collection, gives some idea of its value.

Many curios are here, some valuable, all interesting, from every quarter of the globe, most of them presents to Mother General from her

children distant in Spain, South Africa, India, Australia, and Mauritius. On entering the room, the first object that strikes the eye is a handsome painting on mother-of-pearl of Loreto Convent, overlooking the celebrated Falls, in a richly-gilt, circular frame. This was presented to Mother General by our kind Canadian Sisters.

A breviary of Pope Pius IX. is to be seen under a glass case.

A crocodile from India, which contained human remains; Buffalo horns from Pretoria, quaint Moorish garments, specimens of Indian handiwork, a pair of gloves worn by Charles I. at the battle of Naseby, and a very beautiful emu's tail from Australia, are among the collection.

The library has been lately reconstructed and enlarged. Special bookcases are donated to the collected works of various authors. Every department of good literature is well represented, and being added to almost daily.

Abundant works of reference for the studiously-inclined, books light and amusing for those who wish to unbend after the strain of hard study, await perusal. Cosy chairs and lounges are there for those who wish to spend a quiet hour with a favourite author, for none may remove a book elsewhere, nor hold any conversation whatsoever while in the library.

We have endeavored to give some idea of the striking features of our Irish Mother House to our friends across the seas—and to those not satisfied with a written and faulty account, but who come to visit and admire for themselves, Loreto Abbey extends its most hearty

Cead mile Failte.

Loreto College, St. Stephen's Green, Dublin.

Physical Culture.

(Address of Surgeon Tobin).

ON Saturday afternoon, a large and influential company accepted the invitation of the Religious and the students of Loreto Physical Education Society, Loreto College, St. Stephen's Green, to witness a display of exercises by the gymnasium class of the College. The display was very interesting and instructive, and the efforts of the young students and of Mr. Harte, their instructor, were warmly applauded.

It opened with junior Swedish exercises, in which the system of muscular development and grace of movement, as practised from the earliest years, was well illustrated. The Indian clubs exercises of the senior class were carried through with unerring exactness and precision, and with gracefully lissome movement. It is rare, indeed, that so fine a display of Indian clubs is witnessed—so quick, so accurate, so refined, and in precise response to the musical accompaniment. The bar-bells made a fine display, the young ladies being alert, and doing all the exercises with mathematical accuracy and unity of attack and action. The Swedish exercises, by the senior students, were more complicated and difficult than those by the juniors. These strengthening and health-giving movements were worked out with unfailing accuracy and a readiness to grasp their purpose. Notwithstanding their complexity, the drill was gone through in a manner to show that the young ladies can stand the test of memory and quickness of response, as well as of endurance. The figure marching was also excellent. A skipping solo by Miss Phyllis Bowe deserves special mention. All the teams joined in the Scandinavian folk dances. There were six descriptive movements, of varied rhythms and complicated action, and the figures were danced without any confusion, in perfect time, and with quickness of ear and eye. The spectacle was a picturesque one, with its quickly-changing groups, and while interesting the observers for its quaintness, was diverting and relaxing to the students after the more rigid exercises of the general programme.

In the intervals, Miss T. O'Connor contributed violin solos, and joined in duos for violin and piano, playing from memory with exactness and truth and a power of bow much beyond what is expected of lady performers. The audience was lavish in its applause throughout the evening.

At the conclusion, Surgeon Tobin, who presided, congratulated the students on their fine display, and their instructor, Mr. Harte, on the results of his teaching. The nuns were to be congratulated, he said, on the splendid example they had shown in organization and method in the training of youth, and there were many teaching institutions in the city that might profitably study the system, an aspect of which had been so brilliantly illustrated that evening (ap-

plause). He hoped, too, that this healthful exercise would not be confined to the young ladies of the secondary and higher schools, but that the primary schools of Ireland would, under a Home Rule Government—for which they all looked in the near future (applause)—be equipped to give such instruction in the primary schools in Dublin and through the country, and so bring something of health and happiness into the slums. They had deprived the poor of almost everything else, and they might, he thought, give the children of the poor the benefit of these free and healthful movements.

The work of Loreto College is not limited to physical culture. It also teaches household culture and domestic science (applause). It has in these two directions added to the high education in all departments for which this institution is famous (applause) almost all the materials for training in sociological work. In London, the County Council has a special department for that work, and young ladies of education and culture are specially trained for it, and, among their duties, is the inspection of the primary schools in the training of the children of the poor in domestic economy. The meals are cooked in the schools.

Surgeon Tobin quoted statistics of this work in London and Leeds. It had been tried in these and other cities, and it involved a municipal tax of only a halfpenny in the pound to provide well-cooked food for all the children in the primary schools. This would lead to an enormous improvement in the health of the poor, and would almost more than anything else, strengthen the race in the years to come, and enable the country to realize to the full the blessings and advantages of self-government. If a chair or department of the National University should be established for educating young ladies for superintending this important work in the primary schools, here in Loreto schools is material ready to hand to begin the university course. The nuns combine holiness and efficiency. They have grasped the true spirit of education, which is eminently practical without any sacrifice of the higher mental culture which is always at its best when associated with bodily health (applause).

The distribution of the prizes and certificates was then made by Surgeon Tobin. Medals were awarded to Miss Martyn, Miss Eileen Mullet,

Miss Blanche O'Halloran, Miss Beatrice Brady, Miss Eileen Dixon, Miss Rita Dixon, and Miss Eileen Murphy.

Loreto Convent, Balbriggan, Dublin.

A VERY enjoyable treat was afforded to those who had the good fortune to be present at the entertainment given by the students of Loreto Convent, Balbriggan, to their friends and relatives, last Monday. This year's entertainment took the form of an exceedingly attractive little Japanese Operetta, entitled "O Tori Kayo" ("The Singing Bird"), which abounds in sparkling music and in tuneful choruses and solos. It was admirably staged, the Oriental character of the scenery and dresses being strikingly realistic, while the blending of colors and the arrangement of both foreground and background were such as to delight even a fastidiously-artistic eye.

The entire cast consisted of the present students of the convent, varying in age from five to eighteen, whose acting throughout showed real ability, combined with very careful training, while some of the characters were sustained with a realism, a vivaciousness and a grace which would have done credit to any professional artiste.

The choruses deserve a word of special praise, as they were rendered not only in perfect time and modulation, but with a sweetness which could only be attained by a well-balanced blending of such fresh and youthful voices. A particularly-noticeable feature was the distinct articulation, which caused every syllable to be clearly heard, thus adding materially to the enjoyment of the audience. Several extremely pretty and graceful dances were interspersed, each of which called forth the hearty plaudits of the spectators—one in particular, the "Baby Japs" dance, was gone through with such skill and zest by the tiny performers as to elicit the most whole-hearted and delighted applause.

The introduction among the characters of a very prim and conventional English governess, of the dry-as-dust species, and of her two unfortunate pupil victims, was made the occasion of a clever burlesque on the present-day craze for cramming so-called "knowledge" into youthful heads on all possible and impossible occa-

sions. The efforts of this well-meaning but misguided lady to convert every incident and every minute of the day into a "lesson" were humourously portrayed, to the evident enjoyment not only of the visitors but of the actors themselves.

The entertainment closed with a really fine orchestral performance, in which every performer was thoroughly at home in her part, both individually and in combination.

The entire vocal and instrumental performance reflected the highest credit on the gifted Religious under whose training and direction it was given.

PROGRAMME.

"O TORI KAYO."

Act I.

Song, "A Tragic Tale of Eastern Lands."

Act II.

ORCHESTRA.

Military Symphony*Haydn*

ARGUMENT.

The idea of this Operetta was suggested by reading an account of a picturesque custom prevalent in some parts of Japan. When a near relative has to be absent from home for a considerable period, he often leaves behind him a growing plant, young tree, or singing bird, which is called by his name and regarded as his substitute. The greatest care is bestowed on this object, and it is considered most unlucky to the person whom it represents should any harm befall it during his absence.

The First Act opens by a number of Japanese girls visiting O Hanu San, who is about to celebrate her 18th. birthday, regarded in Japan as the "coming of age."

In the Second Act two English girls, who are touring in Japan with their governess for education and pleasure, are impelled by curiosity to enter the garden, and while their governess is sketching, slip away from her. The Japanese girls returning, resent the intrusion of a foreigner and awake the governess, who has fallen asleep at her sketch, and pretend not to understand her explanations. O Hanu San comes to her rescue, invites the English ladies to remain

to witness the interesting and quaint ceremonies. The crowning glory of the feast is a visit from the Emperor.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

O Hanu San (Beautiful Flower).....
Miss A. Clinton
 O Kitu San (Sweet Chrysanthemum).....
Miss Ada Sherry
 O Kayo San (Tears of Bliss).....
Miss Lillie O'Connell
 O Matsu (Tea Server)....Miss Agnes Sherry
 Emperor of Japan.....Miss M. Stack
 Nora Twinn { English Girls } Miss N. Stack
 Dora Twinn { travelling in } Miss S. Stack
 { Japan. }
 Miss Knowall (Governess).....Miss P. Ward

Loreto Convent, Bray, Ireland.

Physical Education.

(Address by Right Reverend Dr. Brownrigg, Bishop of Ossory).

A DISTINGUISHED company assembled to witness a display of physical education exercises by the students at Loreto Convent, Bray, on Monday. The exercises comprised all the movements of physical drill, including senior marching by two teams—Miss E. Murray's, and Miss Sweeney's; senior bar-bell exercises by Miss Daly's team; Swedish drill by Miss O'Kane's team; senior dumb-bells, Miss Dillon's team; senior Indian clubs, Miss Kathleen O'Connor's team.

The junior teams were Miss Aubrey Van Homrigh's, marching, and Miss Lyon's scarf exercises. Miss E. Murray danced a skipping solo, and the display concluded with an exhibition of Scandinavian folk dances, which lent themselves to physical exercises. The different movements were carried out in a most perfect way. The marching teams were especially picturesque and interesting, and the intricate movements were gone through without hesitation and with perfect precision. The young ladies carried bar-bells as arms. The teams numbered, respectively, forty and fifty, and the figures included squares and diagonals, figures of eight, concentric rings in reverse motion, and long lines in which the dressing of the ranks was perfect. The crack regiments at the military tournaments

alone could furnish a parallel for the perfection of movement. One figure, indeed, is rarely attempted, a spiral and re-entering spirals, and these figures were described with faultless accuracy. The Indian clubs team was wonderful in its grace and precision, and was, perhaps, the most perfect of the evening, though the barbells and the dumb-bells ran it close, the dumb-bells being especially fine, the rhythmic crash sounding as if only one pair of bells was struck.

The junior figure-marching was excellently done, and the scarf drill, in which some of the smaller pupils took part, showed that physical culture is begun with the happiest results at the earliest age. A special word of praise must be awarded to Miss Eily Murphy's skipping solo, so light and gracefully danced, and she is to be congratulated on the determined encore that rewarded her exertions.

The Scandinavian dances were gone through with joyous abandon, the young executants entering into the spirit of the free rhythmic movements. The whole display is illustrative of the order and method and neatness of the training at Loreto, Bray. All the movements were gone through with naturalness and grace, and a healthful sense of life. Bray Convent has the great advantage of its surroundings between the mountains and the sea, in the midst of the most charming scenery. Its seventy acres of beautifully-wooded ground lend themselves to healthful recreation. The nuns are not content with the delightful and health-giving surroundings, but carry out a system of training in which the students acquire health and strength, grace and endurance. The exercises are carefully adapted to the needs of each student, most of them train the memory and the mind as well as the bodily movements; and the habits of discipline, order, and method, and of the subordination of self to the common aim, have an important share in the formation of character, and so aid the intellectual growth. If the perfection of Monday's display may be taken as a test of the efficiency of the other departments of its educational work, then, Loreto, Bray, is deserving of the high place which the Right Reverend Dr. Brownrigg awarded it in the front rank of teaching institutions.

At the close of the display, His Lordship the Bishop of Ossory, who presided, said he felt

bound to express the feelings of those present in complimenting the students very warmly on the remarkably fine display that they had witnessed, and their teacher, Mr. Harte, on the magnificent training they had shown (applause). His Lordship referred to the foremost position held by Loreto Convents in regard to education, and pointed out the brilliant success attained by their pupils, year after year, in every branch of study (applause). The wonderful display of physical culture witnessed that evening was proof that no branch of education was neglected at Loreto, Bray, and that physical and mental training were alike carried to perfection. He could not but praise the excellent deportment, graceful bearing and refinement of manner of the Bray children, and, in saying that, he knew that he voiced the sentiments of all who had the privilege of being present (applause). Their appreciation was shown by the enthusiasm over the different items on the programme. He thanked the Reverend Mother and Community most sincerely for having invited him to witness a display whose beauty, brilliancy, and perfection left nothing to be desired (loud applause).

His Lordship then distributed the certificates of proficiency awarded by the Loreto Physical Education Society, and announced that Mr. Harte had presented medals to Miss Margaret Sweeney and Miss Eily Murphy for the best all-round work in the senior and junior division, respectively.

A presentation was made to Miss K. Daly by all the teams in recognition of her unselfishness in the work of the gymnasium during the year.

Loreto Convent, Dunham Road, Bowdon, Cheshire,
England.

BOWDON, CHESHIRE, the youngest child of the Mother House, Loreto Abbey, Rathfarnham, Ireland, was affiliated from the convent in Manchester at the earnest request of the Rector. A house in the suburbs was thus provided for the busy workers in the city Loreto.

Situated in an elevated position (indeed the steeple of St. Margaret's is looked upon as the landmark for miles around) in the north of Cheshire, it quite fulfils the desire for a health resort, and many families come to live here prin-

cipally for that reason. The two townships of Altrincham and Bowdon form in reality one pleasant little suburban town. Bowdon is the residential part, whilst Altrincham furnishes the shops, etc., to supply its needs. Only ten miles from Manchester, it offers a grateful retirement from the noise and tumult of the city to many of its merchants, whose beautiful houses and grounds go to form the picturesque little place. It is beautifully wooded; the luxuriance of the foliage would lead one to think it had formed at one time part of an old forest. The many winding roads, lined on either side with grand old trees, afford a refreshing shade on the hottest summer day. Dunham Park, the seat of the Earl of Stamford, in close vicinity, Tatton Hall, the residence of Lord Egerton, and Rostherne, with its lovely Mere and fine old church, are within easy access.

Bowdon is in itself a place of historic interest. It has an ancient church which dates back to pre-Reformation times, and many relics of old Catholic days can be seen there. There is a legend current in the neighbourhood that it is connected by a subterranean passage with an old house, now known as Bowdon Hall, but which is supposed to have been the "Nunnery," and by means of this passage the Religious were enabled to attend all the services in the parish church of St. Mary's.

The present convent (of which the nuns acquired possession last year) is situated in Dunham Road, one of the most elevated parts of Bowdon, and surrounded by pleasant and well-wooded grounds. It was formerly the residence of a Manchester gentleman; it is hoped that it will now form the nucleus of a large and flourishing Boarding-School.

M. M. A.

Loreto Convent, Dunham Road, Bowdon, Cheshire, England.

High Class Boarding-School for a limited number of pupils. Under the Patronage of His Lordship the Bishop of Shrewsbury.

The Convent is situated, in the healthiest part of healthy Bowdon. The grounds afford every facility for outdoor games and exercises.

The Course of Study comprises the usual branches of a higher education. Pupils are prepared, if desired, for the University Local Ex-

aminations, and for the Royal Academy of Music.

The Year is divided into three terms, Christmas, Easter, and Midsummer. Pupils are admitted at any time during the year.

The Vacations are: Four weeks at Christmas, ten days at Easter, one week at Whitsuntide, seven weeks in Summer.

Pension: Boarders (per annum), 45 guineas; day-boarders (per annum), 20 guineas. The Pension includes Class-Singing, Drawing, Physical Drill, and Laundry (except dresses and blouses).

A fee of 5/— per term admits pupils to membership in the Tennis and Croquet Clubs, which all must join; and entitles them to the use of the Library and other indoor amusements.

Payment is made by term and in advance. A term's notice is required before the removal of a pupil.

An extra charge of one guinea per week is made for pupils remaining at the convent during the holidays.

A uniform is worn by the pupils.

References are required.

Extra Subjects (optional): Piano, 2 guineas per term; violin, 2 guineas per term; painting, 2 guineas per term; dancing, 2 guineas per term; private singing, 2 guineas per term.

Medical attendance, when required, is an extra charge.

The Pension for Day-Boarders includes Dinner and Afternoon Tea.

Loreto Convent, Osborne, Australia.

Blessing and Opening of New Wing by His Grace Archbishop Clune.

THAT Osborne, with its charming environment, is beautiful everybody knows. Its varying freshness of wood and water, Sunday after Sunday, attracts city-dwellers of every age and every sentiment, to seek in its cool, refreshing shades, remote from dusty streets, as they dream in the loveliness of their surroundings, and behold Tennysonian visions at the dim, far-off edge of Freshwater Bay, and follow with the eye yacht or launch as it churns into foamy yeast the placid waters, a respite of Arcadian bliss after the stressful work of the week which has gone where all things go.

On Sunday last it was with something more than a good will that the beauty, chivalry, and aristocracy of city and suburbs journeyed to this pretty spot to witness the opening and blessing by Archbishop Clune of what is, without shadow of doubt, the most up-to-date boarding-school in this State; and to have their hearts gladdened with the soothing inspiration of music and song, and the gentle hospitality of the nuns of this excellent establishment—which followed with such a velvet charm.

We heartily acknowledge that the work which Loreto undertakes to accomplish is no easy one, and we applaud to the echo the grand and lasting results of their noble, self-sacrificing endeavors.

The vast crowd which overflowed the hall of this new building, on last Sunday, was an apt measure of the intense popularity of this splendid teaching Order in Western Australia; and the manner in which the excellent musical programme was received retold the tale of Australians' love for what is refining and aesthetic, and of that the Loreto nuns give the very best.

During the course of his address, His Grace remarked that he was pleased to see so many well-wishers present to witness the opening of what the Loreto nuns humbly called the new wing. "It is not merely a new wing," the Archbishop said, "but an up-to-date, capacious building on a superb site. I take it that when parents send their children to school they think of how much fresh air the school offers, and what its scenic surroundings are. The Loreto Convent offers great advantages in this respect. It commands an excellent panoramic view, and gives such glimpses of sea and river as are not to be seen in many other localities. Coupled with these advantages are a moral, intellectual, and religious training that has already taken firm root in the State. I am only voicing a general feeling of gratitude when I thank these zealous, highly cultured nuns for the magnificent and untiring work they have done in the sphere of higher education. Not only have they the art of drawing out and moulding the talents of their pupils, and sending them into the world in a fine condition of mental culture, but they have also the art, still rarer among teachers, of reaching the hearts of their pupils. I have never met a pupil who had left this convent without a feel-

ing of devotion for the nuns who had trained her and treated her as mothers would treat their children. Of the wonderful work they have done for the Church and the Faith, I need only say that I deeply appreciate it. They have borne their burdens meekly and humbly. With intrepidity of soul and buoyancy of spirit they have incurred liabilities without ever making a call upon the public"—an appreciation of this fact should make a much stronger appeal than any words of His Grace's to the friends and well-wishers of the Religious and induce them to assist in lightening the burden that falls upon their shoulders in consequence of the recent addition.

The new building stands on the highest portion of the ample grounds which surround the convent. There are three stories, the ground floor being devoted exclusively to school and class rooms, and on the south and east sides there are very wide verandahs, which, in the summer, are also utilized as class rooms. The largest room, in which the guests were entertained, measures eighty feet by thirty feet. There are four class rooms, twelve music rooms, and a large cloak-room. The second and third stories are approached by two staircases, and the main features of each floor are the large, well-lighted and well-ventilated dormitories. In connection with these dormitories a new experiment has been tried. That is, a large dressing-room compartment, in which a separate dressing-room, with a cabinet for linen and clothes, is provided for each pupil. This experiment has been tried to keep the dormitories clear of the multitude of wash-stands and clothes-cabinets that was inseparable from the old cubicle system. There are also bath-rooms, with hot and cold water.

The dormitories are surrounded on three sides by balconies, twelve feet wide, and on the north and east side they are partly screened by rows of columns. This portion of the balconies is used for sleeping in the open air, and is a recognition that outdoor sleeping is a habit that has come to stay. It represents a serious attempt to give architectural expression to the habit, and is a step in advance of the rather crude practice of sleeping on open verandahs and balconies. From these various balconies extensive views can be obtained of Freshwater Bay, the Swan, and the harbour.

The building will form the northern wing of the complete convent, which is to grow with the development of the State. It is a red brick structure, with Marseilles tiled roofs, and the rows of columns which screen the sleeping portion, and other architectural features, are in reinforced concrete.—*West Australian Record*.

Loreto Convent, Shillong, Assam, India.

THE youngest of the Indian Loretos, the convent on St. Mary's Hill in Shillong, the beautiful summer capital of Assam, situated in the Khasi Hills, was opened on the tenth of May, 1909. This foundation has the honor of being the first convent for European children in Assam, and supplies a long-felt want by providing a centre of higher education for girls residing in this part of India.

The surroundings of the convent are picturesque in the extreme; pine-clad hills stretch off in all directions into the blue distance, sinking gradually towards the west into undulating plains. The nearest hills are dotted with pretty houses and lined by red roads. The convent itself, like all houses in Shillong, is a one-story building, occupying three sides of a square and facing the east. Owing to the fear of earthquakes—since the record one of 1897—the houses are constructed in the lightest manner possible. The convent is prettily built, and the rooms are loftier than those of any other building in Shillong. The school, which occupies the left wing of the square, is splendid, being one hundred feet long and thirty feet wide: it is airy and exceedingly bright.

Shillong is a three days' journey from Calcutta, and it takes the same time to get to it from Darjeeling, though, as the crow flies, it may be a shorter distance from the latter. The trip is rather interesting, and a short account of it may be interesting to those who are eager for news of our doings in this Eastern land. I quote from a letter written by one who went to Shillong to make arrangements for the foundation and choose a site for the convent.

"On Sunday, the 15th. June, we left Darjeeling by the Mail, and, after the usual trans-shipment at Siliguri, secured for ourselves a through carriage to Dhubri, where we were to change to

the steamer. There was a wait of four hours at Parbuttipore—here we were detached from the Darjeeling Mail and shunted to a siding, at some distance from the station. As it was the height of the panic about bombs and anarchists, train wreckages and railway thefts, one felt far too nervous to indulge in sleep—especially as every now and again a railway coolie slid stealthily along the foot board. Once I was considerably alarmed to find a black hand inside the Venetian window, but I am now convinced the poor fellow meant no harm; he was merely supporting himself on the narrow ledge. At 4 a. m. we were attached to the Assam Mail, and, as we steamed along, I watched with interest the change from the scenery of the Bengal plains to that part of India which has been justly named the Ireland of the East. Greener and greener grew the fields, more luxuriant the foliage, gleaming as it was with the night dews in the early dawn as the sun's approach was heralded by that beautiful roseate flush one always associates with an Indian sunrise. At what seemed to me incredibly short distances, rivers swept down swiftly and majestically to join the lordly Brahmaputra. I noticed one splendid bridge—a structure of the kind in this wild country brings forcibly to the mind how much the East is indebted to the West.

"It was about 9 a. m. when we reached Dhubri, an insignificant but picturesque town buried in trees, with the mighty river washing the shore like an inland sea. The steamer was very comfortable, with a dining-saloon, good-sized cabins, a nice deck and plenty of deck chairs, but the water was nearly as muddy as that of the Hooghly or another Ganges. I believe it is clearer in the winter season. However, instead of the interminable plains of Bengal and North-West India the blue outline of the Garo Hills came in sight, and, as we advanced, they were nearer and nearer to either bank—beautifully-wooded hills, where one could conjure up visions of the animal creation holding full sway, undisturbed by their enemy—man! I thought some of the bends on the river really exquisite—when one range of hills was lost to view another took its place. It was a most enjoyable day, a cool breeze was blowing, although it was June, the most scorching period of the hot season in

India. The mighty river swept on with a swish that reminded me of the rapidity with which it was flowing, a rapidity caused by the tremendous descent from the table-land of Tibet to the Assam Valley. It must come leaping and dashing, thundering and crashing through the rocky gorge on which no European eye has yet rested. We must wait for a Sven Hedin to be the explorer of these unknown regions.

"At intervals along the river there are stations—if a wooden shed can be called such—I saw no other evidence of life, except that when the steamer's siren sounded, natives came racing pell-mell from the jungle, carrying the inevitable bundle containing all their earthly possession at the end of a stick. The only place deserving of mention is Goalpara—a hill jutting out into the river, with most luxuriant vegetation and a few pretty houses. It looked very inviting and fascinating, but in those waving trees and that fairyland of verdure lurk the most blood-thirsty of mosquitoes. I saw an elephant trying to cool himself and wage war on the mosquitoes or some other equally tormenting insects: we were not near enough to distinguish people.

"As we sighted Gauhati the rain fell in torrents, and dark, heavy clouds hung over the hills in the direction of Shillong—an unpromising outlook for the drive of sixty-three miles in a motor-car. In spite of the heavy weather there was something homelike about the scenery—something that recalled memories of the Western Isle in the broad Atlantic. Perhaps it was the emerald green of the far-away hills, perhaps even the driving rain brought to mind the land the exile last saw through the mist that veils its beautiful hills and valleys. In the centre of the river there is an eyot—a mound of verdure—dignified by the name of Peacock Island—why *Peacock* I have not heard. One of the missionaries met us on board, his companion remained at home to give us an opportunity of hearing Mass. The walk up the incline to the road was far from pleasant, for we were ankle-deep in slush—with the tropical rain beating in our faces and drenching us through and through. However, we had not very far to walk, as our kind friends had engaged a gharry to take us to the tiny church—the diminutive successor of the larger one destroyed by the earthquake of 1897.

Building in the plains of Assam is very disheartening on account of the white ants. I have been told that, in some cases, whole houses and chapels have been demolished in a few years by these destructive insects. I was shown a set of beautiful vestments utterly ruined. The Fathers were away for a fortnight and the vestments had been left carefully packed in a drawer, but the ants made their way in and ate them.

"At 10 a. m. we began our motor-drive—the only occupants of the car besides ourselves being a native family, who took the back seats. This is the most expensive part of the journey—each person has to pay Rs. 18, scarcely any luggage being allowed free. One's belongings are usually taken to Shillong in bullock-carts, which travel only by night. The motor is by no means the luxurious conveyance to be seen speeding through the streets of Calcutta; it is more like a diminutive tram—with a canvas hood and side screens. There is no support for the head, so we sat bolt upright for seven hours, sometimes feeling so overcome by sleep that it was wonderful we did not fall out of the car. For ten miles from Gouhati the road is quite flat. Then the ascent begins gradually. The hills are quite unlike the Himalayas. They reminded me of a journey across the Jura mountains and the lower Alpine slopes. It seemed to me our road lay through three distinct regions. The first was through magnificent tropical forests, with foliage so dense that the sun could hardly penetrate it—then we came to grassy hills entirely bare of trees, and, at ten miles from Shillong were the lovely pine forests which, the chauffeur told us, were called 'the glory of Shillong.' A mountain stream lay on our right—a tumbling, foaming torrent, making its way over boulders and trunks of trees with a music all its own. At times it disappeared, hidden in the overhanging foliage, only to reappear unexpectedly on the other side of the road. We enjoyed watching this stream, all the more as there is such a dearth of water in Darjeeling, at least as an addition to the scenery, for there is more than we bargain for in the monsoon season. We halted only once on the journey, at the dāk bungalow, where we had breakfast. No adventure had we, either, except that the motor broke down and took half an hour to be set in motion again. It was curious

to watch the stone-cutters with their enormous basket hats, a splendid protection against the sun and rain. At 4 p. m. we arrived at Shillong, and were met by the Khasi girls, looking so modest and demure in their quaint dress, with their cloaks over their heads and tied under the chin, that at first we thought they were nuns! !

"The kind B—— family were also at the station to accord us a hearty welcome to the field of our future labours, and our former pupil, V. B., accompanied us to the convent of the German Sisters. It was rather a long walk, but we were glad of the exercise after our cramped positions for seven hours in the car.

"We are most favourably impressed by Shillong. It is really a charming station, far more like the mountainous parts of England and Ireland than the Himalayan summer capitals. The roads are so broad and level that people can drive in dog-carts or phaetons, and, I believe, there are no rickshaws or dandies on hire. Sometimes the Khasis carry women and children on their backs in a queer-looking chair, called a 'tapa.' The whole station seems very well kept; the slopes are as green as green can be and of a velvety softness. It is, indeed, the land of pines—they are everywhere, even in the drains and in the crannies of the rocks they seem to take root.

"We are delighted with the situation of the Catholic Mission. The property extends over a whole spur. Below is the residence of the Lieutenant-Governor, on the northern slopes and to the south and east, a range of hills separating Shillong from Cherra Poonjee, and thus saving it from the excessive rainfall of the rainiest place in the world. The site proposed for the building of the new convent is now a pine wood. It is just like fairy-land when the setting sun turns the pine-needles into a mass of waving golden-green. Of course, the forests must be cleared and the ground levelled: this will cost a great deal of money.

"We are treated by the kind German Sisters with the greatest consideration; their hospitality is unbounded. We might fancy ourselves in a corner of the Fatherland, hearing German spoken all around us."

The advent of the Loreto nuns caused quite a sensation in Shillong. We have been told that

a certain distinguished "Somebody" sent a telegram to another "Somebody" with the news: "The Loreto nuns have arrived!"

Among the pupils have been two Indian princes. One, the eldest son and heir of the Raja of Khyrin State, to whom the whole of Shillong formerly belonged. Inik Singh is a dear little boy, eight years old, wonderfully intelligent and exceedingly happy at school. Later on, his father intends to send him to Germany to complete his education. The other, a son of the Nawab of Dacca, is only five years of age. He has already paid England a visit, speaks English fluently and with a perfect accent. His real name is Hafzoolah, but to his friends he is known as "C. S. I."

I am sure all Loreto girls will feel a glow of pride that the dear Institute they love so well is bearing aloft the banner of "Loreto" in a place where, up to the present, nothing has been done to further Catholic education for Europeans.

As we watch the beginning of a work like this, and then musingly look forward into the years to come, how consoling it is to think that when we have passed beyond the veil, generations of girls will arise who, perhaps, will thank God for the day that brought this new Loreto to Assam.
—*Palm Leaves.*

A Benefactor.

Hark, what a flood of melody
Breaks through the twilight hush!
Just from the wilding ecstasy
Of one wee speckled thrush.

From bough to bough he gaily goes,
Leaving a trail behind
Of golden notes, whose music flows
Like fragrance down the wind.

The rose lifts up her dewy face
In rapture at his art,
And softly falls his lyric grace
Into the lily's heart.

While one who bides alone, to close
A grief within her breast,
For one brief, blessed moment knows
The balm of peace and rest.

CHARLOTTE BECKER.

Canon Sheehan.

A Memory and an Appreciation.

I REMEMBER very well the last occasion on which I visited him at Doneraile. It was a glorious spring day. High overhead floated soft, white, fleecy clouds in a sky of vivid blue. As we drove along the high road from Mallow, suddenly, at a turn in the way, the beautiful panorama of wood and valley and mountain burst into view. There was Doneraile far below, as he himself once described it, "nestling in a deep well, sheltered by the impenetrable umbrage of woods and forests"; away behind it lay the brown and green solitudes of the Ballyhoura Hills, and to the left the towering Galtees still topped with their winter nightcaps of snow. Across the hills the cloud shadows chased each other in the sun; below us in the fields a busy farmer guided his plough over the fresh green turf. All was peaceful, quiet, remote from the roar of the railway and the traffic of the town. And then we came down into the valley along the winding road, well shaded with interlacing trees, past the comfortable laborers' cottages, where his name was a household word, down the long village street, and there at the end was the Mecca of our pilgrimage—the little two-story, unpretentious house in which Canon Sheehan lived. A few yards away, Spenser's "gentle Mulla" flowed on its even way through reeds and shallows. Across the road were the trees of Lord Castletown's beautiful demesne. All around was the quiet leisured flow of life in this prosperous little Irish village. There were the surroundings amidst which all his great work was done, not only the work which made his name famous throughout the world, but that other work which he placed first, his work as priest and guardian of his people.

I had come for the week-end, one of many that I had the honor and privilege of spending under his roof. There was, as always, the kindly, hospitable welcome, the inquiries after many common friends, the discussion of events in the great world which here seemed so remote. In the afternoon we went for a drive to visit the historic Kilcolman, where Spenser lived and wrote the *Faerie Queene*. It is an old gray frontier castle, perched above a brown bog. From the summit, on a clear day, you can see five coun-

ties. The Galtees seem to frown over your head and the lordly Shannon is a gleam of glory on the horizon. We talked there amongst the ruins of many things: of how it was there, Spenser welcomed Raleigh, newly home from his voyage round the world, bringing with him those two commonplace necessities of modern life, potatoes and tobacco; of how there, too, he wrote his magnificent *Epithalamium* in loyal fealty to his Irish wife, and how there, finally, as a reward for his ruthless policy, the "wild Irishe," as he called them, burnt his castle to the ground.

Back at Doneraile again, we spent the afternoon in the garden he loved so well. The long, narrow garden, a *hortus conclusus, et disseptus*, with its high trees and shrubs, the garden with which readers of his books are so familiar, and which he greatly loved. Here he showed me the crocuses bursting up joyously from their winter sleep, and we paced up and down the narrow, sheltered path where much of his work was thought out. There, too, was the little wooden summer-house where, in summer, he often wrote. Before his last illness fell upon him he often worked in the garden himself, directing or helping the gardener. It was his place of peace and meditation—secure from all interruption or observation; it was there he spent the happiest hours of his life. And when the evening came we strolled out along the country roads in the dusk and talked of books and men. He was at his best then. He never shone in a crowd. His natural shyness and modesty, which he so often admitted and deplored, seemed in a crowded company to dry up that delightful easy flow of genial, speculative conversation to which those who knew him intimately loved to listen. But with a friend on a country walk or by his own fire-side few men were more interesting or more entertaining; interesting not only because he talked well of himself, but because, like all good talkers, he drew from his companion the best he could give to the common discussion. Americans and others anxious to meet the famous author often travelled to Doneraile to see him, but I fear many went away without ever meeting the real Canon Sheehan that his friends knew so well.

His house spoke of the man. Books everywhere: on the drawing-room table, in broad, compact bookcases around the dining-room, in marshaled ranks lining the little study upstairs,

where he read and wrote. And all methodically neat. As he wrote somewhere himself, he was a precisian, and his neatness and order were reflected in his writings and in his life. But in that house there was no luxury, no ostentation, no display.

The following day was Sunday; and I had the privilege of attending his Mass and listening to his simple, beautiful little sermon in the fine old parish church, which he had done so much to beautify and repair. In the afternoon we went up together to the splendid field beyond the river where, every Sunday, the young Gaelic athletes of the surrounding parishes contended for supremacy. There was a hurling match in progress, a fine exciting match, well played. It was delightful to see him there amongst his people, quiet and unpretentious, the gentle parish priest beloved by all, sharing the pleasures and sports of the crowd with all the enthusiasm and interest of a boy. Those who wish to read one of the best descriptions ever written of a hurling match should turn to the first chapter in his novel, *Glenanaar*, and they will find there a description of such a scene as we saw that afternoon. And in *Parerga* also there is another description of a similar scene. Young Irish manhood playing splendidly a great old Irish game—probably one of the finest and most exciting games in the world. He was so proud of his young men, of their skill, their self-control, their good temper. And he would point out to you the change from the old days when many a hurling match ended in a riot or a faction fight. But, indeed, it was not a mere matter of parochial interest with him. He was keenly interested in the Irish language and in Irish games, and he seldom missed an important match or a local *feis*. I remember him saying to me once what far greater work the Irish would have done for the faith in America if they had gone there like the Germans, with the bond of a national language and a fully-developed national life to consolidate them against outside and evil influences. Sometimes, of recent years, I found him pessimistic as to the future of the language—the dark waves of Anglicization seemed to be submerging everything, and he could see but little light ahead—but he never doubted the essential truths and principles of self-reliance and national cohesion upon which the language movement is based. I

shall always like to think of him as I remember him that Sunday, a genial smile lighting up his keen intellectual face as he pointed out to me the celebrated players and the points of the game; one likes to remember a dear friend at his best, and he was at his best then.

And now I turn from this happy memory to write something, feeble and unworthy though it be, about his life. Patrick Augustine Sheehan was born in New Street, Mallow, on March 17, 1852. It was probably the day of his birth that determined his baptismal name; while his own choice, at a later epoch, fell on the glorious son of St. Monica, whose praises he was afterwards to sound with fervent eloquence. He grew up a reserved, solitary boy. My uncle, who was then curate at Mallow, often told me of how he gave Canon Sheehan his first musical lessons in the church choir. Readers of "My New Curate" will remember the village choir over which Father Letheby presided, and how he "brought clear to the front the sweet trebles of the school-boys on whom he said all his hopes depended." It was a picture of his own schoolboy triumphs in the Mallow choir.

Very early he showed a singular aptitude for mathematics, and his last two years at the Mallow National School were devoted exclusively to geometry and algebra. His classical education was not begun until 1866, when he entered St. Colman's College, Fermoy. In 1868 he took fourth place in the concursus, and was anxious to go to Rome for his ecclesiastical studies. He was dissuaded, however, and returned to the diocesan seminary. He never lost his affection for St. Colman's, and, in after years, he devoted a considerable part of the profits from his books to renovating the college chapel, and also to its general advancement. Gaining the first place at the next concursus, he went to Maynooth in September, entering for the class of logic. Strange to say, he escaped distinction during his Maynooth course so completely that, after he became famous, many who were almost his contemporaries at college have been slow to believe that he was ever a student at Maynooth.

The explanation is, chiefly, that he was in very delicate health during the whole of his Maynooth career, from 1869 to 1874. All his family died at an early age, except a younger brother, who survives him and who holds a high position un-

der the Local Government Board. So unsatisfactory was his health at this period that he was obliged to interrupt his theological studies in the academical year, 1872-1873, remaining at home to rest for those twelve months. Meanwhile, however, he was not losing his time or letting his mind lie fallow. He was an omnivorous, but desultory reader in the sectional libraries of the college. Carlyle and Tennyson were his teachers during this period. From the former he learned the gospel of work, which had a marked influence on all his after life. He was fascinated by Tennyson's dreaminess, mysticism, and music, and learned by heart a great many of his poems. You will find apt quotations from Tennyson in nearly all his books, and in most of his addresses. Later on he was repelled by Carlyle's hatred of the Church and by his unchristian doctrine of brute force; and Tennyson he exchanged for the more robust thought of Dante and Browning. Such reading was not without its influence on his professional work. Father Tom Burke once said that he read poetry every day in order to gain as much vividness and sweetness as he could for his language in the pulpit.

Canon Sheehan received the Holy Order of Priesthood at the earliest legal age. He was ordained in the Cathedral of Cork, on the Feast of St. Joseph's Patronage, 1875, which is kept on the third Sunday after Easter, and was, therefore, in that year, the 18th of April. The diocese of Cloyne being at that time sufficiently supplied with priests, he was lent to a less fortunate English diocese. The Bishop of Plymouth placed him on the staff of his Cathedral, and in Plymouth he preached his first sermon on the first Sunday of May, the subject being the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin. One of his earliest sermons was on the Sanctity of the Church, and a remarkable circumstance is connected with it. A very famous clergyman of the Established Church, the Rev. Robert Hawker, Vicar of Morwenstow in Cornwall, broke down in health that year, gave up his vicarage, and came to his native town, Plymouth. On the evening that the young Irish priest preached on the Sanctity of the Church, the retired Vicar sat under the pulpit, with his wife and three daughters. This fact was brought out strongly in the local newspaper by angry Protestants, when Mr. Hawker's conversion was announced a few days later. But

the convert was beyond the reach of abuse, for he had been received into the Church upon his death-bed. This was Canon Sheehan's last sermon in Plymouth, as he was soon afterwards moved to Exeter, where the remainder of his time in England was spent. Here he officiated for two years under the saintly Canon Hobson, for whom he ever afterwards retained the most grateful and affectionate regard. During these years, amid all the occupations and distractions of active life, Canon Sheehan read and studied far more theology than during all the years of college life, set apart exclusively for such studies. In the midst of heretical surroundings and addressing, Sunday after Sunday, congregations largely composed of actual or probable converts, his profound sense of responsibility towards the souls with whom he came in contact urged him to exert his powers to the utmost, and he felt himself obliged to master every subject of controversy that might help souls on to the light. It was an experience gained during this period of his life that he afterwards drew on largely for some of the most interesting chapters in *The Triumph of Failure*, *Luke Delmege*, and others of his books. He was probably more reluctant to be taken from such congenial and fruitful work when the Bishop of Cloyne called him back to Ireland than he had been to leave home originally and go into exile.

Of the thirty-eight years that elapsed since he returned to Ireland, the first four were spent in his native parish of Mallow. One of the first works he undertook in this new sphere of action was the formation of a Young Men's Society. This interest in the work of the young Catholic laity was one of his leading characteristics, as all who have read his works are aware. An inaugural lecture, which he delivered to this Society in 1880, was one of his earliest publications. In 1881 he was transferred to Queenstown, where he labored for eight years. Here it was that his literary career fairly began with a simple little story, called "Topsy," written for a children's magazine. Some other short stories of this period have been reprinted by the Catholic Truth Society of Ireland amongst their penny publications. His first long story, however, *Geoffrey Austin, Student*, was not attempted till his second curacy in the place of his birth; for in 1889 he returned from Queenstown to Mallow.

He had previously contributed many articles to the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*; and an essay of his in *The Irish Monthly*, on "The Two Civilizations," excited the warm admiration of Judge O'Hagan. The friendship which was thus early formed between him and Father Matthew Russell continued to the end, and many of his most beautiful poems and short articles first saw the light in *The Irish Monthly*. The first work of his I ever read was a poem on the sea, which appeared in its pages. Before he left Queens-town, however, his health completely broke down from overwork. Besides ordinary exercises of voice and pen, he was, on special occasions, pressed into the pulpits of Cork and Limerick, and, too often, found it impossible to escape. He fell into such a state of nervous prostration that he had to be relieved from all duty for a year (1888), which he spent at Glengarriff and Youghal. Like the similar interruption of his Maynooth life, this year was by no means intellectually blank. At any rate, it gave him leisure for a most interesting correspondence with Dr. James Field Spalding, of Christ Church, Cambridge, Massachusetts, and, no doubt, he had a share in leading that fine mind into the Church. But this year of rest gave him ample opportunity for thought and meditation on life, literature, and religion. It would be hard in Ireland, or indeed, in Europe, to match the beauties of Glengarriff's wooded hills and blue mountains shrouded in the soft mists which sweep in from the Atlantic, and where, as Sir Aubrey de Vere beautifully describes it,

From rock and headland proud
The wild wood spreads its arms around the bay.
The manifold mountain comes, now dark, now
 bright,
Now seen, now lost, alternate from rich light
To spectral shade; and each dissolving
 cloud
Reveals new mountains while it floats away.

It was amidst scenes such as these that Canon Sheehan loved to wander and commune alone with Nature. His old friend, Dean Keller of Youghal, tells how in those days Canon Sheehan would sometimes be absent for hours, and when the Dean went to look for him he would find him standing like one in a trance looking out upon the wild waste of the winter sea.

In 1895, he was appointed parish priest of Doneraile. Here the aid of two curates left him sufficient leisure to achieve the literary work which has laid Catholic readers in every country in the world under a heavy debt of gratitude. *Geoffrey Austin* was followed by *The Triumph of Failure* (1899), in which some of the same characters appear and which was his favorite work. He used to tell an amusing anecdote about this book. Making some purchases one day in a Dublin book-shop, he asked the boy who was serving him if he could recommend him some light Catholic literature. The lad mentioned *Geoffrey Austin*, and, on Canon Sheehan informing him that he had read it, added: There's *The Triumph of Failure*, sir, by the same author, and between you and me, it is a failure." The feelings of the boy can be better imagined than described when the manager appeared on the scene and addressed Canon Sheehan by name. But if *The Triumph of Failure* did not meet with the success it deserved, his next book, *My New Curate* (1900), raised Canon Sheehan to a position in the world of letters which was unique. It appeared first in *The American Ecclesiastical Review*, and had an enormous sale in America before it was appreciated in Ireland. In it he revealed himself as a master of a singularly pure, lucid and cultured English type, and as one of the little band of great writers who have truly and sympathetically portrayed Irish life.

Then followed from his pen a series of novels, essays and poems, which enhanced and increased his fame. Of these the most interesting to my mind, are *Luke Delmege*, *Glenanaar*, *The Blindness of Dr. Gray*, and the two delightful books of essays, *Under the Cedars and the Stars*, and *Parerga*, which are perhaps the best literary work he ever did. Of his novels I like *Glenanaar* much the best, and consider that the dramatic description of O'Connell's defence of the Doneraile Conspirators was one of the finest things he ever wrote. I came across, the other day, in a friend's library, an old book of recollections, written by a Cork Catholic journalist of those days, in which, describing this famous trial, occur these memorable words: "Before he came into Court we (Catholics) were a small despised body, afraid to raise our heads, but when the great Dan entered we felt like a multitude, and we had the courage of a multitude." It is this feeling

which Canon Sheehan gives us in his description of the trial. O'Connell dominates the scene from his first angry interruption of the surprised Solicitor-General with the words, "That is not law," until the final collapse of the Crown case under his determined attack. It was one of O'Connell's greatest triumphs.

I often urged him privately, and once publicly, in a review of one of his books, to write another Irish historical novel, but he had to remember his American readers, and he wrote me then: "I have been away from home this past week, and had not the opportunity of sending sooner my recognition of your fine review in the *Examiner*. Strange to say, the cry across the Atlantic is for more 'clericalism'; our National history does not appear to appeal so strongly to readers there." In 1906 I succeeded in persuading him to deliver a lecture to the Cork Literary and Scientific Society. "There is just a possibility," he wrote, with characteristic modesty, "that in an emergency I might be able to put together something, but I have an idea that my public appearances are nearly at an end. I never cared much for public speaking, and, as the years go by, I am more and more inclined to keep at my desk." However, he came in the end, and gave us a delightful lecture on "The Literary Life" (October 18, 1906).

Few people are prophets in their own country. Canon Sheehan was that night. When his work became known in Rome, Propaganda recommended him to the Pope for the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity, which was immediately conferred upon him. But now, when he was at the height of his fame, came the first warning of his illness which was to be fatal. He told no one, not even his brother, but obtained the best advice, and, finding that it was at best only a matter of a few short years, he set himself quietly and cheerfully to complete his work. Last year, when I wrote to congratulate him on his birthday, he wrote back: "Ever so many thanks for your kind wishes, just received. I close my sixtieth year to-night; not a bad record for one who was often told he would never comb his hair grey. Are you writing a book? I have no respect for ephemeral literature, and I often see *Great Catholic Laymen* alluded to in foreign papers, especially Australian, as a leading Catholic work." This last reference was to my book, for which he had kindly written a Preface in

1905, and in the publication of which he took a great interest. But the condition of his health became rapidly worse, and, finally, in the early part of the year he had to be removed to the South Infirmary, Cork, for special care and nursing. Sad as it was to find him ill and suffering, it was a great consolation to be able to see him so near and so often. Every week I called on him, generally on Saturday afternoons when my work was done, and brought him books from my heterogeneous library, for his intellect was as keen as ever, and reading did not tire him. Some days he was quite bright and like his old self, and we spent many pleasant hours talking over the books I had brought. He was very interested in Bernard Shaw's plays, and he was particularly delighted with a book of Montgomery Carmichael's, *The Life of John William Walshe*, a delightful novel disguised in the form of an autobiography, which he had not read before.

He had a most open mind. All literature was interesting to him and he read very quickly. Every week I took up a fresh supply of books, and I know that his brother brought others, but he read them all without an effort. After a time, the careful nursing and skilful medical treatment began to tell; and soon he was allowed down into the garden, and the good nuns lent him a quiet little room near the chapel, where he could sit and read undisturbed. Through it all he never complained. He knew that his illness was hopeless and his cure impossible, but he wanted to get back once more to Doneraile, to die in harness amongst his own people. And in the early spring his brother took him back to the little village amidst the trees and to the garden that he loved. For some time we had good news of him, everything seemed to be going well, and he returned by degrees to the daily round of duty. But it was not for long. The heavy hand of illness descended on him again, and he had to give up everything. His brother was with him. He saw many of his old friends up to a few days before the end. Then the final weakness came upon him, and he could see no one. He could not even read, he who had so much loved books. Quietly and patiently he waited for the end, reciting fervently and frequently the Rosary of the Blessed Virgin, to whom his devotion was great. He had written a beautiful book in her praise, *Mariae Corona*. And at last, on Rosary Sunday, he

passed quietly away. Catholic Ireland had lost one of her greatest sons.

We are too near him yet to be able to estimate the place he will eventually take amongst the writers of our time. His works have been translated into all the leading European languages. Great masters of literature have spoken of them in terms of well-deserved praise. But I do not think that all this ever gave him more than a moment's passing pleasure. To him his priesthood was before and above everything else. He won the love and reverence of all his people, rich and poor, old and young, ignorant and educated. And he was always working and striving for them. I remember one case that came under my own knowledge where his effectual intercession helped a parishioner out of a serious difficulty. And what a judge of character he was! He said little, he was too charitable for that; but he just indicated his thought—and always he was correct. I remember so many instances of this: two in particular where I had formed a high opinion of certain people and told him of it, and then he smiled quietly at my youthful enthusiasm and just intimated that he did not agree; since then I have found out how right he was. He disliked all humbugs and charlatans, and measured their worth without saying a hurtful word. I do not think any one ever saw him in a temper or heard him say a bitter thing. A few days before he died, he was looking through some old papers and manuscripts with his brother, and they came to a big pile of memoirs and recollections, which he had written from time to time. "Ah!" he said, "we shall burn these, they might hurt some people's feelings if they were ever published." His friends will regret this decision (which, unfortunately, he carried out), whilst they respect the fine charity of the man.

He has left behind, it is true, a finished novel, *The Graves of Kilmorna*, which deals with the rising of '67, and some other manuscripts which will, no doubt, be published in due course. Like all his works, it is committed to paper fully and perfectly, not in an illegible scrawl like Carlyle's, or with "walking-sticks gone mad" (as Tennyson described Dr. W. G. Ward's), but with characters deft, uniform, neat, and even elegant, while at the same time, simple and unaffected. If my readers believe, as I do, that handwriting often betrays personal characteristics, they will appre-

ciate the significance of the epithets I have applied to Canon Sheehan's caligraphy.

He never let his literary work impair his pastoral efficiency. He used to rise early and say Mass at Our Lady's altar in his parish church. When not otherwise bound he always applied it, through her hands, to the soul in Purgatory that was next to be released; for he held that devotion to the Holy Souls is the perfection of charity, just as devotion to Our Blessed Lady is the secret of all civilization in its reverence for womanhood, and as the ineffable mystery of the Eucharist is the solution of all the mysteries of life. After breakfast he used to visit the schools or some of his parishioners, and, in these quiet walks, he composed much of what he afterwards wrote down. But his favorite place for composition was, as I have already said, his garden. Flowers and little children were his chief delights. He seldom left Doneraile; and a few weeks at the sea—sometimes at Ballycotton, sometimes at Kilkee—were the only holidays he ever took. The sea was ever present to him; he loved to meditate by its brink.

"There could be no solitude here," he wrote, "for voices were ever calling, calling to you; and you had to shade your eyes from the glare of the sunlit foam, that not only dazzled and blinded at your feet, but floated up in a kind of sea-dust that filled all the air with sunmists, and was shot through and through with rainbows that melted and appeared again, and vanished as the sunlight fell, or the wind caught the smoke of the breakers and flung it back against the steel-blue, darkened sea without. Far up along the coast you could see the same glorious phenomenon—a fringe of golden foam breaking helplessly against iron barriers; and here and there where a great rock stood alone and motionless, cut loose from the mainland by centuries of attrition, you might behold cataract after cataract of molten gold pouring out and over it, covering it for a moment in a glittering sheet of waters and then diminishing into threads of silver as the spent waves divided into tiny streamlets and fell. It was again the eternal war of Nature, the aggressive sea, flinging its tremendous tonnage of waters on the land; and the patient rocks, washed and beaten and tortured for ever turning their faces to the sea."

You understand now how he loved the sea.

I came again to Doneraile on the day of his funeral. All the countryside had come to do him homage. A nation mourned by his grave. Lords and members of Parliament, farmers and labourers, professional men and artisans, all were as one in their sorrow and in their loss. But it was in the little house by the river that one missed him most. The gentle presence, the quiet voice, the kindly smile,—all gone. And yet not altogether gone; for his example lives—the example of pain borne without complaint, of duty nobly done, of a great work for Ireland and high purpose persevered in to the end. The procession passed through the little village street, through the convent grounds where he so often went to encourage and help the good nuns in their work, and finally they laid him to rest beside his church. There his body lies, but his brave soul has gone from us: he has passed to his reward.

In the garden of death, where the singers whose names are deathless,
One with another make music unheard of men.

—*Rev. John J. Horgan, S. J., in The Irish Monthly.*

An Appreciation of Cardinal Rampolla.

By One Who Knew Him.

A JOURNALIST friend rang me up on the telephone to impart to me a piece of news which stirred me as with the breath of some heart-shaking disaster. Cardinal Rampolla is dead! All that noble dignity, that adamant fortitude of soul, that pride in his high office, that affecting humility, that child-like piety, are quenched in the bitter gloom of Death. A great personality has passed away from the possession of the Church Militant. He is now lying, the dead Cardinal, in the stateroom of his little palazzo near the Vatican, and already the crowd is filing through those chambers to do him reverence. In the purple hue of woe, and not in the scarlet robes of victory, they have enwrapped the last residue of greatness. The candles are guttering around the bier, and the attendant Capuchins are reading the Office for the Dead. For one who has lived long in Rome, it is not difficult to reconstruct that melancholy

scene. But my mind goes back to a November evening, a dozen years ago,

When I First Set Eyes on Him.

It was the eve of St. Cecilia's Day, and a vast concourse of people were forcing their way into the saint's Basilica, beyond the Tiber, to be present at First Vespers. For many months, the historic church had been closed for repair, and now it was thrown open to an eager throng of worshippers. The interior of the church had been beautified in a sober and quiet manner. But it was the crypt beneath the high altar upon which the Cardinal Priest of that title—he whose Requiem they are now chanting in Rome—had lavished so much care and expense. What a dream of exquisite loveliness burst upon our eyes as we pushed our way down the steps leading to it! The Romans were delighted. It was like some fairy palace, a thing of perfect beauty, yet all designed and constructed according to the best traditions of ecclesiastical art. And there behind the marble *cancello* could be seen the ancient sarcophagus which contains the body of one of the sweetest of saints. In the church above, Vespers proceeded. The little children in the choir sang with delightful glee and simplicity—Raphael's cherubs, one could imagine, endowed with articulate voice. But

The Centre of Attraction

was the Cardinal himself. He sat there on the old medieval throne, stately, immobile, lost in reverential contemplation, the very incarnation, it seemed, of Roman grandeur and repose. When he rose to incense the altar, his tall, mitre-crowned figure towered above the attendant prelates and clergy. He moved about the sanctuary like some superhuman being, whose presence there was an act of condescension to us lesser mortals, but a tribute of humble affection to the saint whom he so loved to honor. At the close of the function, the crowd hung about the atrium to watch him ride away in his carriage—a scarlet-clad Prince with the downcast eyes and recollected bearing of a contemplative lay-brother.

Often during those golden Roman years I encountered him—sometimes at evening in this very church, now empty of adorers, himself the only worshipper at the Roman Lady's shrine: sometimes outside the walls, when he took his recreation, alone and thoughtful: oftenest in St.

Peter's, where his office of Arch-Priest gave him the right to preside at so many memorable functions. Once, when he passed up the colossal nave towards the high altar, a poor old peasant turned to me and whispered in awe-struck accents: "Is this the Pope?" A personality so striking and domineering might well have seemed essentially supreme even in the eyes of ignorance.

And now the sentence of Death has removed him beyond our ken. We shall remember him, we students, who honoured him with that hero-worship which the young always pay to the great and noble among the living. We shall remember him as the greatest figure that, in our day, stood beside the Papal Throne. For he was great when he held the reins of power, and was trusted by the Sovereign Pontiff and

Sought After by Ambassadors.

But he was greater still when that power was taken from him, and a quiet life, the best preparation for death, became his portion. Of ambition, in the worldly sense, he had none at all. The highest dignity on earth was once within his grasp, and, when intolerable circumstances snatched it from him, he did not rebel or complain. To the Master whom he served so long and faithfully, to the gentle saint whose church he watched over so lovingly, the hand of Death has borne him. To him we may apply the epitaph of a Roman prelate of the Renaissance age:

"Labor et Honor Vita fuit, Mors Requies!"

Unconsciously to ourselves, God is making the shadows of our lives helpful to others. The sorrow that we bear, the pain that we suffer, the trials that we endure, are occasions of helpfulness to those who observe us. It is as though God were making our shadows reach out to give shelter to those who are almost overcome by the torrid heat of life's terrible temptations. This will help us to understand some of the inexplicable experiences that are given to us in this life. You may never know why God has caused you to endure a particular suffering, why He has laid His hand heavy upon you; but if you could see as He sees into the hearts of those who have been watching you, then you would know that the shadow of your life has been as the blessing of God to others.

The Poetry of Alice Meynell.

Ecce Ancilla Musae.

THE renaissance of poetry associated at the present time with the name of Francis Thompson is historically inseparable from that of Alice Meynell. In appraising the undoubted inspiration which he drew from her, however, we are in some danger of overlooking the independent value of her own work. Mrs. Meynell's recent poems, those published in various magazines during the past two years, are of so distinctive a character as to bring out into full relief an aspect of both poets' work which has not yet been adequately appreciated. It is as a scholastic renaissance in English poetry that their work is of new significance. The mystical strain which is so pronounced in Wordsworth and Browning is in Mrs. Meynell and Francis Thompson akin (though not of necessity consciously so) to scholasticism, and thereby becomes clarified and strengthened. Where, however, symbolism, a characteristic of both poetry and mysticism, is riotous in Francis Thompson, it is reticent in Mrs. Meynell; Thomson sees all the sweet significance of Benediction in the "flaming monstrosity of the West," but Mrs. Meynell turns from the passivity of Benediction to the activity of Communion, where all are fed at one only board.

To understand this independent treatment, then, we must turn to the general body of Mrs. Meynell's poetry and prose. For almost a generation she has held the torch passed on by Elizabeth Barrett Browning and Christina Rossetti; to-day she reigns sole queen of poetry in this land.

Though a quarter of a century is spanned by Mrs. Meynell's two volumes of verse, the maturity of the first is a notable tribute to the intellectual force which she brought to her work. These poems, written in maiden years and early womanhood, present no youthful excess, nor does the later volume suggest the falter of age. A full maturity of thought, control of form, and perpetual fruition of imagination are expressed in both. A circumspect dictum is her own hallmark throughout. For while mindful of the double origin of our language, loyal to the Teuton in our tongue, our poet, with a sure precision of touch and an instinct for the far lineage of

the Latin, restores the composing influence of that much maligned "dead speech." She has urged in more than one essay that "we need to quell the exaggerated decision of monosyllables," "we need the poise, vitality and remoteness of Latinity." She practises her theory, and in almost every poem may be traced the restoration of a tongue.

Hence she gives us the fine grain of thought in language of the chastest; the calm that strengthens and the truth that purifies. She does not discourse on the Nativity as a text for criticism of the times, nor dilate upon it as a dogma that needs defence. She gives us no lyric burning with the hot fire of self—albeit a self that loves. Instead, we have a meditation on the facts as given, a just union of the symbol with the thing signified, a remembrance of the Prince of Peace. *Her* passion is a peace.

"No sudden thing of glory and fear
Was the Lord's coming; but the dear
Slow Nature's days followed each other
To form the Saviour from His Mother—
One of the children of the year.

"The earth, the rain, received the trust—
The sun and dews, to frame the Just,
He drew His daily life from these
According to His own decrees
Who makes man from the fertile dust.

"Sweet summer and the winter wild
These brought Him forth, the Undeified.
The happy Springs renewed again
His daily bread, the growing grain,
The food and raiment of the Child."

The intellectual force of the new poet was, however, most pronounced in the sonnets and the "Letter from a Girl to her own Old Age." Even Christina Rossetti does not surpass the mental force of this "Letter." Its penetrating vision is worthy of our greatest poets, its contemplation of the "inevitable last" reminds us of the high fortitude of St. Teresa, while only a woman could give us such a tragedy of tears. This girl in the full flush of youth can bear to conjure up the old age that is to be, to remind herself therein of the great hills, the high hills of life's morning radiance; of the wild winds, the strong winds of life's early dawn; yea, to

tell herself of the place where the winds blow not and the young flowers do not bloom. Unflinchingly she frames the memories of life and assumes the sorrows of old time. Yet it is not to glory in prophecy and tongues, not to cover old age with the pomp of youthful eloquence, but rather to carry to that old age the eternal child breath of the daisies and their unchanging bliss.

Nevertheless, such divining charity and such ruthless imagination can have but one result. So sweetly has she identified herself with the grey years yet to be, that the "Letter" breaks down in tears: *can* that old age drink the cup thus full filled? *Can* those poor eyes bear the vision of the past and not weep? Through a mist of tears the girl caresses the grey locks of age and of the woman that is to be, of herself, she asks pardon. If "Locksley Hall" is the exultant utterance of the great hopes and far visions of the Victorian era; if, with "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After," it is also the somewhat dissatisfied, ever-hungry cry for individual love and life, this "Letter" is the feminine intuition of the course of life, woman's utterance of her fidelity to the gleam, a great mind's instinctive realization that through the many phases of changing personality the self preserves its own integrity, its own immortality, and knows, as Thompson knew, that it is "Born of full stature, lineal to control."

"Oh, hush; oh, hush! Thy tears my words are
steeping.
Oh, hush, hush, hush! So full, the fount of
weeping?
Poor eyes so quickly moved, so near to sleep-
ing?

"Pardon the girl; such strange desires beset her.
Poor woman, lay aside the mournful letter
That breaks thy heart; the one who wrote, for-
get her;

"The one who now thy faded features guesses,
With filial fingers thy grey hair caresses,
With morning tears thy mournful twilight
blesses."

The reticence of Mrs. Meynell's work, already alluded to, becomes more and more insistent and impressive. Its characteristic, its most telling word, is "silence." In the "Letter" she addresses a silent one, silently pining in a grey and silent

world. The girl is silent on a peak that looks o'er life's Pacific. Yet it is not the grey silence, grey silver of the disillusioned life and parched spirituality of Browning's "Andrea del Sarto," but rather the silence of the nun breathless with adoration, of Abt Vogler considering with bowed head the silence implying sound, the silence of a tide too full for sound and foam. Such silence is the tabernacle of transfiguration. Even in addressing her own beloved one, the poet calls for "little solitudes of delight." The outer shore the beloved well may see, but not the little pools 'mid happier hills; scarce knows *he* how

"He brims the little sea-shore lakes, and sets
Seaweeds afloat, and fills
The silent pools, rivers and rivulets
Among the inland hills."

And again:

"Full, full is life in hidden places,
For thou art silence unto me.
Full, full is thought in endless spaces.
Full is my life. A silent sea
Lies round all shores with long embraces."

This is not the cold asceticism which some critics have found in Mrs. Meynell's poetry. True, it is not the burning and the plough which Thompson knew and burnt into unforgettable speech. Why? Because it is the silence of one who is accustomed to dwell on mountain tops, yet does not cease to feel; of one before whose eyes is a perpetual exposition of a silent Sacrament. In that famous vision of the moon above Mount Snowdon, recorded in the "Prelude," Wordsworth himself knew the significance of this silence. The ascent of Mount Carmel and the beatific vision are therein proclaimed:—

"Theirs is the language of the heavens, the
power,
The thought, the image and the silent joy;
Words are but under-agents in their souls:
When they are grasping with their greatest
strength
They do not breathe among them
. . . Such minds are truly from the deity."

But the spiritual experience which links these two poets together leads back still more definitely to Spain and St. Teresa. As Francis Thompson, in the "Hound of Heaven" and the "Mistress of

Vision," offers a remarkable affinity with St. John of the Cross, whose general doctrine he confirms and supplements, so the writings of St. Teresa on the prayer of quiet and union find confirmation in Mrs. Meynell. A remarkable parallel is here. Two English poets, man and woman, united in closest bonds of sympathy and friendship, supplement and co-ordinate in a native and unconscious way the life-work of two Spanish saints, who were also poets. This is one of the wonders of comparative literature. Spain, the defeated foe of Elizabethan England, is avenged in some of the most notable poetry of Victorian England and St. Teresa was a dominant influence in discovering and fashioning the sanctity of St. John of the Cross, and Thompson's indebtedness to Mrs. Meynell is patent in all his volumes. The spiritual history of St. Teresa was very different from that of her pupil. It was not less profound, but quieter, more serene, less desperate and stark. The "Dark Night of the Soul" has its counterpart in Thompson's "Mistress of Vision," but the "Interior Castle" of St. Teresa is that wherein the other dwells. The soul whom St. Teresa describes as drinking from the very springs of Divine love and serenity, and not through the conduits of discursive meditation, may be known in every page of Mrs. Meynell's poems. The two Spanish saints have between them given us a complete system—scientific in its method and poetical in its exposition—of the inner spiritual life. In the two English poets we have the poetry of both the ascetic and the contemplative ways, the dark night of ascent and the calm light of transfiguration.

The character of the spiritual and intellectual factors of Mrs. Meynell's work provides us, moreover, with the differentia between it and that of Mrs. Browning and Christina Rossetti. All three display a marked predilection for that most intellectual of poetic forms, the sonnet; two give us sonnet sequences, and sonnets constitute a full third of Mrs. Meynell's much more limited total output.

Mrs. Browning's sonnets are certainly her most important work, and in respect of the intense personal feeling and the exalted humility of the passion that they express they are certainly amongst the permanent things of our poetry. But if we seek something more than mere intensity of feeling in the sonnet, it must be con-

fessed that her sequence lacks the strength and subtlety of thought which our greatest sonneteers have taught us to expect. The lyric is the true form for feeling *per se*, the sonnet is rather the sign of the marriage between thought that is intense and feeling that is strong; the wave up-bearing a ship freighted with thought, though steered by feeling. "The Sonnets from the Portuguese" rarely fulfil this expectation of a "dread apocalypse of soul." Even in the sonnet, which contains this noble phrase, the general thought is not massive, and the melody is marred by a pestilential series of sibilants.

Much more intellectually impressive are the sonnets of Christina Rossetti. At her best she reminds us forcibly of her brother's greatest sonnets. Like him, she reveals the "ambush at the heart, sleepless with cold commemorative eyes." Her sonnet entitled "The World" may even be matched with the most poignant of Shakespeare's sonnets, the 146th. and the 144th., with the great sonnet that portrays "the expense of spirit in a waste of shame."

The austere character of Mrs. Meynell's love lyrics forbids us to look for a sonnet sequence from her. But occasional though her sonnets are, they possess some features in common with those of Christina Rossetti. In both the minor key is often heard, tending towards resolution in the first, towards resignation in the second. In both there is a subdued melancholy, the "speaking silence of a dream"; but while the poet of "Echo" recalls an abiding loss, she of "Renouncement" renounces only to regain in the first dream that comes with the first sleep. In general, too, both poets have sung newly and sweetly of the Christ Child's birth; to both is Italy very dear. In the Anglican poet faith is felt, in the Catholic, faith is felt and creed is understood, yielding, in her most recent poems, some religious poetry of the highest order.

Mrs. Meynell's sonnet "To a Daisy" meets both the emotional and intellectual requirements. Comparison with Francis Thompson's lyric "Daisies" brings out, too, her independent view and her serene strength. To Thompson, the strength in feebleness of the daisies was cruelly terrifying; in cruel unconsciousness they wore the garment of his boyhood's innocence and let the dead years in on him. Hence his cry is anguished and sorrow-wrung:—

"Daisies, that little children pull,
As ye are weak, be merciful!
O, be not what ye were before,
Ye set aside a closéd door
And let the dead years in on me,
With Time's web play Penelope!
Daisies, that little children pull,
As ye are weak, be merciful!"

Exquisite as this is, is not its grief overpowering? But daisies yield to Mrs. Meynell a calm scrutiny of the universe and a contemplation of the mystery and meaning of Nature which is, indeed, Wordsworthian. It amply illustrates the "passionless passion" ascribed to her by Thompson himself. Wonder, questioning, reflection and the apostrophe which is prayer succeed one another in these fourteen lines so as to constitute not only a great sonnet, but also a noble and perfect meditation.

"Slight as thou art, thou art enough to hide,
Like all created beings, secrets from me,
And stand a barrier to eternity.
And I, how can I praise thee well and wide
From where I dwell—upon the hither side?
Thou little veil for so great mystery,
When shall I penetrate all things and thee
And then look back? For this I must abide,
Till thou shalt grow and fold and be unfurled
Literally between me and the world.
Then shall I drink from in beneath a spring,
And from a poet's side shall read his book.
O daisy mine, what will it be to look
From God's side even of such a simple thing?"

Throughout her sonnets the workmanship of Mrs. Meynell is that of a master of the craft, the diction lucid, the melody always clear. Whatever risk of monotony may lurk in the metrical limitations of the sonnet she skilfully avoids by a fine disposition of the *cæsura* and fall of the cadence. "Spring on the Alban Hills," so well known now in anthologies of modern verse, is a masterly example of this. In it we again meet that silence which in her suggests so much, and more than one touch recalls the "Blessed Damsel." "Renouncement," with its characteristic title, is, however, perhaps her most illuminating sonnet, and its connection with the doctrine of some of her prose is notable.

In a fine essay on "The Illusion of Historic Time" Mrs. Meynell, with a most delicate psychology, has considered the respective attitudes of man and child towards historic time. To the adult, recorded time has lost its terror, "he has lost antiquity." But with "his own most noble rod often small years" the child "attributes an overwhelming majesty to all recorded time. He confers distance. He and he alone bestows mystery. Remoteness is his. He creates more than mortal centuries." Similarly, man knows the borderland of sleep so well that he has a contempt for it and has long ceased to find antiquity there. But to the child "the moment of going to sleep is a long and mysterious moment in a long and mysterious childhood." He "passes with simplicity through the marginal country, and the thing he meets there is principally the yet further conception of illimitable time."

We should be loth to think that only children so regard that most blissful of all pauses, that most subtle balancing between the unknown and the known, that exquisite poise when we spread and try our wings for the ever-new flight into forgetfulness. Man has not so utterly lost the child within himself, and Mrs. Meynell's sonnet proves this. Yet in the main the essayist is right. These things *are* the especial experience of the child, and the child life. In the sonnet, the same delicacy of observation gives us the truth of conscious renunciation with the truth of unconscious rehabilitation. Full well she knows how in sleep we doff our will as raiment laid away. There could be no nobler expression of this mystery of our being.

Renouncement.

"I must not think of thee: and, tired yet strong,
 I shun the thought that lurks in all delight—
 The thought of thee—and in the blue Heaven's height
 And in the sweetest passage of a song.
 Oh, just beyond the fairest thoughts that throng
 This breast, the thought of thee waits, hidden yet bright,
 But it must never, never come in sight;
 I must stop short of thee the whole day long.
 But when sleep comes to close each difficult day,
 When night gives pause to the long watch I keep,
 And all my bonds I needs must loose apart,

Must doff my will as raiment laid away,
 With the first dream that comes with the first sleep
 I run, I run, I am gathered to thy heart."

When George Meredith reviewed a volume of Mrs. Meynell's essays he called attention to the distinction of their style and the quality of their thought. "I can fancy," he wrote, "I can fancy Matthew Arnold saying with refreshment 'She can write,' and Carlyle, listening without the weariful gesture to his wife's reading of the essays, hearing them to the end, and giving his comment, 'That woman thinks.'"

"That woman thinks." Never has Mrs. Meynell more signally proved this than in her most recent poems. That the reader, too, should think is an indispensable condition of appreciating this poetry to the full. It is no criticism to say that it is hard. Mrs. Meynell has none of the obscurities, none of the extravagances of the metaphysical school, and the poet has a *right* to the reader's intellect. Is not Shakespeare great because he provokes thought and has stimulated it for three centuries? That poetry should be simple, as Milton declared, becomes a fetish and a fallacy if the reader demands to be spoon-fed. Poetry should be elemental, true, but not necessarily elementary. That may be left to Martin Tupper. It is one of the greatest merits of Mrs. Meynell's poetry that it is so tonic to thought. And more, where Browning's vigour braces to the destruction of the constants of platitude and complacency, Mrs. Meynell draws by intellectual magnetism to the effort of constructive thought. No woman in our literature has so decisively proved her power in themes where pure philosophy and metaphysics are required.

"Christ in the Universe" is the first great example of this. It is a profound reflection on the ultimate significance of the Incarnation, a daring speculation on a million alien gospels. Majesty and simplicity are united in its stately diction. Before a dubious world are placed four simple signs of Christ. Then we are bidden reflect upon the mystery that this is earth's secret alone, we alone have the supreme treasure of a forsaken grave. Yet, lest we grow proud, we are reminded that from us is hidden God's bestowals in the Milky Way, while finally the poet soars to the revelation prepared in the eternities.

Christ in the Universe.

"With the ambiguous earth
His dealings have been told us; these abide;
The signal to a maid, the human birth,
The lesson, and the Young Man crucified.

"But not a star of all
The unimaginable stars has heard
How He administered this terrestrial ball;
Our race have kept their Lord's entrusted
Word.

"Of those earth-visiting feet
None know the secret, cherished, perilous,—
The terrible, shame-fast, frightened, whispered,
sweet,
Heart-shattering secret of His way with us.

"No planet knows that this
Our wayside planet, carrying land and wave,
Love and life multiplied, and pain and bliss
Bears as chief treasure one forsaken grave.

"Nor, in our little day,
May His devices with the heavens be guessed
His pilgrimage to thread the Milky Way
Or His bestowals there be manifest.

"But in the eternities
Doubtless we shall compare together, hear
A million alien gospels, in what guise
He walked the Pleiades, the Lyre, the Bear.

"Oh, be prepared, my soul!
To read the inconceivable, to scan
The million forms of God those stars unroll
When, in our turn, we show to them — a
Man."

Not from Wagner or from Milton comes this stately music, nor from Wordsworth comes this elevated thought, nor from Thompson this pontifical diction. Could Spinoza have read but the final stanza he would have seen how nobly the aspirations of his philosophy have been expressed and, who knows, felt, if not comprehended, the poetic conviction of its concluding line? What poem of the nineteenth century is more searchingly thoughtful, more passive in its intellectual hold!

Simultaneously with this poem there was published in a different quarter—*The Dublin Re-*

view—a short meditation on the Eucharist, a poem entitled "A General Communion." There was no expressed intention to make the poems complementary, but such they assuredly are. The second poem exemplifies one of the "heart-shattering secrets" of His way with us, that of Eucharistic Communion. In it there is the same restoration of Latinity to which allusion has already been made. There is here no foolish identification of the creature with the Creator. The people are indeed "devout," but the sublimity of this mystery is, that while the people are devout, the Lord is "devoted," and the distinction between the two epithets measures the mystery of the feast. Devoutness is human, but devotion is divine. "Devoted"—and the word stretches far back in Latin religion — calls up the rites of countless years.

In this poem, too, the uniqueness of the Christian sacrifice is expressed as clearly, concisely and philosophically as though it came from the schools. Thompson concentrates on the accessories of ritual, here the emphasis is on the rite itself. Fractured in sacrifice, multiplied for communion, the devoted Lord is ever one, ever unparted, ever singular; while those who receive side by side are yet asunder in a communion that is unique. And significantly the poet recalls her own sonnet on the Daisy once more. Here, this people are a thousand single central daisies, given the whole of a devoted sun.

A General Communion.

"I saw the throng, so deeply separate,
Fed at one only board,
The devout people, moved, intent, elate,
And the devoted Lord.

"Oh, struck apart! not side from human side,
But soul from human soul,
As each asunder absorbed the Multiplied,
The ever unparted Whole.

"I saw this people as a field of flowers,
Each grown at such a price
The sum of unimaginable powers
Did no more than suffice.

"A thousand single central daisies they,
A thousand of the one;
For each, the entire monopoly of day;
For each, the whole of the devoted sun."

Francis Thompson did not know these two poems, but his general sentence on the poet's work is here absolutely applicable. "It is poetry," he says, "the spiritual voice of which will become audible when the high noises of to-day have followed the feet that made them. The footfalls of her muse awaken not sounds but silences. We lift a feather from the marsh and say, 'This way went a heron.'"

Great poetry is not to be judged by its quantity, but by its quality. In days of a riotous prodigality of language and showy superficiality of ideas, the poetry of Mrs. Meynell is to be adjudged great for its retrenchment of diction and solidity of thought. In simplicity and austerity its music strikes the Gregorian note. It is plain-song of poetry, simple, severe, and strong.

ALBERT A. COCK,
British Review.

Saint Brigid.

(Prize Essay Department).

THE people of Ireland have ever regarded St. Brigid with a reverence and affection akin to that loving homage which they accord to our glorious Apostle, St. Patrick. We find in this no cause for wonder; indeed, it would be strange were matters otherwise, for of the many saints whom Erin has given to the Faith, none rank higher than "The Mary of the Gaels."

St. Brigid was born about the middle of the fifth century. She was of noble, indeed, of royal birth, being related to the most powerful clans of ancient Ireland. At the time of the Saint's coming into the world her native land was enjoying a peace, so soon to be rudely disturbed, for the spoiler had not yet reached the shores of the Emerald Isle, and our country still bore the proud title of "The Island of Saints and Scholars." This gave Brigid every opportunity of cultivating her great mental powers, and nobly did she discharge this obligation, which she regarded in the light of a sacred duty. But even in childhood her wonderful sanctity far exceeded her brilliant intellect. In the morning of her life, whilst her companions were rejoicing in the thoughtlessness and irresponsibility of youth, Brigid quite disregarded her own needs, and,

in all her actions, consulted only the wishes of others. As she grew to maidenhood her virtues seemed daily to increase, and, like shining jewels, enhanced her great physical beauty. Many were the suitors, wealthy and noble, who sought the hand of this peerless maiden, and wished to make her queen and mistress of their broad demesnes and rich estates, but Brigid's heart was far removed from thoughts of earthly glory, and, at an early age, she fled from the empty pleasures of the world and consecrated herself solely to God. But her retreat did not remain long undisturbed, for many ladies, rich and high-born, as well as those of lower degree, flocked to her, desirous to follow the example of the saintly maiden and devote themselves to God under her rule.

Thus did St. Brigid come to be the foundress of the first religious institution for women which has ever existed on Irish soil. In her convent home the Saint found ample opportunity for the practice of the two great virtues for which she is especially remarkable—namely, wonderful humility and charity. No service was too menial to be rendered even unto the lowliest of those who thronged round her, and, likewise, in her self-depreciation, she rejoiced to suffer insults and affronts for Christ's sake. These, however, were seldom offered her, for the people recognized in the humble nun a great benefactress who satisfied the needy at the cost of great personal sacrifices. Even the most necessary articles which belonged to the community were employed to relieve the sufferings of the poor, for Brigid seldom made provision for the morrow. She cast her bread upon the running waters, and, as is often the case, her earthly possessions did not in the least suffer as a consequence.

St. Brigid materially assisted St. Patrick in his task of evangelizing the Celts. She accompanied him on many of his long, arduous journeys through Ireland, and wherever she went she founded new convents and succeeded in converting many of the pagans. She possessed, in a marvellous degree, the gift of prophecy, and frequently foretold the destinies which awaited her companions.

And now, the long life of labor was coming to a close. As her people realized that their beloved

Saint was about to leave them for ever, their grief was overpowering. But Brigid herself awaited the end with joy, and died with a calmness and a peace which were in truth abundant reward for her saintly life.

As we read in after centuries of the unwavering fidelity and devotion of the Irish to their religion, through poverty, persecution, and death, we learn to love this zealous missionary, who was among the first to plant the seed of faith in the fertile soil of generous Celtic hearts.

JOSEPHINE POWER.

LORETO ABBEY, RATHFARNHAM, DUBLIN.

Wordsworth and the Romantic Movement.

THE period which immediately preceded and accompanied the French Revolution was one of complete transition in English Literature. The long frost of classicism broke up, the sealed fountains of romantic expression forced their way forth and then travelled smoothly on upon their melodious courses. Poetry once more became the center of critical attention and proved the most important branch of literature cultivated in England. Foremost among those connected with this movement were Wordsworth, Coleridge and Southey, commonly known as the Lake Poets.

William Wordsworth was born at Cocker-mouth, in Cumberland, on April 7, 1770, being the second son of John Wordsworth, attorney-at-law. The time of his infancy and early boyhood was passed partly at Cocker-mouth and partly with his mother's parents at Penrith, where his mother died, in 1778. After attending a private school at Hawkshead, Wordsworth went to Cambridge, where he excelled in the classics. Afterward he gained all the benefit to be drawn from foreign travel. In his poems he names some of the books he loved and fed on; the writings of Fielding, Cervantes, Le Sage, and Swift. A list of his friends would include many of the prominent writers of the time, although he led a retired life in the Lake District.

His sister, Dorothy, was not only a sister but an effective helper in his literary work. On October 4, 1802, he married Miss Mary Hutchin-

son, and this proved to be the crowning stroke of his felicity as she was a wife such as "neither rank nor young beauty, nor glowing genius enabled his brother bards to win." The poet refers to her as a helpmate and companion "dearer far than life and light are dear," and able "in his steep upward march to uphold him to the end."

Wordsworth's poems fill many volumes but his shorter poems are the best known. Like Coleridge, an apostle of human liberty, and like him shocked to the soul by the excesses of the French Revolution, Wordsworth became a conservative. This won for him sharp criticism from some leading men of his day and caused Browning to hurl at him the poem, "The Lost Leader"; however, when Browning learned Wordsworth's true attitude he took back the unkind insinuations he had made.

No section of English Literature is more void of the appearance of offense than that which was produced by the romantic reformers of our poetry. The audacity of Wordsworth and Coleridge was purely artistic; it was bounded by the determination to destroy conventions of style and to introduce new elements and new aspects into the treatment of poetry. But these novelities included nothing that could unsettle or even excite the conscience of the least mature of readers. Both these great writers spoke much of passion and insisted on its resumption by an art which had permitted it to escape too long. But, by passion, Wordsworth understood no unruly turbulence of the senses, no revolt against conventional manners, no disturbance of social custom. He conceived the term and illustrated his conception in his poetry, as intense emotion concentrated upon some object of physical or pathetic beauty, such as a mountain, a child, a flower,—and led directly by it into the channel of imaginative expression. He saw that there were aspects of beauty which might lead to danger, but from these he, Scott, and even Coleridge, turned away their eyes. In 1843, Wordsworth succeeded Southey as Poet Laureate and remained in this post of honor till his death in 1850, which sad event, it is interesting to notice, occurred on the anniversary of the birth and death of Shakespeare.

DORIS CUMMINGS, '15.

LORETO CONVENT, SAULT STE. MARIE, MICH.

The Lady Ida's Noonday Dream.

By the Late Very Reverend Canon Sheehan, D.D.

Round the grey and lonely hall
Shadows darken, sunbeams fall.
Shuttered windows stare aghast
At the phantoms fleeting past.
Hour by hour the dial tells
Where the elms stand sentinels,
And the noisy waterfall
Cannot drown the woodquest's call.
Dreary is the double note
Heard from out the sunken moat.
Dreary, too, the hall bell's chime
At the darkened vesper-time,
Like the disembodied soul
Of the merry matin-roll,
When the laborers in a throng
Passed to work with jest and song.
Work and workers now, alas!
Vanished as the shadows pass.

Like a hermit in his cell,
In a corniced oriel,
Sits and stares the whole day long,
Fairest of the regal throng—
Lady Ida, young and sweet,
Gazing on the village street,
Where the urchins cluster round,
And the naked babes abound,
And the grimy children crawl
'Neath the applewoman's stall.
'Tis a mean and abject sight,
Yet from dreary morn to night
Lady Ida sits and dreams,
And I wonder how it seems
Pictured in the sad surmise
Of her dreamy, velvet eyes.

There behind the stately hall
Sings the murmurous waterfall,
Sweeps beneath the nodding bells
Of the fairy asphodels.
Sings: "Awake, my love, the rose,
From the noontide's sweet repose!
Drop a tear from out thine eyes,
'Twill with sweets emparadise
All that I shall wander through,
Tulips tall and violets blue."
And the lovely celandine,
Little fairy planets shine.

And the air is warm and sweet
Where their mingled odors meet.
All is fair to ear and eye,
But my Lady passes by,
Blind to all that's sweet and fair
In the clust'ring garden there.
And the jealous flowers lean down,
Each to each her golden crown.
Whisper: "Is it right and meet,
Staring on that loathsome street,
That our Lady once so kind,
Pass us by as stricken blind?"

What's the secret? What's the theme
Of my Lady's noonday dream?
She hath lands; and castles fair
Rival kingliest mansions there;
Brave young knights and horses fleet,
Practised in the tourney's feat;
Stately park and bounding deer,
Gentle kine and lordly steer;
Gold and pearls beyond the price
Of the lustiest avarice.
And her lord, her knight is tall,
Kinglike as the giant, Saul,
And he loves her for her worth,
For her grace and gentle birth.
What's the secret? What's the theme
Of my Lady's ariel dream?

She is childless. She hath missed
Baby-ringlets, passion-kissed;
And the rapture of surprise
Mirrored in the baby's eyes,
And the velvet touch so soft
Dimpling mother's cheek as oft
Baby's curious, loving art
Spells the love of mother's heart.
So my Lady jealous is
Of that grimy urchin's kiss,
There beneath her in the street,
As the hours fly by so fleet,
Hours that, graceless, never bring
Wish of her imagining.

It was evening, and the bell
Sweetly tolled o'er wood and dell.
And adown the village street,
With low forehead, weary feet,
Came a pilgrim, sad and sore,
Begging bread from door to door,

Scalloped hat and whitened staff,
 Checked the merry children's laugh,
 Yet he looked so sad and mild
 That the frightened children smiled.
 Gathered round him, as he passed,
 Plied their questions, thick and fast,
 Who he was? and whence he came?
 And 'bove all would he resign
 What beneath his gabardine
 Held he there so fast, so tight,
 That the prying children's sight
 Not a glimpse could catch of it,
 Spite their cunning counterfeit.

Lady Ida, looking down
 On the many-streeted town,
 Saw the pilgrim pass below,
 Where the mighty gate swung low;
 Ordered food and wine for him,
 Seeing but Christ in Christ's pilgrim.
 When he'd eaten as he chose,
 Then my Lady Ida rose,
 Came to where the weary guest
 Found in sleep the long-sought rest.
 Waked him gently, did him greet,
 Washed the rough and soiled feet,
 Wiped them with her towels fine,
 Kissed the fringed gabardine,
 Said: "For Christ, my Lord, I greet
 Thee—the wanderer of the street."

Morning came: with glad surprise
 Touched the sleeping pilgrim's eyes.
 He arose, and took the bread
 Laid o'ernight above his head:
 Blessed it, but before he went
 Begged, as lowliest compliment,
 That my Lady deign to take,
 Not for his, but for Christ's sake,
 Something he would fain resign
 'Neath his pilgrim's gabardine.
 Lady Ida smiled, and said:
 "Tell for me your holy bede;
 Be my guerdon at the last,
 When my weary life is past,
 Once to see His gentle Face—
 Christ's, Whose feet I oft embrace,
 Once to hear His gentle voice"—
 Child and pilgrim, here rejoice!
 "Nay," he said, "that's a far boon.
 Come, your guerdon, swift and soon,

Let me ask your Lady's grace,
 By your sweet and gentle face,
 This, my treasure, here to leave,
 With the benison I give."

Here he opened wide his cloak,
 And their pity to evoke,
 Held aloft his burden frail,
 Reverent as the Holy Grail.
 'Twas a little child, but, oh!
 Wrecked by every human woe,
 Blind and wrinkled, scorched by fire.
 Leprous was the wrinkled skin,
 And the pursed lips between,
 Fleshless hung the carious teeth,
 And the swaddling-clothes beneath
 One could see a curved back,
 'Twas a loathly sight, alack!

Lady Ida, at the view
 Shuddering, swiftly backward drew:
 Then a thought, like flash of light,
 Smote upon her spirit's sight.
 As she crushed the unwilling flesh
 'Neath the tyrant spirit's mesh,
 Pale, she drew the pilgrim nigh,
 Then, with just a smothered cry,
 Raised her jewelled arms aloft,
 Took the burden, limp and soft,
 Gently, as the sweet bee sips,
 Touched with hers the loathsome lips,
 Bade her servants to prepare,
 In the turret chamber bare,
 Bed, or cradle of repose,
 For the babe. "And I propose,"
 Gravely said she to the rest,
 "Here to find my long-sought guest,
 In this loathsome being to find
 Salve for soul, and peace for mind.
 For the babe that cometh not
 This shall be my child, God wot!"

Swiftly, like a thing of light,
 Passed the pilgrim out of sight.

In the western turret stood
 Cradle cut from cedar wood,
 Perfumed with subtle scent
 From the musky Orient.
 Carved with many a quaint device,
 Tower, and ship, and fortalice.

Dainty were its trappings bright,
 Silvered silk and white samite;
 And there gleamed a silvern plate,
 Which anon should tell the state
 Of the lordly infant, whom
 Mother's heart had hoped would come.
 Silvern was the shield and dight
 With the crested lineage bright,
 Lions rampant, and three sheaves
 Bursting into fruit and leaves.
 And through all an urgent cross,
 Symbol of the long-felt loss.

There in shimmering silk they laid
 Tenderly the little maid.
 There at noon, from day to day,
 Came my Lady oft to pray.
 Not that still she hoped, alas!
 Hopes, like dreams frustrated, pass,
 "But," she said, "'twas God who sent
 This, His warped instrument,
 That the sick heart learn to know
 All the deeps of human woe,
 That the mind entrained be
 Fit to cope with destiny."

Slowly, slowly, something strange,
 Like a weird and wondrous change
 Wrought by wiles of magic art,
 Or the science saints impart,
 Crept around the foundling child,
 Basely-born, street defiled,
 Cheeks and lips so tightly drawn
 Blushed like pink of rosiest dawn,
 And the weary, strumous eyes
 Shone like stars of Paradise.
 And the little form grew straight
 From its bunched and curved state,
 And in all the features shone
 Light that Love might look upon.
 God of Mercy! God of Love!
 Thou hast wrought it. 'Tis Thy Love.
 And the Lady Ida pressed
 Hands unto her heaving breast,
 Where a something faintly stirred
 Like the fluttering of a bird
 Caught within the fowler's hand,
 Freedom weakly to demand.
 And my Lady's eyes so sweet
 Sought no more the sordid street,
 But she often loved to pace,
 With her slow and gentle grace,

Where the harebells lowly hung,
 And the woodbine's tendrils swung,
 And the red, voluptuous rose
 Leaned her head in soft repose,
 And the numerous streams rushed by
 Chanting a sweet lullaby,
 Till the regal flowers stooped down,
 Each to each its golden crown
 Whispered: "'Tis the dawn again,
 And the night hath passed amain.
 Summer, summer sure is here,
 Hark, our Lady's footsteps near!"

And one day there came a cry,
 Echoed from eternity,
 And from out the great unknown
 One tall wave had hither thrown
 At her feet a little waif,
 Snatched from out the deep and safe,—
 'Twas the dream of all her days,
 Stricken into life's amaze;
 'Twas the speck from out the vast,
 Wafted to her feet at last.
 And when Lady Ida kissed
 Eyes as blue as amethyst,
 Lips as vermeiled as the rose,
 Sunk in noontide's musked repose,
 And her mother's heart was tired
 (As a poet heaven-inspired,
 Wasting all his wealth of love,
 Till his dying accents prove
 All he wrought of deathless song
 He hath lavished men among).
 "Take," she said, "mine own sweet child,
 Fresh from heaven and undefiled;
 Place it where the street-waif lies,
 Nay, the child of Paradise.
 Let them share the selfsame cot,
 Let them share the selfsame lot!"
 Up the turret's winding stair,
 Witched with love and girt with care,
 Lady Ida's child was borne.
 Lordly heir and child of scorn,
 Classed together there should lie,
 So hath said—Humility!
 Lo! the cedarn cradle gaped,
 Empty, as a bird escaped,
 Leaves his prison postern free.
 Dumb at such a mystery,
 Stared the frightened maids aghast,
 Wond'ring, questioning what had passed.

Yet they laid the couch upon
 Lady Ida's long-sought son.
 When behold, the child above
 Gleamed like rainbow-tinted dove,
 When the gorgeous sunseting
 Hangs upon its pearly wing.
 Angel's form as fair and bright
 As the sylphs that thronged the sight
 Of the sainted Florentine,
 Dreamer of the dreams divine—
 Forms as fair as those that hide
 'Neath the drapery wafted wide
 Of the wondrous Sistine Queen.
 And their gentle hands between,
 Changed, transformed e'en as they,
 The pilgrim's little outcast lay.
 "Grieve," she said, "and wonder not
 At my sudden happy lot.
 Know ye I was whilom sent
 God's obedient instrument.
 Lent at Christ's beloved behest
 Lady Ida's faith to test.
 Lady Ida's love hath proved
 All that wished her well-beloved.
 She hath seen beneath the guise
 Of a God-sent enterprise,
 Hidden under aspects vile,
 Truth to test, or secret guile
 To unveil, if guile there were,
 Towards the God-sent messenger.
 She hath pierced with faith's keen sense
 'Neath the weak and warped pretence;
 She hath recognized as clear
 Loveliness lurks everywhere,
 Everywhere to be unveiled
 Where God's love hath it concealed.
 Lady Ida met the test
 Proffered at her Lord's behest.
 Lady Ida hath received
 All her fondest dreams conceived.
 So it has been, so shall be,
 This my message unto ye!"

Round about the stately hall
 Shadows flutter, sunbeams fall;
 Merrily the matin-bell
 Peals o'er lake, and stream, and dell.
 But not half so merrily
 As the love-taught melody
 Of my Lady's heart—the song
 Love doth teach the whole day long.

Swiftly have the angels gone,
 Calm the infant heir sleeps on,
 Child of many smiles and tears,
 Child of many hopes and fears,
 Called from out eternity
 By the voice of Charity!

Conscience a Guide to Good Books.

"**Y**OU must know first of all how to read—
 I mean how to read with a system. I
 have made a little system for my own
 use. Would you like to know it?"

"Why not? If it is going to attract me?"

"Would that it might! My system involves
 two articles: First, never to read bad literature."

"What do you mean by bad literature? Do
 you mean that which is badly written?"

"No."

"By bad-literature, then, you mean that which
 offends morality, Christian morality?"

"Undoubtedly, in a general way and in theory.
 But, in practice, I take a much broader viewpoint,
 one that gives me a very clear and very satisfac-
 tory answer. What an infinitely delicate task it
 is really to understand what is moral and what
 is not moral in a book. What anxiety, doubt, un-
 certainty, there is about deciding what one can
 allow one's self to read and what one should
 forbid! So I just address myself to the indi-
 vidual conscience, to that intimate judge, to that
 wise critic that every man has within him, and I
 say to my man:

"'You may read anything you like, so long as
 your conscience does not flinch. But if, at a
 certain line, a certain phrase, even though it be
 innocent in appearance and externally perfect,
 you feel this conscience quail and tremble, do
 not hesitate, but stop. It is warning you. It is
 the needle of the compass which quivers when it
 gets off the course.'"

"Bad reading is that for which one privately
 reproaches one's self?"

"It is not the same for all, you understand,
 and that is why it is almost impossible to define
 its character. But there is not one of us who
 has not experienced that sure and silent reproach
 that never deceives. And if you think I am se-
 vere against bad, inopportune, culpable reading,

it is because you cannot yet imagine the ravages which it produces, even among those to whom it teaches nothing and who, therefore, persuade themselves—imprudent men!—that they need not worry about it. It disturbs, it agitates, it shatters the equilibrium of the higher forces; and, above all, it soils the soul, it splashes it with mud.

"A man rises from a bad book with his mind bespattered with filth, and with stains upon his heart that even in the long run are difficult to obliterate in spite of washing. Some of them are never removed. They seem to disappear with time, but they return, and always at the critical moment when one would most desire that the material should be clean!

"So you will do me the pleasure not to shrug your shoulders when learned skeptics assure you that there are no bad books, that there are merely bad readers; and you will reply to them that to rest in constant safety, one should read only that which satisfies the noblest, the most sane"—

"And saintly?"

"Yes, if you like. The most saintly and most irreproachable of our desires and our raptures."

"And article 2 of your programme?"

"Not to read blindly and at random. To contrive it so that our reading shall be the logical and indispensable radiance of all the deeds of our life; that it shall escort our work, supplement our profession, finish and perfect, at all times and under all circumstances, the special man that we are, whether artist, scientist, soldier, etc.

"This intent and unflagging company of reading will contrive to become more scientific, will show itself more rigorous, even more vigilant in the course of our moral existence. We shall have our readings for days of happiness and those for days of grief, our readings for sunshine and for rain; for health, for sickness, for suffering, for joy, for sadness, for doubt, for despair, readings which redeem, compensate, make amends, stop the holes and lift up instead of making us fall.

"Taken thus and practised with this intelligent resolution, reading is a sacrament."

"And what should one read?"

"Everything that can be read aloud."

"Alone?"

"No, to one's daughter or to one's mother."

H. LAVEDAN.

The Old Irish Parliament House in College Green.

"Here, where old Freedom once was wont to wait
Her darling Grattan nightly at the gate,
Now little clerks in hall and colonnade
Jot the poor items of provincial trade.
Lo! round the walls that Bushe and Plunket shook
The teller's desk, the runner's pocket-book."

FOR more than a hundred years, the Bank of Ireland has been in possession of the classic building that was once the Irish Senate-House.

Many Irish have fond memories of the past and fond hopes for the future of the "old house in College Green"; and, even to this day, as processions file past, hats are lifted in respect for and remembrance of its former glories.

Three hundred years ago, Sir George Carey, or Carew, built a hospital in what was then a suburb of Dublin, which went by the name of Hoggin Green. The hospital passed through the hands of various officials until it came to Sir Arthur Chichester, Viceroy of Ireland (1604-1615), hence the mansion came to be called "Chichester House."

The first Parliament, after the Restoration, met here.

The Speaker congratulated the new assembly on being the "choicest collection of Protestant fruit that ever grew within the walls of the Commons House."

It turned its attention mainly to the wholesale confiscation of the lands of the defeated party.

The same policy was pursued by the Parliament of William III., which met in the same place, after the defeat of the Jacobites at Limerick.

Chichester House began to fall into decay; a committee was appointed to report on its condition and to estimate the probable cost of building a new house. In 1729, the present structure was begun.

The Lord Lieutenant (Lord Cartaret), attended by the Lords, Justices, Peers, and Members of Parliament, laid the foundation-stone. A purse of gold was placed on the stone, for the masons to drink the health of "the King and the craft." Medals of George II. and Queen Caro-

line were put in the cavity of the block, with a silver plate bearing the inscription:

"Serenissimus et Potentissimus
Rex Georgius Secundus
Per Excell. Dominum
Johannem, Dominus Cartaret et
Baron de Hawes
Locum Tenentem
Et per excellent Domino
Hugonem Archiep. Armachan
Thoman Urjudam. Cancell.
Guliel Connolly, Dom. Com.
Proluent
Justiciaris Generalis
Primum Hujusque Domus Parliament
Lapidem
posuit
Tertia Die Februarii, Anno Dom.
MDCCXXVIII.

It is thought the plans were drawn up by one Richard Cassel, an Eminent German Architect, residing in Dublin, who designed Leinster, Belvedere, and Tyrone Houses, also the Rotunda Hospital.

The building was, however, begun by Sir Lovat Pearce, Surveyor-General, and, after his death, was continued and completed by Arthur Dobbs, ten years after the laying of the first stone.

The receding front, with its Ionic columns, produces the true classical effect of dignity, harmony, and simplicity.

The Act Sixth of George I., which was so obnoxious, giving the British Parliament power to ride rough-shod over Ireland, had been accepted by the Irish Parliament, with scarce a protest.

The general scorn soon found vent, as it so often does in Ireland, in a nickname. The new chamber, with dome-shaped roof, not being remarkable for the intellect of the members, was christened the "Goose-Pie," a name that remained even after the cupola had been destroyed by fire.

The first definite stand was in 1753, when the house, by 122 votes to 117, asserted its right to dispose of a surplus as it pleased. The city rang its bells, and lit bonfires, while the members who had carried the vote were escorted home by thousands, bearing torches.

As the Parliament rose in popular estimation, a galaxy of geniuses appeared. Grattan, Flood, Philpot Curran, Hussey Burgh, Hely Hutchinson, and many other brilliant orators threw themselves into the struggle.

The agitation against the restriction on trade came to a climax during the American war. The bayonets of the volunteers in College Green threatened England with a second colonial war, if she refused Grattan's demand. There was great excitement inside and outside the house.

Hussey Burgh made a famous speech: "Penalty, punishment, and Ireland were," he said, "almost synonymous. The English had sown their laws like dragons' teeth, and they had sprung up as armed men." This called forth rounds of applause from the floor to the gallery. From the gallery it was thundered to the crowd at the door; from the door it rang through the city. Never yet had Grattan so moved the Irish House of Commons as it was moved at these words.

When order was restored, Burgh's voice was heard resigning office under Government. Grattan welcomed him with the cry: "The gates of promotion are shut, the gates of glory are opened."

Before the year was out, the British Ministry withdrew the commercial restrictions. Grattan followed up his advantage; still backed by the Volunteers, he demanded complete self-government. Again he was successful.

The Irish Parliament was released from the two fetters that hampered all its movements, i.e., Poyning's Act and the Act Sixth of George I.

Grattan broke out into a great apostrophe: "Spirit of Swift! Spirit of Molyneux! Your genius has prevailed! Ireland is now a nation! In that new character, I hail her, and, bowing to her august presence, I say, *Esto perpetua!*"

This was the proudest day of Grattan's life. But men of his moderate character and high principles were wanting to Ireland at this juncture. The Volunteers were disbanded and became secret societies, drilling and arming by stealth. Agrarian outrages began over the country.

Grattan lived to see himself disregarded by the persecutors on one hand, and by the revolutionaries on the other.

Ireland burst into rebellion, which was put down with the utmost severity.

Pitt determined to pass the Act of Union. The feeling against the measure was very strong in Ireland. The first debate in the Irish House resulted in a ministerial majority of one vote; the second in a minority of six. The populace drew the Speaker's coach home, and were with difficulty restrained from tying up the Lord Chancellor, a prominent Unionist, to the pole and compelling him to assist in the triumphal march.

But Pitt was not discouraged: Large bribes, offers of pension, place, and title had their due effect. A majority was gradually secured for the Union. Grattan was very ill. Leaning heavily on the shoulders of two friends, and dressed in his old Volunteer uniform, he entered the house to record his protest. He obtained leave to address the house sitting, and made a speech of two hours' duration, in which he went over the whole question; but the Union was carried by 138 votes to 96, amid feeling so intense that the streets had to be patrolled by cavalry, and an infantry regiment lay under arms in the colonnades.

Grattan, in his farewell speech to Parliament, said: "I do not give up the country—I see her in a swoon, but she is not dead—though in her tomb she lies helpless and motionless, there is on her lips a spirit of life, and on her cheek a glow of beauty—

"Thou art not conquered; beauty's Ensign yet
Is crimson in thy lips, and in thy cheeks,
And death's pale flag is not advanced there."

So passed away the Irish Parliament, after a chequered career; lasting through six centuries—but the last scene in its history did not take place when it abolished itself in 1800.

Grattan's parliament, as it was called, lasted eighteen years (1782-1800), and conferred many benefits on Ireland, in general, and on Dublin, in particular. The law and the revenue were splendidly housed in two great edifices on the quays. The Four Courts and the custom-house are beautiful examples of the semi-classic style; their cost ran into hundreds of thousands.

They are larger buildings than the Parliament House itself. The Royal Irish Academy was

founded, with one branch for study of science, the other for "polite learning and antiquities."

Hospitals rose all over the city. In 1784, the College of Surgeons was incorporated. Dublin progressed materially, a penny post was established for the city and a district of eight miles around. A great system of inland navigation was initiated.

The Grand Canal connected the capital with the midlands. The Royal Canal brought turf fuel from Connaught. Docks were built on both sides of the Liffey. A daily service of sailing packets was started to and from Holyhead. Coaches began to run to the chief provincial towns.

Brewers were encouraged by the Irish Parliament to establish themselves in the city; paradoxically enough, this was considered a temperance policy at the time, as providing a milder beverage than whiskey.

It is a strange fact that a parliament, so disturbed by internal faction and turbulence, should have done so much in the short space of time it lasted.

"Short-lived," said Grattan, "was Irish Independence. I sat by her cradle. I followed her hearse."

In 1785, the additions to the east side (the present Westmoreland Street) were undertaken. The curved wall and Corinthian portico were designed by Gandon, to whose genius Dublin owes the custom-house, Four Courts, and King's Inns. Gandon's portico is composed of six Corinthian columns, three feet, six inches in diameter, surmounted by a pediment and plain tympanum, bearing the figures of "Fortitude," with "Justice" on her right, and "Liberty" on her left. These statues were the work of Edward Smyth, a Dublin sculptor.

In 1786, the Government, wishing to enlarge the House of Commons, added halls and committee rooms; for these Gandon supplied the designs, which it took seven years to complete.

Exteriorly, these improvements consisted of Ionic portico and curved colonnade, which was then open, affording a piazza in continuation of the covered space with the columns that form so distinctive a feature of the main front.

The total cost of the entire building amounted to £100,000.

Malton, the celebrated artist, writes in his work, known as *Malton's Views of Dublin*:

"The Irish Parliament House is the noblest structure Dublin can boast of. It is no hyperbole to advance that this edifice in the entire is the grandest, most convenient, and most extensive of the kind in Europe; the portico of centre part is without any architectural decoration, having neither statue, vase, bas-relief, tablet, nor sunk panel to relieve it. It derives all its beauty from a simple impulse of true art, and is one of the few instances of form only, expressing true symmetry."

The Bank of Ireland bought the buildings for £40,000, and converted them to its own purposes.

The House of Lords has been left untouched. At the upper end is a circular recess where the throne was placed under a canopy of crimson velvet; at the lower end is the bar.

The House would only seat about sixty. The Irish peers numbered about one hundred, including a score of Protestant bishops, so, apparently, the lords seldom gathered in full strength.

The Lord Chancellor used to preside where the statue of George III. now stands. This was erected at the expense of the directors of the bank. It stands on a pedestal ornamented with figures of "Religion" and "Justice." The work was executed by John Bacon, Sr., and cost £2000.

Close by are two old boxes, said to be King William's treasure-chests. They have curiously large and complicated locks.

Around the walls some fine wood-carving is to be seen, especially in the mantelpiece. The walls are hung with two large tapestries, one representing the Battle of the Boyne. King William is shown on a prancing horse, entering the river where Schomberg, mortally wounded, is falling from his horse.

The other represents the Siege of Derry. King James and Sarsfield are directing operations against the Maiden City, which is visible on a hill in the distance. Both tapestries were woven in Dublin, by John Van Beaver of Weaver's Square; the price paid is recorded to be £3 per ell; the amount for the two pictures being £136, 6s., 3d. The work is considered equal to that done in Brussels in commemoration of Marlborough's victories.

The chairs and large, highly-polished mahog-

any table are still placed as they were at the very last sitting of the Lords.

The arrangement is that of a council-chamber, rather than that of a large assembly.

The chair of the Speaker is now in the Royal Irish Academy. The mace is in the possession of Lord Massareene, the descendant of the Right Hon. John Foster, the last Speaker of the House.

Sir John was bitterly hostile to all measures of the Union. It was supposed that as Speaker he might decline to put the final question from the chair. Barrington describes the scene at the last vote on the Union: "The Speaker rose slowly from that chair, which had been the proud source of his honours and of his high character; for a moment he resumed his seat, but the strength of his mind sustained him in his duty, though his struggle was apparent.

"With that dignity which never failed him, he held up the bill for a moment in silence, he looked steadily around him on the last agony of an expiring parliament. He at length said: 'As many as are of opinion that this bill do pass, say aye.' The affirmative was languid but indisputable. Another momentary pause—again his lips seemed to decline their office. At length, with an eye averted from the object which he held, he proclaimed in a subdued voice, 'The ayes have it.' For an instant he stood statue-like. Then indignantly, and with disgust, flung the bill on the table, and sank into his chair with an exhausted spirit."

The Government demanded the mace from him, after the Union. He refused to surrender it, saying he would preserve it until the body that entrusted it to his keeping asked for it.

The House of Commons, as originally designed, no longer exists. In February, 1792, it was destroyed by fire, the walls of the chamber were re-roofed, but the dome was never rebuilt. The Directors of the Bank of Ireland entrusted the alterations to Mr. Francis Johnston, an eminent architect, who did away with the open colonnade by bringing out the inside wall and converting the Ionic pillars into three-quarter columns. He also altered the wall connecting the south-east fronts which had been built by Gandon; the niches for the statues we now see take the place of the original windows. The visitor can now pass through the division lobbies of

the old Parliament House. They enclose a rectangular space, formerly occupied by the House of Commons.

The site is taken up by a number of small bank offices. But the celebrated octagonal chamber, with its gallery capable of accommodating seven hundred persons, has been cut up and altered out of all recognition. A small room, which was for the Speaker's use, is still preserved; and the Court of Requests, where deputations waited to present petitions to Parliament, has become the public cash office of the bank, daily thronged by busy men, who, as they make their deposits or draw their cheques, have rarely time to give a thought to the historic memories of the place.

Lines Written Above Tintern Abbey.

IN the autumn of 1798, Wordsworth and his friend Coleridge published a volume of "Lyrical Ballads," which, at the suggestion of Coleridge, "consisted of poems chiefly on supernatural subjects, taken from common life, but looked at, as much as might be, through an imaginative medium."

The volume ended with a poem, "Lines Written above Tintern Abbey," which Wordsworth composed in 1798, in one day, during a tour with his sister to Tintern and Chepstow. By it the poet has shown "by the subtle intensity of his own emotion, how the contemplation of nature can be made a revealing agency, like Love or Prayer—an opening, as it were, into the transcendent world."

The poem may be divided into a number of parts, the first being a description of the scenery around Tintern Abbey:

" . . . Waters, rolling from their mountain-springs

With a sweet inland murmur."

" . . . Steep and lofty cliffs,

That on a wild secluded scene impress

Thoughts of more deep seclusion; and connect

The landscape with the quiet of the sky."

" . . . plots of cottage-ground, these orchard-tufts,

* * * * *

These hedge-rows, hardly hedge-rows, little lines

Of sportive wood run wild; these pastoral farms,

Green to the very door; and wreaths of smoke Sent up, in silence, from among the trees!"

The poet next tells the effect this beautiful scenery had on him even during his long absence, and how, in hours of sadness, thoughts of it have helped to cheer him by awakening

" . . . sensations sweet,

Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart;

And passing even into my purer mind,

With tranquil restoration: . . ."

He then describes the effect nature had on him,

" . . . when like a roe

I bounded o'er the mountains, by the sides'

Of the deep rivers, and the lonely streams,

Wherever nature led: more like a man

Flying from something that he dreads, than one

Who sought the thing he loved. For nature then

(The coarser pleasures of my boyish days,

And their glad animal movements all gone by)

To me was all in all. . . ."

By the following lines—

" . . . for I have learned

To look on nature, not as in the hour

Of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes

The still, sad music of humanity,

Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power

To chasten and subdue. . . ."

we see that nature does not appeal to man in the same way in all phases of his life. And the lines:

" . . . And I have felt

A presence that disturbs me with the joy

Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime

Of something far more deeply interfused,

Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,

And the round ocean and the living air,

And the blue sky, and in the mind of man:

A motion and a spirit, that impels

All thinking things, all, objects of all thought,

And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still

A lover of the meadows and the woods,

And mountains; and of all that we behold

From this green earth; of all the mighty world

Of eye and ear, both what they half create,
And what perceive; well pleased to recognize
In nature and the language of the sense,
The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,
The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul
Of all my moral being."

show us that nature awakens the noble sentiments in man while the boy has an appetite for her colors and her forms:

" . . . a feeling and a love,
That had no need of a remoter charm,
By thought supplied, or any interest
Unborrowed from the eye. . . ."

The closing lines are dedicated to his sister, Dorothy. To her he says:

" . . . when thy mind
Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms,
Thy memory be as a dwelling-place
For all sweet sounds and harmonies; oh! then,
If solitude, or fear, or pain, or grief,
Should be thy portion, with what healing
thoughts
Of tender joy wilt thou remember me,
And these my exhortations! . . ."

The poem is written in blank verse, iambic pentameter. It is said to be the "Locus Classicus" or consecrated formulary of the Wordsworthian faith. There are, in it, many noble and elevating thoughts, as when the poet speaks of

" . . . that serene and blessed mood,
In which the affections gently lead us on,—
Until, the breath of this corporeal frame
And even the motion of our human blood
Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
In body, and become a living soul:
While with an eye made quiet by the power
Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
We see into the life of things."

And again—

" . . . Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her; 'tis her privilege,
Through all the years of this our life, to lead
From joy to joy; for she can so inform
The mind that is within us, so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,

Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
The dreary intercourse of daily life,
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold
Is full of blessings. . . ."

MARY DEARWOOD, '14.

LORETO CONVENT, SAULT STE. MARIE, MICH.

In the Open Air.

IT was an old-fashioned theatre in the open air, surrounded by hedges of teak and sandalwood. Tall, willowy palms and bamboo-trees met overhead, roofing off the sunlight and checkering the ground with sundisks. A gigantic green-heart with a great many prop roots—more than I could count—covered with vines and lianas, composed the stage and formed every conceivable nature of antichamber and recess.

A lady in glittering white stood by the green-heart. She was very beautiful and seemed very young. Her dusky eyes contrasted strikingly with her golden hair. Bending towards her, as though whispering in her ear, appeared a man in black.

They were rehearsing. Why they allowed me to remain mystified me. They did not seem to see me.

Said the black man:

"Lady, I bring you the world and the goods thereof. Come!"

He held out his hands towards her.

"The world," she replied softly. "I am told it is a weary world."

He smiled incredulously, withdrawing his hands, however.

"A burden to be borne,

A gem to be worn,—

A gem or a burden?

The wise choose the gem, the foolish the burden."

He watched the effect of his words with an insinuating smile.

The sunlight came down subdued by the palm leaves. The atmosphere was charged with the perfume of banyan and plantain.

"Behold!" he said, showing her the fairest fruits of the south, "pomegranates and oranges

like the sun, and pineapples full of sweetness, and grapefruit and the fruit of the plantain." It seemed delicious—oh, delicious! She looked at it, and blessed it by her smile, and turned again towards the East.

"Beautiful!—but not so beautiful as—"

She did not say the word, although I could see his eyes flash for a moment in expectant triumph. They fell again.

"Behold!" he said again, unfolding robes of silk and dainty laces, ribbons and jewels of rare quality, a turquoise from Bagdad, pearls from Lake Lomond, diamonds from Africa, agates and rubies and stars of amethyst!

Now I thought! They are so beautiful!

The sunlight stole in touching the orchids and arums into blossoms of fire. A little breeze stirred the leaves, and the strange sound of unseen insects fell upon the ear like a whisper.

"Not so beautiful as—"

Why would she not say the word. He held his breath. The softness left his eyes for the eagerness that took possession of them.

"Not so beautiful," he murmured, "as"—and he took from the air for all I could tell a crown for the tresses of an Oread! The light from the diamonds, dusting its surface, dazzled my sight.

She hesitates!

I heard the words she spoke. My heart was bounding.

"If treasure was happiness it were as well to be a hind of the forest as—"

"As what?" said he snappishly, betrayed by his eagerness.

His brusqueness saved her. She waived the crown aside. She seemed as strong as the great trees. I wanted her to be so, but I wanted to know the word.

"Try knowledge," I said to the black man. He did not even look my way. Then I realized that this was more than a rehearsal. But what?—and whither had I wandered?

"Sir, sir, sir!—try knowledge," I reiterated. He turned his wonderful eyes on me for an instant and smiled a smile that was seduction itself.

"Knowledge for"—one of his fingers grew suddenly long and tapped the top of my hair. No one can imagine how frightened I was. The long finger and the ominous accent.

Soon, however, the wicker doors were open. The people began to file in and fill the theatres. The beautiful girl came down from the stage and sat beside *me*! But why could I not ask her now? I made three attempts. I was more helpless than Macbeth to say "amen."

In the meantime the orator of the occasion stepped out from a recess in the green-heart. He salaamed to the right and to the left. Whom was he like? He was like Aubrey de Vere and more beautiful. He spoke in rhythm, about the air:

"Nestling me everywhere
Wild air, world-mothering air!"

Great was the applause. Introduction followed. I knew by intuition that the lady would be introduced. I hoped she would remain near me. But somehow I saw him bowing low to her while I was only near enough to see how handsome he was. So fair, so dignified, so brilliant—he seemed greater than all the goods of the earth.

"Take him for thy portion, fair lady," I said. I could no more prevent my saying this than I could account for my being among them.

He raised a ring of gold in his fingers—for her!

"Oh, take it, fair lady!"

She smiled the saddest, sweetest smile.

"I have chosen one of another color," she said. "It is not so brilliant, but I love it well."

Again there was only the black man, and oh, marvel of marvels! his ears turned flexible at her words—flexible as a donkey's—but not another syllable followed to reward the turning of his ears. It made me feel sick. If she would only tell me the word I would go away from this strange *matinée*.

The breeze ruffled the trees of bamboo, the sunlight danced in, and the black man was looking at the ground. Suddenly he presented himself, wreathed in the smile that melted my own heart.

"If the lady will tell me that which she wishes, she shall have it."

"No one can give me it, save one," she answered.

"Eh, one! Lady, one!" he hurried, tapping the spot on his breast over his heart.

"One! I am that one!"

"But no!" she said. And it seemed to me that she shrank from him and I could not tell why, except the ear-movement may have frightened her as it had frightened me. It was extraordinary! Is he a man who can extend and retract a finger and control the muscles of his ears? Or what puzzle-path led me into this jungle-world?

A faint breeze came tripping over the multitudinous leaves, bearing the odours of opening flowers and ripening fruit. I almost went to sleep when the perfume of the cashew tree reached me. But I feared the spider-monkeys, and the toucans, and macaws, and other lovers of the cashew-plum. They will be near and pounce upon my sleeping form and destroy my life. Oh, I must not sleep! I will think; and I began weaving comparisons in my brain between the attitude of this lady in white and a Christian who seeks first the kingdom of God. Then, all at once, came in quick succession the flowers, and the fruit, and the jewels, and the friends. They were offered with rapidity, yet with a graciousness, and with an air of expectancy that was marvellous, considering the persistent refusal. She wound her white draperies closer to her form and stood alone beautiful as Pandora.

"You say there is one thing," said the strange dark man; "tell me, that I, too, may choose that which is better than all these."

As he spoke the flowers and the jewels and the silks and perfumes, and men and women withdrew from her. She was alone by the green-heart. The light of the sun went out and she shone in the darkness.

"I have chosen to seek the Eightfold Right Path," she said, "though life be an exile, and pain and poverty herd my steps—I have chosen!" She raised her hands to heaven and continued:

"Allah! Allah! guard the jewel in my breast!"

A flush of light suffused the place around her. An avenue opened towards the trees, and wound in and out among rivulets and rich mosses. Trees arched over the avenue, and strewn upon it were the treasures that had withdrawn themselves before she had made her final avowal. Lilies and roses, and birds singing, and beautiful women and knightly men, waited to herald her entrance and to conduct her to the

end, where a silver sail lay anchored to carry her in triumph to a kingdom.

MARGARET SHEEHAN.

Life in a Pensionat.

WHEN I was about eleven years of age, they called me "la petite Française," although I was, and hope ever to remain, English. I was sent to a French convent in Holland when I was ten years old, and I spent three years there, returning home only for the summer vacation.

The convent, Regina Coeli, was situated about three miles from Bois-le-Duc in South Brabant, and the nearest village was Vught, connected with Bois-le-Duc by a quaint old tram or street-car, drawn by two weary-looking horses. The roads in that part are long and straight; as it is a very sandy region they are all cobbled, and great elm trees meet high above; many of these roads are said to have been constructed by Napoleon.

The nuns were the Canonesses of St. Augustine, who had been expelled from their beautiful convent at Lunéville, in Lorraine, in 1904. They had built this large convent in Holland before being expelled, wisely foreseeing that they could not long remain in the French convent they rightfully owned; so when hard times came, and the same old story of compulsory expulsion was added to their history, they fled to the shelter they had prepared.

It was a large, high building, standing back a little from the road, in its large grounds of about 15 to 20 acres. At one end of the garden or "parc" was the nuns' cemetery, and at the other end a beautiful grotto of Lourdes. The rooms and passages of the building were large and high and the walls were whitewashed, with black marble window-ledges. In the corridor leading to the chapel was a life-size crucifix, very finely moulded, and it was a great help to remind us of the respectful way we should enter the chapel. This latter had just been built, and was in the Gothic style, with high, pointed arches and bare walls. It had finely carved stone Stations of the Cross, oak stalls and benches, and three stained glass windows, representing the Sacred Heart, Our Lady and St. Joseph. The Communion rail

had been presented to Reverend Mother on her feast-day by the pupils, and the sanctuary lamp was also a gift.

We slept in four different dormitories; two of them were very large, and had accommodations for about twenty-eight each, while the other two accommodated eight each. The "cells" were divided off with wooden partitions, and had white curtains in front; the beds were very high and soft. The corridor outside was lined all down one side with cupboards, while along the other wall, beneath the level of the windows, were the boot-cupboards. A large basket was placed every night in the passage, and we put our shoes in it to be polished.

A wide stone staircase reached from top to bottom of the building, and, at the foot of it, was a statue of St. Michael. There was an elevator, but it was only used for the laundered clothes or for the trunks.

When I went there, in 1907, there were about sixty girls, all boarders but one. Of these, half were Dutch, one-third French, and the remainder of various nationalities. The somewhat sombre uniform was of black, with white collars and cuffs. It was very plain, as was also our style of hair-dressing, viz., braided and tied on top and at the end of the braid by black bows. The only jewelry allowed was a silver crucifix brooch. This dark apparel was greatly relieved by coloured "ceintures," which were passed round the waist and tied in a single knot at the back, and were then passed over the shoulders, under the arms, and tied in a bow over the first knot. These "ceintures" were of different colours to represent the different classes, which were not named, first, second, third, but "classe bleue," "classe verte," "classe rouge," etc. It was considered a great disgrace to forfeit one's "ceinture," and I can well remember being spurred on to good behaviour by the fear of such a punishment.

The dreaded bell for rising was rung at 5.45, and we went to Mass every morning at 6.30. We were not allowed to speak at breakfast, except on Sundays, and when we had finished, we made our beds and studied until 9 a. m., when we went to class. At 10.15, we had recess, and any girls who had brought chocolates or candies with them, were given a small portion (they were not allowed to keep them, but gave them up at the

beginning of the term). We dined at 11.30, a. m., and then had recreation until 1, p. m. We never went for walks outside the grounds, but we organized games, which gave us plenty of exercise, and more pleasure than walking, two by two. From 1 to 2.30 we studied, and from 2.30 to 4 we had sewing; the first term being devoted to making garments for the poor, and the first Thursday of every month to making altar-linen for the poor missions. From 4 to 4.30 we had afternoon tea and recess, and those who wished made a visit to the Blessed Sacrament. We then had class until 5.30, and study until 6.15, followed by the Rosary. Supper was at 6.30, and we retired at 8, p. m.

It was a very peaceful life, full of its little joys and sorrows, but as I look back now I think those years were the happiest of my life. The Order was cloistered, so little noise of the exterior world reached our seclusion. Although very French in ideas and customs, we were fond of Holland, and, on the occasion of the birth of Princess Juliana, we had a grand holiday, on which we broke bounds in every sense of the word—even the Germans taking part in the rejoicings. Every year on her birthday and on that of the Queen, a holiday is granted.

Annually, in December, we used to make a four days' retreat. This month was chosen for two reasons: that those who were newcomers might have time to learn enough French to follow the exercises, and that there might be sufficient time to show the good fruit a retreat invariably produces. Very often the girls used to say that they would sooner not make it, and that they dreaded being silent and quiet for so long, but I can never remember hearing them say they were glad it was over, or that they had disliked it.

The First Communion was a very impressive ceremony. We wore long, white muslin dresses, reaching to the ground, and flowing white veils. During the whole of the preceding year, we were, more or less, set apart from the others, receiving special attention and instruction, and making a particular visit to the Blessed Sacrament at midday. So, when the long-expected day arrived, we were not unprepared, and it was considered one of the greatest days of the year.

The system of marks or "numéros" was very strange. Six marks a week were allowed for

each of the following: study, class, conduct, observance of the rules, politeness, and deportment. Every Sunday morning we assembled with the class-mistress and Reverend Mother, while Mother Prefect read out the marks, and I remember admiring and envying those who stood up to hear their names read out, followed by "six partout." Anybody who had a mark lower than three was in disgrace, but "trois partout" was bad.

Three times a year we voted for good conduct badges; a blue one was awarded as a first-class honour, and a red one for a second-class honour; while the corresponding badges for the little ones were green, and green with a white border. The Sodality of Our Lady was also established, with its three degrees—"aspirante," "associée," and "Enfant de Marie." For those who were too young to belong to either of these degrees, there was the Congregation of the Holy Angels, having two degrees—"associée" and "Enfant des Anges."

I could tell you so much about Regina Coeli, and never weary. But talking is less fatiguing, in such a case, than listening, and writing than reading. It was a fine school, and the memory of those pleasant days is ever fresh in my mind. Would that those three years were still before me!

MONICA STORY.

MATRICULATION CLASS, LORETO CONVENT,
GUELPH.

Spring.

SPRING! What a perfect title for that beautiful season when flowers spring up in the bare, black earth, covered a short time ago with snow; when buds appear on the naked trees, when birds sing joyfully, and when the short days of winter grow gradually longer.

Everybody rejoices with the return of spring. The poor are happy to think of the coming balmy weather and of the days when—the air being warmer—they need not remain indoors so long. The invalid rejoices to hear the song of the birds and thinks that he will soon be able to sit by the window and look at the budding trees and the patches of green appearing everywhere. Chil-

dren are glad to play in the open air, schoolgirls and boys are thinking of the summer holidays—everybody is happy. Even birds that have been exiled during the long winter months now return joyously to their former homes.

Spring comes after the dreary days of winter like a fountain in a desert where some poor wanderer is parched with thirst. We are also parched with thirst for the sweet song of the birds and the sight of the green trees and the flowers. Spring comes with its beautiful freshness to quench our thirst. On a spring morning the scene is especially lovely; all around is calm and peaceful. The little green buds on the trees and the peeping flowers at our feet help to beautify the scene. But there are signs that show us that winter has not yet passed away. Spring is only commencing. There is still snow on the hilltops, some trees are still bare, and some places have the bleak, dreary look of winter.

Persons who are of a melancholy disposition feel, when they see signs of the commencement of spring, that everything that looks so fresh and beautiful now will fade and be cast away, and in autumn we will trample on the dead leaves and see no beauty in them. On the other hand, those who are light-hearted think only of the present, and, on looking at the enchanting scene around them, are filled with peace and happiness. They realize that there is only One who can create such loveliness, and they thank Him from their hearts for the beautiful Spring.

JOSEPHINE GARDINER.

LORETO CONVENT, LETTERKENNY, CO. DONE-
GAL, IRELAND.

The wise educator is never one who is "educating" from morning to night. She is one who, unconsciously to the children, brings to them the chief sustenance and creates the supreme conditions for their growth. Primarily she is the one who, through the serenity and wisdom of her own nature, is dew and sunshine to growing souls. She is one who understands how to demand in just measure, and to give at the right moment. She is one whose desire is law, whose smile is reward, whose disapproval is punishment, whose caress is benediction.

**The Death of Mother M. Alphonsus
McCann, at Loreto Convent,
Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.**

THE Community at large received a great shock by the news of the unexpected death of Mother M. Alphonsus McCann, which occurred at Loreto Convent, Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., on May the eleventh.

The deceased Religious was always identified with the Abbey, for although absent from it for many years, none of her earlier friends ever mentioned her name without mentally associating it with that of the Abbey. Her natural nobility of character not only invited but almost exacted admiration and affection. As a worker she was unsparing of her strength, and because her versatility made her ready for any occupation, she was continually in demand, and was always willing.

Shortly after her profession, M. M. Alphonsus was sent to St. Patrick's School, Joliet, Ill., where, for ten years, her position as principal brought her in contact with many and various characters, both among teachers and students, and all are unanimous in testifying to her merits as a firm but gentle disciplinarian. She was extremely gracious, without the slightest trace of condescension, and, to those who had the privilege of knowing her intimately, she was invariably loving and devoted.

Mother Alphonsus was for some time Superior at Loreto Convent, Dovercourt, Toronto, and afterwards at Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., where the end finally came and the weary labourer went to her long rest.

None who knew Mother Alphonsus will think of her other than as a most exact Religious, scrupulously careful in the fulfillment of all her duties, even the smallest, unsparing of herself, self-sacrificing in assisting others, endowed with splendid intellectual gifts, courteous, kind, and considerate in her dealings with the most humble; a Religious whom her friends will always remember for the brightness which her presence brought and the noble and elevating ambitions which her personality inspired.

The funeral was held at Loreto Abbey, whither the remains had been brought. Right Reverend Mgr. McCann, uncle of the deceased, was the

celebrant of the Requiem Mass, his assistants being Reverend T. O'Donnell and Reverend M. Whelan. Her brother, Reverend William McCann, and many priests from the city were present in the sanctuary.

A Studio Tea.

Loreto Convent, Mount St. Mary, Hamilton.

AT last, May the fourteenth, a real May day, in freshness, sunshine and new life, came, and all things were in readiness for the "Studio Tea." There had been much joyous anticipation among the Art Students, for pleasant recollections of last year's function had lingered in the memories of the "old girls," and had been retold for the benefit of the new ones.

The studio was daintily decorated with artistic festoons of white from the centre chandelier, and fresh, fragrant flowers.

The large French window was draped with soft lace, while on either side tall pedestals held seven-stemmed candelabra, that shed a soft light over all. The white-lined cases, well filled with exquisite specimens of ceramic art, showed to advantage, and attested the industry and skill of the fair young partakers of the feast.

The table, extending the length of the room, was decked with flowers and rich with china—the handiwork of the young ladies.

About twenty daintily-gowned maidens made the time merry until they were summoned to the concert hall. His Lordship Right Reverend T. J. Dowling, D. D., and Dean Craven, spent the evening at "The Mount," and as ever, the presence of our beloved Bishop added much to the enjoyment of the occasion.

Mother M. Ethelburga, from "The Abbey," Toronto, entertained the honoured guests and students with stereoscopic views, that were much appreciated by all. The projections of *The Other Wise Man*, *Ben Hur*, and *Evangeline* were especially interesting. Mother Ethelburga is to be congratulated on her beautifully-toned, rich collection of views, and on the possession of such a splendid lantern.

Success is utter failure if achieved by the sacrifice of moral principles.

Our Lost Treasure.

O give us back the modest maid
 Who charmed in days departed—
 In graceful flowing robes arrayed,
 A vision, virgin-hearted!

With nature's blush upon her cheek,
 And nature's tresses wreathing
 Her guileless brow—'twas hers to speak
 Soft-voiced, like music breathing.

And when she walked, her quiet pace
 Beseem'd her maiden vesture:
 And when she danced, a decent grace
 Controll'd each pose and gesture.

And all of Chivalry's true Knights
 Who met her or address'd her,
 Uplifted were, to purer heights,
 Revering, while they bless'd her.

Who is this stranger in her place?
 This slave of vulgar Fashion,
 Who panders both in form and face
 To every loathsome passion?

With painted cheek and shameless dress,
 All day abroad, she prances
 And fills the nights with hideousness
 Of low, degrading dances.

Where is the worthy, honest man
 Who for his wife would choose her:
 And shield her from his fellow's ban,
 Nor flout her, nor abuse her?

What from her methods can arise
 Save ruin and dishonour,
 When Mother Mary veils her eyes,
 And dare not look upon her!

O Lady of the lilies! gaze,
 With infinite compassion,
 Upon this lost one in the maze
 Of Folly's basest fashion.

Save her, great Mother! set her feet
 In the pure path thou trodest:
 And make her like thee, true and sweet;
 In maiden beauty modest!

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

**Loreto Pupils' Free Kindergarten,
Melbourne, Australia.****A Morning with Human Flowers.**

THE value of the Kindergarten as an educational means of helping the masses is rapidly becoming more widely recognized in Victoria, and steady interest in its general development is being taken by earnest workers who have the welfare of the future men and women of Australia at heart.

It is pleasing to note that in the heart of South Melbourne district is a well-patronized Catholic free kindergarten, which is affiliated to the "Free Kindergarten Union of Victoria," occupies rooms in the Albert Hall, Bank Street, these having been generously placed at its disposal by Reverend F. Collins. The ceremony of the formal opening was performed by Her Excellency Lady Fuller, who was received by His Grace the Archbishop of Melbourne, Reverend F. Collins, Mrs. Alston, the President, the members of the committee, and Mr. J. Baragwanath, Mayor of South Melbourne.

The "Nature Talk."

I pay my informal little visit to the wee mites on a sunny Wednesday morn. I find that study begins with an interesting "Nature Talk," after prayers have been said, a hymn sung, and the roll called. There are over ninety on the roll, and about sixty happy-looking little ones present. This morning talk is looked upon by the earnest teachers as being very important. To aim at self-expression is one of the chief works of the kindergarten; and the art of speech is here cultivated as an aid to thought and self-discipline.

What the children have seen on the way to school gives the opportunity for unloosing shy tongues, and the suitable pictures on the walls—animals, flowers, birds, insects—are a valuable aid in imparting natural knowledge to each receptive little mind. "I saw a birdie!" leads to "What sort of a birdie? Was it like this one?"—and "teacher" points to the picture of a swallow. "Oh, no!"—and then follows a description of what the child saw, in the child's own pretty language. "Real live canaries" are in green and gold cages here and there in the spacious, well-

lighted room, and they, too, appear to enjoy this "morning talk."

Each time-table lesson takes twenty minutes, and the little ones assemble punctually at 9.15 a. m., so that they may miss nothing. It is pleasant to watch their joyful entrance, and to see nearly every one carefully bringing something for the canary, or for the teacher, or, occasionally, a gift for a companion's birthday. The piano acts the part of a bell, and the children instinctively obey its every tone, their musical ear thus being trained unconsciously to themselves.

The Story.

"The Story" follows the "Morning Talk." On the class floor, in a circle, sit "The Daisies, the Pansies, the Lilies, the Rosebuds, and the Sunflowers"—euphonious names, and sweeter meanings, for each little band of children. All eyes, from the brightest to the dullest, are fixed upon the story-teller's face, and the talk begins. This is a story of the angels, and, in a few moments, every tiny soul there has soared above the clouds, and a general expression of ecstasy is seen. These are the children of the poor whom the Lord loveth, and some glimmering of the light of their glorious inheritance above gleams from the brown eyes and the blue that belong to the rapt listeners. The rustling of the angels' wings is indeed heard by these young and tender souls; they see the snowy wings, they see the shining light.

Sometimes it is a story of the various festivals of Our Lord's life, sometimes a story from the holy pages of Our Lady's Annals; at other times, fairy stories, nursery tales, stories of animals, etc.

After the story, "table occupations" and "housekeeping duties" are allotted, and the flower-children set to work, their ages being as under—

Sunflowers—5½ to 6 years of age.

Pansies—5 to 5½ years of age.

Daisies—4½ to 5 years of age.

Lilies—4 to 4½ years of age.

Rosebuds—4 years of age.

Table Occupations.

The story is continued, in that each group is given work in connection with it. All are soon

busy modelling, drawing, paper-cutting, or building objects and forms inspired by the trend of the narrative. No formal lessons are given in these; all are taught as acts of expression when the children have first become familiar with an object, and are thus ready to represent it.

Triumphantly, the attempts are held up. Needless to say, they widely differ in form! But the main idea is there, and that is the important thing. A natural gift is given rein in some instances; and who knows but that an embryo Landseer, or even a Raphael, may be among these mites?

Every little head had its characteristic pose; varying degrees of skill were testified to by the holding of the pencil, the scissors, or by the manner in which the building materials were put together. When time was "up" there was a general sigh of regret.

Housekeeping Duties.

Boys and girls at once purse up their little lips, put on their aprons, and get ready for action in the domestic branches of the work. The tables have to be laid for the mid-morning luncheon, the flowers to be arranged, and placed in the centre, the plates and drinking-cups must be "set," while other helpers are getting out sand, seed, and cleaning material, in order to attend to the birds and their companion pets, as well as to the pot-plants, which give such a spring-like appearance to the room. Growing seeds are watered, and nature-study specimens are examined. Busy bees dust the furniture, a "Little Mother" bathes the big doll, which acts as a useful substitute for "Baby."

The very attitude of a mother, as she bends over her youngest-born, is reproduced in the tiny girlie who lovingly sets to work to attend to Dolly. She soon grows engrossed in her occupation; she is, for the time, the happiest bairn in the whole State. It would do worldly society women "a power of good" to watch this wee St. Monica, and to observe the natural impulses made evident that were implanted in woman by the Hand of the great Creator. If kindergartens did nothing else, they have already conferred an inestimable boon upon the State by strengthening the links which bind home-duties together. The bairn who so learns

to love a mere doll in her kindergarten school will never neglect her children in the by-and-by.

A big doll's house is close to the bed whereon Dolly is soon to be put that she may repose in peace. Its doors and windows open. In ventilation, at least, it is up-to-date. But it has been used so much and so long, and furnished joy-plays so frequently, too, that it is very evident that a new doll's house would be a most acceptable present to these little children.

Mid-Morning Lunch.

Now the voluntary helpers are taking charge of each table, and the children sit down demurely, and wait until the piano gives the welcome signal that they may begin to sing grace before meals. When they stand and sing, the voices blend sweetly, and one feels inclined to sing grace, too. Cups and saucers and plates are passed in order, and with great carefulness, from one to another. I am much amused at one girlie, who, in passing a cup of milk, spills a very little. She bites her lip, and gives a hasty glance at me. Evidently, she thinks I am a sort of inspector "belonging to Government," and may not "pass" her because of the fallen drops.

The biscuits are eaten with enjoyment—they are large-sized rice biscuits, this morning—but in such a well-bred way that no captious critic could find fault. The Loreto Past Pupils give particular attention to manners, and this will have, undoubtedly, a most beneficial and far-reaching influence on many a home into which the refinements of life have not before entered.

When the simple meal is finished, and grace again sung in thankfulness to the gracious Giver of all good, the little boys take crumb-tray and brush, and do away with all crumbs, while the other tiny housekeepers clear the tables, fold the damask, and "wash up." One sturdy, handsome boy proudly puts on his blue apron, and, in the most scientific way, proceeds to cleanse dishes, while his girl companion "dries." It makes a pretty picture—I wish I could give a photograph of the attractive scene here.

Soon the busy workers have finished. There is the sound of marching feet, they are forming into line; they go forward, clapping their hands as they march into room 3. This room, also, is adorned with suitable and daintily-tinted pictures—most of them the gift of the kind Presi-

dent, Mrs. Alston, to whom this kindergarten owes so deep a debt for her unflagging and generously-practical interest. There are weather-charts here, too; and besides the flower specimens peculiar to each month of the year, the religious season is brought before the children by a sacred picture attached. For instance, the month of April has an illustration of the Resurrection.

Singing.

The children choose their own songs. Poetry-games are given in order to foster their natural pleasure in rhythm, and cultivate their imaginations, as well as to "bring out" their voices. The songs are grouped around the central idea of the morning story.

"Teachers," however, this time suggest "A Surprise," and, to slow music, little heads begin to nod, little eyes to close; sleepiness is in the air, and I am growing drowsy, too. But I keep my eyes wide open, and watch for the "surprise." The sweets that have been brought for the bairnies form it, and the smiling teachers, like Morgiana in the "Forty Thieves," are stealing round to the "jars," popping a lolly between rosy lips, while closely-shut eyes show great anxiety to lift silken-fringed lids. Indeed, one wee fellow has reached the stage when weakening will can only keep one eye shut, and its merry brother-eye, hidden by a fat little hand, is "taking in" every proceeding, the while his body palpitates with excitement at the coming of his "turn."

A welcome "surprise" it is! Soon the sweets disappear—quickly but decorously eaten, and one tiny tot asks, "Will you dance in a circle? I'll show you the way."

"Up the middle and down the floor," off they go rapidly and gracefully, and how they do enjoy it! Pair after pair are thus exercised, then sit down again, and another chirpy voice asks for "Little Miss Muffet."

A child is chosen for Miss Muffet—a little girl; the "ugly big spider" is a boy. Miss Muffet pretends to be very busy eating her "curds and whey," all the while casting an eye in the direction of the cunning spider, so that she may be ready to run away effectively. The spider enjoys his part of the business, and rushes for her on his hands and knees. All are delighted with

the squeal and the flight, and other wee ones ask for their turn. After this, a very pretty kindergarten song, with actions, is sung.

Some of the games are suited to the seasons, and develop the children physically as well as mentally. Delicate children who have been sent to this kindergarten have made wonderful strides in health.

A mothers' meeting is held once a month. The director has an informal talk with them. Instructive addresses are given through the year. The children provide a pleasurable demonstration, and afternoon tea lends a homely touch. Excursions are made, from time to time, to the beach, parks, and gardens, and useful knowledge is increased by visits to blacksmith, bootmaker, etc.; and every excursion and visit, needless to say, is used up profitably by the kind Loreto Past Pupils for the benefit of the children. These young ladies set a noble example by their generous aid in a noble cause. They help to keep alive the true Catholic spirit, which sees in little children of every station in life the beloved of the gentle Redeemer, Who never wearied in pointing out to mankind that "of these is the Kingdom of Heaven." The self-sacrifice of the Loreto Past Pupils organized the kindergarten, and the untiring efforts and continued generous assistance of Mrs. Alston, united with the kindness of other friends—among whom may be mentioned the parents of the children—have caused this praiseworthy venture in the right direction to flourish, and provide a work which might well be emulated by Catholics who reside in the centre of a large population.

MARION MILLER KNOWLES.

Rally of Holy Name Society at Loreto Abbey

THERE are certain moments in our lives which transcend all others, and give a new and deeper meaning to existence. They form in our souls a very Apocalypse, and human language becomes, as it ever has been, woefully inadequate to express it.

The meeting recorded in our columns offers an instance in point.

The press eagerly seized upon its external features, and even recorded a detail now and then which proved that the reporter had caught

a gleam of the spirit which glowed so unmistakably in the hearts and on the faces of that vast throng.

Photography gave us a faithful copy in black and white of the spectacle.

But, did the printing-press and the camera ever dwindle into such a state of insignificance before?

Neither they nor any invention of modern science could reproduce for us the essence and beauty of that scene which every heart and soul bore away with it, and will remember forever.

Who can ever forget that faultless day—the heavens so radiantly blue,—the verdure so vividly green—the cool, refreshing wind swaying the tree-tops in gentle vibrations—the gold and white drapings—the flowers and gleaming candles on the newly-erected altar under a bower of hawthorn branches—the hushed and orderly approach of ranks upon ranks of men and youths with the noble purpose written on each brow of honouring that Name, at whose sound the very Heavens bow in adoration?

What can ever come between our sight and that fair picture which confronted us on the draped veranda—with its rows of children clad in a white, second only, in its purity, to that which shone in every face?

Who can forget the hymn which rose from those fair ranks, in tone and accents sweeter than sounds of angel harps, as human ears conceive them?

"Did not our heart burn within us," too, as we listened to the inspired words of a preacher, whose soul had caught up the heavenly meaning of it all, and endeavored to translate it into speech?

A reverend awe mingled with an enthusiasm almost too intense for the human spirit to support, as it filled the breasts and bowed the heads of all, when the Mystery of Mysteries was raised in the hands of the venerable priest, and the Heavens opened to shower down blessings on the throng.

Oh, why are not such moments multiplied in our lives, until the Kingdom of Christ so longed and prayed for becomes an almost visible reality like this!—until the true value of things is adjusted in our lives and the concerns of the spirit predominate in every instance over those of the body—whose reign has been long—yes, and

dreary enough!—until the “Sweetness of the Holy Name” becomes, not alone the subject of pious aspiration, but the very savor of our lives—the taste upon our lips—the foretaste of that sweetness which shall flood our souls for all eternity—until one such memory can link so closely with the last as to form a continuous chain and the Kingdom of Christ be with us, nay in us, indeed!

Successful Competitors at the Closing Exercises of Loreto Convent, Mount St. Mary, Hamilton.

Graduating Honors were conferred, at the completion of her Academic Course, on Miss Josephine Morrissey.

Miss Agnes O'Donohue, Gold Cross for Christian Doctrine, in Senior Department, presented by His Lordship Right Reverend T. J. Dowling, D. D.

Miss Josephine Morrissey, Papal Medal for Church History.

Miss Adele Blanchard, Bronze Medal for English Literature, presented by His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught, Governor-General of Canada.

Miss Josephine Morrissey, Gold Medal for English Essay, presented by Right Reverend Mgr. Mahony, V. G., J. C. D.

Miss Gertrude Walsh, Gold Medal for Fidelity to Duty, presented by Very Reverend Dr. Brady, Dean.

Miss Anna Doherty, Gold Medal for highest standing in Entrance to Normal, July, 1913, presented by Reverend J. F. Hinchey.

Genevieve Doyle, Gold Medal for highest standing in Lower School Entrance to Normal, presented by Mrs. E. Gallagher.

Miss Gertrude Walsh, Gold Medal for Mathematics, presented by Sir J. M. Gibson, Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario.

Miss Genevieve Doyle, Gold Medal for Physical Culture, presented by Lieutenant-Colonel Moore.

Miss Kate Hanley, Silver Medal for third year Ceramic Art.

Miss Marion Rogers, Silver Cross for Christian Doctrine, in Intermediate Department.

Miss Agnes Devereaux, Silver Medal for highest standing in First Form High School Entrance.

Miss Loretto Bowdoin, Silver Medal for highest standing in Departmental High School Entrance, July, 1913.

Miss Anna Doherty, Laura Leyes, May Langford, and Marion Sweeney, Certificates from Educational Department for Middle School Entrance to Normal, July, 1913.

Miss Genevieve Doyle, Marie McCarthy, and Stella Phelan, Certificates for Lower School Entrance to Normal, July, 1913.

Miss Florence Wier, Certificate for Music, Junior Grade, Piano, Toronto University, December, 1913.

Miss Adele Blanchard and Janet McIntosh, Certificates for Music, Primary Grade, Toronto University, July, 1913; Pass standing, Miss G. M. Campbell.

Miss Loretto Bowdoin, Hulda Townsend, Mary Lienhardt and Mary Meaden, Certificates for High School Entrance Examination, July, 1913.

Miss Celestine Stafford, First Prize in Water-color Painting, first year.

Miss Gertrude Radigan, First Prize in Ceramic Art, second year.

Miss Hazel Whitfield, First Prize in High School Art, first year.

Miss F. Sweeney, First Prize in Lower School Art, first and second years.

Miss Marietta Case, Prize for Art in Fourth Class.

Miss Hazel Whitfield, Prize for Fancy Work and Plain Sewing.

Miss Gertrude Radigan, Prize for Mending and Darning.

Miss Agnes O'Donohue, Gertrude Walsh, Clara Matthews, Isolde Müller, Erna Müller, Mary Oles, Prize for Prompt Return after Vacation, equally merited; obtained by Miss Agnes O'Donohue.

Miss Mary Burns, Prize for Regular Attendance in day-school.

Miss Helen Yawman, First Prize, in Junior Fourth Class.

Miss Gladys O'Connor, Prize for Art, in Third Class.

Miss Margaret Bailey, Prize for Christian Doctrine, in Third Class.



MARION SMITH.

EDNA RODWAY.

KATE CRAY.

LORETTO KELLY.

GRADUATES OF 1914, LORETO ABBEY, TORONTO.

Miss Kathleen Goodrow, Prize for Christian Doctrine, in Primary Department.

Miss Genevieve Arland, First Prize, in Senior Third Class.

Miss Elva Dunn, First Prize, in Junior Third Class.

Miss Helen Nash, First Prize, in Second Class.

Miss Mary Gerg, First Prize in Senior, Part Second, Class.

Miss Edith Leitch, First Prize in Junior, Part Second, Class.

Miss Madeleine Yaldon, First Prize, in Primary Class.

Honor List, Loretto Abbey, 1914

Graduating Medals, conferred on Miss Edna Rodway, Miss Loretto Kelly, Miss Marion Smith, Miss Kate Cray.

Papal Medal for Hagiography, obtained by Miss Loretto Kelly.

Gold Medal for Christian Doctrine, in Senior Department, presented by Most Reverend Neil McNeil, D. D., Archbishop of Toronto, obtained by Miss Frances Galligan.

Gold Cross for Christian Doctrine, in Intermediate Department, presented by Right Reverend Mgr. McCann, obtained by Miss Mary Finan.

Silver Cross for Christian Doctrine in Junior Department, obtained by Miss Madeline Herbert.

Gold Medal for Bible History, presented by Very Reverend J. T. Kidd, D. D., obtained by Miss Bertha Schumann.

Gold Medal for Church History, presented by Reverend G. A. Williams, obtained by Miss Kate Cray.

Bronze Medal for Excellence in English Literature, presented by His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught, Governor-General of Canada, obtained by Miss Frances Galligan.

Gold Medal for English Essay, presented by Mrs. Gertrude Foy, obtained by Miss Genevieve Roach.

Gold Medal for Mathematics, donated by the late Eugene O'Keefe, Private Chamberlain to His Holiness, Pope Pius X., obtained by Miss Marion Smith.

Gold Medal for Latin, presented by Reverend W. McCann, obtained by Miss Claire Smythe.

Gold Medal for First General Proficiency, in Junior Matriculation Class, obtained by Miss Esther Laidley.

Gold Medal for Shorthand and Typewriting, presented by Mr. J. J. Seitz, obtained by Miss Marie Moran.

Gold Medal for English in Commercial Department (donated), awarded to Miss Hilda MacGillivray.

Gold Palette, for Drawing and Water Colors, obtained by Miss Esther Flanagan.

Silver Lyre for Junior Piano, First Class Honor Standing in Toronto University Examination, obtained by Miss Ada Hickey.

Silver Chatelaine for Domestic Art, presented by Mrs. J. E. Day, obtained by Miss Molly Downey.

Nelson Shield, Warden for 1914-1915, Miss Esme Cosgrave.

DEPARTMENTAL RESULTS, 1913.

Entrance to Faculty of Education, Misses Eleanor Laidley, Kate Cray, Marie Quirk.

Part 2, Miss Claire Smythe.

Senior Matriculation, Misses Irene Long, Helen O'Connor, Eleanor Laidley, Angela Ryan.

Entrance to Normal, Misses Esther Laidley, Adeleyne McConnel, Madeline O'Reilly, Ella Canning, Eleanor Laidley.

Junior Matriculation, Misses Adeleyne McConnel, Esther Laidley.

Matriculation (with Supplementals), Misses Mildred Clear, Marion Smith, Esther Flanagan, Ella Canning.

Music Matriculation, Misses Grace Murphy and Loretto Kelly.

Music Department, June, 1913—Intermediate Piano, Misses Louise Foy, Amanda Barthelmes.

Junior Piano, Miss Elizabeth Deacon.

December, 1913—Intermediate Piano, Second Class Honors, Misses Ruth Johnson and Margaret Burns.

Pass, Miss Loretto Kelly.

Junior Piano, First Class Honors, Miss Ada Hickey.

Junior Theory, First Class Honors, Miss Ruth Johnson.

Lower School Examination, Misses Amelia Morrissey, Cecile Gallagher, Edythe Carroll, Vera Haffey, Kitty O'Reilly, Madeline Smythe, Kathleen Wallace, Emma Dault, Genevieve Weis, Madeline O'Reilly.

Prizes for Good Conduct, presented by Reverend L. Minehan:

Prize for Good Conduct in Senior Boarding School, equally merited by Misses Edna Rodway, Madeline O'Reilly, Barbara Farrell, Molly Downey, Mabel McCauley, Loretto Kelly, Gladys Richards, Josephine McBrady, Margaret Flanagan, Marie Moran, obtained by Helen O'Connor.

Prize for Good Conduct in Intermediate Boarding School, obtained by Miss Madeline Smythe.

Prize for Good Conduct in Senior Day School, obtained by Miss Dorothy Brady.

Prize for Good Conduct in Intermediate Day School, obtained by Miss Gladys Dempster.

Commencement Exercises at Loreto Convent, Niagara Falls.

At the fifty-third Annual Commencement Exercises, held at three o'clock, Thursday afternoon, June eighteenth, there was in attendance one of the largest and most appreciative assemblies in the history of this institution. Reverend Father Rosa, C. M., of Niagara University, presided and delivered an eloquent address in which he paid an exalted tribute to the finished education, physical, intellectual and spiritual, received by the Young Ladies of this Academy, and of which, he said, the audience had ample evidence in the programme just presented. He spoke at some length on "Progress," drawing a fine distinction between true and seeming progress, especially in the matter of education. He urged the necessity of those who had honorably distinguished themselves during their academic career living up to the high ideals which were now theirs, if they would secure to themselves and others true, lasting happiness, and, in the future years, give cause for legitimate pride and joy to their teachers who had laboured so zealously and successfully in their behalf.

The beautiful floral decorations of the stage were strikingly effective as a setting for the fair maidens who took part in the programme.

PROGRAMME.

A. M. D. G.

Antiphon:

"Tota pulchra es Maria, et macula originalis non est in Te.

Tu Gloria Jerusalem, tu laetitia Israel, tu Honorificentia populi nostri.

Virgo Prudentissima, Virgo Clementissima.

Ora pro nobis ad Dominum Jesum Christum."

—*Ferrata.*

SENIOR CHORAL CLASS.

Crowning of the Graduates:

(a) Oh, that We Two Were Maying.... *Nevin*

(b) Swanee River *Foster*

Valse *Chopin*

"Twelve Sang the Clock"..... *Lloyd*

SENIOR CHORAL CLASS.

The Phantom Queens.

Barcarolle from "The Tales of Hoffman"...

..... *Offenbach*

SENIOR CHORAL CLASS.

Shepherd's Song *MacDowell*

Little Ones' Songs.

Conferring of Honors.

"O, when we leave this place of rest,
Watch o'er us still, O Mother Bless'd—
Tho' pain and sorrow touch each heart,
O lead us still, from sin apart,
Unto Thy Son, whose works we see
Here where Thy children sing to Thee—
Ave Maria Loreto!"

In each of the instrumental and vocal selections, excellent interpretation and artistic finish were displayed. In the choice and instructive play, the several "Phantom Queens" were exceedingly well personated by the following Young Ladies:

Constance Plantagenet...Miss Dorothy Souther
Margaret of Anjou.....Miss Helen Fox
Elizabeth Woodville..Miss Margaret Bampfield
Anne of Warwick.....Miss Lima McCaul
Katherine of Aragon....Miss Elizabeth Reed
Mary Tudor.....Miss Louise Scully

Mary Queen of Scots. Miss Cornelia Barringer
Elizabeth Tudor. Miss Margaret O'Malley
Marie Antoinette. Miss Elena Weatherstone

The part of "The Twentieth Century Graduate" was well taken by Miss Euphemia Rogers, and that of "Alma Mater" by Miss Kathryn Kuehl.

Honor and Prize List.

Graduating Honors conferred on: Miss Margaret Bampfield, Niagara Falls, Miss Margaret Foley, Toronto, Ont., Miss Helen Fox, Buffalo, N. Y., Miss Lima McCaul, Niagara Falls, Ont., Miss Elizabeth Reed, Cedar Bluff, Va., Miss Dorothy Souther, Lynn, Mass.

Papal Medal for Church History equally merited by Miss Dorothy Lockington, Margaret Bampfield and Margaret Foley; obtained by Miss Lockington.

Gold Medal for English Literature, presented by His Royal Highness, the Governor-General of Canada, obtained by Miss Helen Fox.

Honorable Mention, Miss Elizabeth Reed.

The Loreto Medal for General Proficiency and Exemplary Conduct in Academic Course, Junior and Senior Departments, awarded to Miss Margaret Bampfield.

Gold Medal for Fidelity to Duty, obtained by Miss Elizabeth Dant. Honorable Mention, Miss Lilian Corcoran, Mary Daley, Angela Duffey, Florence Mullin.

Gold Medal for Prose Composition, obtained by Miss Elizabeth Reed. Honorable Mention, Miss Dorothy Souther.

Gold Medal for Mathematics obtained by Miss Florence Mullin.

Honorable Mention, Miss Josephine Spalding.

Gold Medal for First Class Honor Standing in Senior Piano awarded to Miss Helen Fox.

Gold Medal for First Class Honor Standing, Intermediate Piano, University of Toronto, obtained by Miss Dorothy Souther.

Gold Medal for General Proficiency in Art, awarded to Miss Florence Peterson.

Gold Medal for Excellence in Painting, awarded to Miss Margaret Foley. Honorable Mention, Miss Dorothy Souther.

Silver Medal for Proficiency in China Painting, awarded to Miss Euphemia Rogers.

Silver Medal for Proficiency in Oils and Water Colors, awarded to Miss Elizabeth Dant.

Underwood Medal for Proficiency in Commercial Department, awarded to Miss Mary Daley.

Silver Medal for Needlework, equally merited by Miss Angela Duffey, Lilian Corcoran, Mary Daley, Elizabeth Dant, Agnes Burchill, Edmonia Gardiner and Euphemia Rogers; obtained by Miss Rogers.

Prize for Amiability awarded by vote of Companions to Miss Lima McCaul.

Prize for Darning, obtained by Miss Josephine Spalding.

Prize for Personal Neatness, equally merited by Miss Lilian Corcoran, Mary Daley, Elizabeth Dant, Angela Duffey, Dorothy Lockington, Kathryn Kuehl, Nancy Means, Florence Mullin, Gertrude O'Neill, Euphemia Rogers, obtained by Miss Mary Daley.

Prize for Prompt Return after each Vacation, equally merited by Miss Margaret Bracken, Mary Daley, Elizabeth Dant, Angela Duffey, Mary Bampfield, May Dawson, Florence Mullin, Jeannette Mullin, Josephine Spalding and Elena Weatherstone, obtained by Miss Josephine Spalding.

Diplomas for Stenography and Typewriting, obtained by Miss Mary Daley and Miss Jeannette Mullin.

Diplomas for Book-keeping, obtained by Miss Mary Daley and Miss Jeannette Mullin.

Classes will be resumed September eighth.

Closing Exercises at Loreto Academy, Wellesley Crescent, Toronto.

The annual distribution of prizes took place at Loreto Academy, 140 Wellesley Crescent, on Friday, June 19th. The following is the list of prizes:

Gold Medal for Christian Doctrine, Senior Department, Miss Eleanor Anglin. Honorable Mention, Miss Adele La Tour.

Prize for Christian Doctrine, Intermediate Department, Miss Helen Guinane. Honorable Mention, Miss Annie McQuillan and Miss Eileen Kelly.

Prize for Christian Doctrine, Junior Department, Miss Margaret Butler. Honorable Men-

tion, Misses Doris Hayes, Marcella O'Neill, Olga McTamney.

Prize for Catechism, Primary Department, Miss Florence McGee.

Toronto Conservatory of Music, First Class Honors in Counterpoint, Harmony, History, Rudiments, Miss Muriel Brechin.

University of Toronto, First Class Honors, Junior Theory, Miss Lulu Harrison and Miss Madeleine Hall.

Junior Piano, Second Class Honors, Miss Madeleine Hall.

Primary Piano, First Class Honors, Miss Tessie Macnab.

Historical Map-Drawing, First Prize, Miss Lillian Seitz. Honorable Mention, Miss Nora Doheny.

Plain Sewing, Senior Department, First Prize, Miss Ruth Beaver.

Drawing, Senior Department, First Prize, Miss Nora Doheny. Junior Department, Miss Norine Allen.

Third Year Academic, First Prize, Miss Eleanor Anglin.

Second Year Academic, First Prize, Miss Adele La Tour.

First Year Academic, First Prize, Miss Margaret McCabe.

Senior Fourth Class, First Prize, Miss Helen Guinane.

Junior Fourth Class, First Prize, Miss Lillian Enright.

Senior Third Class, First Prize, E. Magann.

Junior Third Class, First Prize, E. Shaughnessy.

Senior Second Class, First Prize, Miss Kathleen Kelly.

Junior Second Class, First Prize, J. Smith.

Part I., First Prize, Miss Helen Woods.

Part II., First Prize, J. O'Connor.

Phonics, First Prize, Miss Madeleine Murphy.

Alumnae Column.

Loreto Abbey, Toronto.

TUESDAY, June the ninth, Loreto Abbey was the scene of a very fashionable and brilliant event. It was the occasion of the annual luncheon of the Loreto Alumnae Association.

The guests, entering the large, stately reception-room, were presented by Miss Boland to Reverend Mother Stanislaus, Honorary President of the Association. As the spacious drawing-room became gradually filled, one noticed many familiar faces from Loreto's first graduates to the present blushing young débutante, all exchanging greetings and mingling with the nuns.

Luncheon was served in the Auditorium at small tables, artistically decorated with dainty linen, Killarney roses, maidenhair and fern. Here again were small groups engaging in mutual reminiscences. After the luncheon the annual business meeting took place. Miss Alma Small read the minutes of the last meeting. The new constitution, with its suggested amendments, was also read: (1) To make all the nuns of Loreto Honorary Members of the Association. (2) That a \$50.00 scholarship be given each year to the student who receives the highest standing in Junior Pass Matriculation, her first year University Course to be taken at Loreto Abbey College. A letter from Emmitsburg, Md., was read by Miss Boland, suggesting a confederation of American Catholic Alumnae, with annual meetings of delegates from all the Alumnae either in New York or Chicago. Loreto Alumnae were invited.

It was decided to elect the same Executive for the coming year. Great praise must be given to the present Executive for their energetic and successful conducting of the year's entertaining and business. The President, Mrs. Maloney, in accepting on behalf of the Executive the re-election, spoke of her diffidence in beginning, a year ago, and of her gratitude to the former President, Mrs. Rooney, and to her assistants and the members. The Alumnae wish likewise to express their congratulations to Mrs. Maloney and

The log-book of Columbus is said to have borne repeatedly the entry, "This day we sailed on." That is all. Behind lay defeat; ahead lay hope; aboard ship seethed distrust. In the face of fear and suspicion and tradition, Columbus sailed on. The lesson is one for life.

her Executive on the facility they have acquired in what was a new phase of responsibility.

The Association was afterwards favored by a very interesting "talk" by Mrs. Emma O'Sullivan, reminiscent of her early years at Loreto, which we take pleasure in reproducing. She was afterwards presented with a beautiful bouquet of lilies and orchids.

At half past four the familiar convent bell pealed out its five strokes for Benediction. It was, indeed, the happiest hour of a very happy day for Alumnae members to find themselves in the dearly beloved atmosphere of the Abbey chapel amid the sweet fragrance of early June roses, which banked the beautiful altar.

Miss Mary Brown, Hamilton, was in town for the Luncheon, on Tuesday.

Miss Gertrude Taylor, of Hamilton, was the guest of Mrs. E. O'Sullivan for the Luncheon.

Dr. Agatha Doherty, who is taking a post-graduate course in London, England, had the honor of being presented at Court.

Paper Read by Mrs. Emma O'Sullivan.

The inspiration of such an occasion as this when former pupils of Loreto are gathered together to testify their fidelity, loyalty, and gratitude, is bound to be reminiscent; one cannot see the friends of one's school-days in the familiar surroundings of those days without being stirred by memories, happy and otherwise, of the days spent with them; without contrasting the yesterdays with the to-days even as we cannot but contrast the girlish slender figures of our youthful friends with the dignified, matronly contours of thirty and forty years later—finding much to admire—something to regret—but, beyond all, great cause for thanksgiving. Unchanged only are our dear teachers—those who are left to us—and unchanged the spirit of service animating them.

Not so many months ago, the splendid facilities enjoyed by the present generation of pupils were shown me, with pardonable pride, by one whose specialty in my days at school was teaching the younger boys who attended at the old Bond Street School, and, speaking of dear old Bond Street, in those days we of the Abbey had the greatest affection and veneration for this, the cradle of the Abbey. I have never forgotten the feeling of reverence with which in the ranks

we walked for an afternoon's visit to the home, at that time, of the Novitiate. A sainted cousin of mine had been a boarder there in its early days—the loved names of Mother Joachim, of Mother Gonzaga, of Mother Benedicta—all now gone—had been taught me, and how eager I was to meet them!—the formal reception-room lost its stiffness in the cordial greetings given us, and we were for that afternoon recklessly indulged and given the freedom of the house even as children in the home of their grandparents. But, to return to my survey of the improvements, additions and advantages of to-day's Abbey—the individual practice rooms—the many class-rooms—the easily-approached library and reading-room—the recreation room—study halls—the increased privacy of dormitories and alcoves—the bathing facilities—and all the many details that make up a modern school. My memory recalls the one study hall which did duty for more than one class in session at the same hours, and the makeshifts for other classes. Myself I have recited lessons in almost every room, but the community room of the original Abbey—practising of piano and harp was often attended by many difficulties—my experience in practising in the refectory when a large rat noiselessly entered and the shock when I noticed him sitting at attention are beyond description. What did I do? Rushed to that forbidden quarter, the kitchen, into the arms of Sister Paula, then a white veil—that same musical rodent became quite interested apparently in my progress musically and favored me frequently by his presence. Our library books were exchanged for us at intervals but we never saw the library nor heard of a reading-room; we clustered in a group around the Mistress of Recreation in the recreation room used for many purposes while the memory and imagination and amiability of the Mistress must have been tried beyond belief by our importunities for stories without end, our questions, our curiosities, to say nothing of the many clumsy stratagems to entrap her into telling us something of her own experiences—and the tremendous efforts made by "separate parties" to break away from the general recreation. You can easily understand the popularity of the eloquent and versatile Irish Nun who could tell us of Rathfarnham and who could hold us spell-bound with the history of the Bar Convent, of

the picture of St. Michael, of the Loreto Convents in other countries. I remember well, the first summer after I graduated, spending a couple of days in Lindsay Loreto Convent—Lindsay, where the girls were encouraged in all kinds of outdoor sports, where baseball, yes, and football were greatly enjoyed. Walking up and down with the gifted teacher, one of that family of Sisters who gave themselves to the Loreto Order, I petulantly complained we had no such stirring sports in Toronto, there was nothing for us at our recreation but to talk, talk. That Nun was—is Irish—she quickly parried—well, you certainly learned to talk. That compliment (?) has kept me, as the expressive slang has it, guessing ever since. In our recreation hall was a large furnace, where, in winter time, we larger girls had the luxury of having our four o'clock collation toasted by the eager younger ones who were attached to us—that burnt bread was wonderfully delicious—but it was the only thing the furnace toasted—it certainly did not give us much comfort in the dormitory nor in the dressing-room where, frequently, we broke the ice before washing. The only curtained alcove in our dormitories was that of the Nun who had some sixty, seventy, or a hundred of us in charge, our dressing-gown was indeed well named and was worn through the whole process of dressing. There was nothing to obstruct the way of the sleep-walker, and I have known such a one to select the girl against whom she had a grudge and give her a well-aimed blow in the course of her somnambulistic roamings. It was my lot to enter the Abbey following the graduation of some brilliant students—brilliant, too, in exploits other than those in studyland, and perhaps for that reason I never had the opportunity of tasting the glorious viands of a midnight supper—we were too carefully guarded for that—but I have heard from others who came later when our adventureless nights had lulled suspicions of their thrilling escapades. The French bed and the bed of insecure slats provoked the noisily eloquent rebukes of shu—up, which still echo in my ears, from a sleepy old-timer, tired of the old hoax, proving our undoing and bringing upon us forfeiture of our recreation. Now the need of recreation for the promotion of digestion is recognized, and the silent meal, I suppose, is obsolete. Whatever takes the place of that

dreaded penance? but I suppose this day's enlightened student never does anything so silly as to disturb a dormitory's slumbers. I have a daughter who, at Loreto Convent at the Sault, undertook with bosom friends a midnight feast. The meeting-place was a tiny cupboard, described as two by four, where the rubbers were kept. The candle was secured from the chapel, and the procession jammed into the tiny space, but the wind blew the candle out and in pitch darkness the feast was begun. The courses got sadly mixed—for even at midnight suppers pickles do not go well with icing cake!

Did you ever go for a sleigh-ride? After watching the varying weather and despairing of the season doing its duty to at last have the soft white blanket covering the earth—then would begin the manoeuvring to have our best friend with us and to inveigle our best-loved teacher into our sleigh. Is there any such wild rioting any more through the whole building on the Feast of St. Aloysius, or do the holidays arrive too early for that grand congé?

As an Association, we are fast arriving at years of discretion, and our Alma Mater has reason to expect something from her grown-up daughter. Every year brings new members—and should bring new ideas into our Association. No one can know better than the keen student alive to her needs and wants, the weaknesses as well as the strength of her college home. Does it not occur to you as reasonable that we should strive to assist in the weak places? Nothing will strengthen us more than to work together in such effort. Singly each one's effort would be inappreciable, but many inspired with the one thought can accomplish what would almost seem impossible. At a recent meeting a Hamilton graduate, whom I hope you will urge to give some time an account of her trip through Ireland, told of the course in Domestic Science at Rathfarnham. She is enthusiastic over developments in this direction—another inclines towards an elaborate gymnasium, an athletic field—a swimming-bath—yet another is consumed with pride over the successes of our University students and seeks to equip their laboratories and to provide them with the very best facilities through their course towards a degree so that they may be identified with the Abbey and remain Abbey students until the coveted letters are added to

their names—the sympathy of many runs in providing better accommodation for children—an absolutely separated building—some recognizing the RAINBOW as one of the ablest of College Journals seek to spread its influence by increasing its subscription list. Have we forgotten so soon our obligations—money could not pay our Alma Mater for what she has done for us and yet even the fees have been small compared with secular colleges. Do we not owe our Alma Mater loyal support in all her undertakings? I would beg of you to consider this. Drummond puts an old thought in a new way: “Half the world is on the wrong scent in the pursuit of happiness. They think it consists in having and getting and in being served by others—it consists in giving and serving others.”

We Catholics exact so much from our Religious, it is born in us to forget they are human, we want them to be angels, we expect absolute truth and justice from them and we are so horrified if a suspicion of worldliness can be detected that straightway we are scandalized. And we, on our part, what support, what encouragement do we extend towards their noble work in our behalf? We would not dare offer a secular organization the grudging support we judge sufficient for the convent, nor would we venture to utter the carping criticism we indulge in when our Catholic educational institutions are discussed. In the early days of education for our mothers and our grandmothers the convent was recognized by all people, whatever their belief, as the best equipped educational institution for girls; there were no competitors, and a parent knew his daughters would be under the most careful supervision at all times; the fees seem small in these days of extravagance, but our dear nuns came to this New Country not to make money, but to educate the young girls in letters and at the same time to teach the young generation the elegancies and the refinements of life and to give them social accomplishments. How female education has changed since then!—how wealth has accumulated and the luxury of yesterday become the necessity of to-day!—still does our convent grow with the needs of to-day, and the exactions of providing a University education under convent auspices are as readily met as was the elegant simplicity required in earlier days. The business girl, the aspirant for the

learned professions, or the unambitious student who seeks merely to prepare herself for social life—all these are provided for in the different courses—and, mark well, the fees are still small compared with other institutions devoted to female education. Yes, you may have your daughter provided with an elegantly-appointed room—her teachers all high-salaried professors—her athletics quite up-to-date—the advantages of swimming-baths, &c.—the privileges of attending the finest concerts given in the city, and familiarity with social life ensured by receptions and similar entertainments, but you must pay for them proportionately.

An Arts College for women, federated with the University of Toronto through St. Michael's College, has been established at the Abbey. During the three years of its existence the results have been such as to inspire confidence in the future of Catholic higher education for women in Canada. At the recent University examinations not a single failure is recorded for Loreto College. The entire Second and Third Year Classes in the General Course obtained General Proficiency, i. e., honour standing.

In the Honour Moderns of Second Year among the six who obtained First Class Honours in the entire University, two were Loreto College students. Considering that the entire enrollment of Loreto College is less than 20 as against 1000 enrolled at University College, 500 at Victoria, and 144 at Trinity, this must be regarded as a remarkable showing.

The Catholics of the Dominion may not be aware exactly of the position of St. Michael's (of which Loreto College is a women's department) in regard to the University of Toronto—as one of four federated Arts Colleges: University College, Trinity, Victoria, and St. Michael's, all enjoying equal rights and privileges in regard to the University which confers the degree on all graduates of these institutions. A uniform system of examinations, each student writing under a pseudonym, precludes the possibility of the slightest shadow of unfairness. Prestige in the eyes of the University authorities can be acquired by any one of the Colleges only by its efficiency as shown by results. An important exception to the uniform examination system is the subject of Religious Knowledge, which is entirely under the control of each college and

may be substituted for other subjects in the various courses.

When we consider the thousands and even the millions donated by other denominations to the seats of learning belonging to their respective religious persuasions, we may well marvel at the results attained within the last ten years by St. Michael's with its limited resources. With an endowment fund equal to that of even the least wealthy of the other colleges and the support which it deserves from the Catholic population of Ontario, St. Michael's would undoubtedly give the Church an enviable position in regard to higher education.

In addition to a Philosophy Course, second to none on the Continent, St. Michael's conducts the General Course (in which the highest distinction was obtained this year) and Honour Courses in Moderns and English and History, the latter two, so far, being pursued by the women students of Loreto Abbey. A Classics Course for women will be begun next year if a sufficient number of applicants warrants the expenditure of time.

Nowhere in the world, outside those few countries where the Church possesses political superiority, have Catholics the advantage enjoyed in Toronto—that of a Catholic Arts College—St. Michael's, with its separate department for women—federated with a University of such widely-recognized standing as that of Toronto. There is no longer any reason why Catholics, both men and women, should not seek higher education in numbers proportionate to those of other denominations.

The following is the list:

Third Year General with General Proficiency standing—

Miss Mary Power, Toronto.

Miss Mona Clark, Toronto.

Miss Gertrude Ryan, Mitchell.

Miss Teresa Coughlin, Hastings.

Second Year General with Proficiency standing—

Miss Nellie I. Madigan, Deseronto.

Miss Irene M. Long, Whitby.

Second Year Moderns—First Class Honours:

Miss Gertrude McQuade, Stratford.

Miss B. Teresa O'Reilly, Wildfield.

Second Class Honours—

Miss Edna Duffey, Lima, Ohio.

Second Year English and History—Third Class Honours:

Miss Edna Duffey, Lima, Ohio.

Specialist's Qualification—

Miss Edna Duffey.

Miss Gertrude McQuade.

Miss Teresa O'Reilly.

First Year English and History—Pass:

Miss Clair Smyth.

First Year General—

Miss Mary G. Downey (Proficiency), Corry, Pa.

Miss Marion Smith (Proficiency), Toronto.

Miss Ella Flanagan, Fort William.

Miss Florence Barry, Corry, Pa.

Miss Ella Canning, Toronto.

Winner of Mary Ward Scholarship, \$120—

Miss Gertrude McQuade.

Our convents are intended for a simple life—something less complex—I would that more of our young people were so attracted to this distinction—the distinction of simplicity—that it would prevail in their life outside, but environment takes toll and we suffer in essentials, complying with what can never be soul-satisfying.

At the risk of drawing down vengeance on my irreverent head, I must close with what I consider a rather up-to-date reminiscence for an aged Alumnae. True, I am not myself an actor, as it was related to me by my brother's wife,—her whom Mother Delphina distinguished as the lady of autumnal tints—the principal being a young lady well known on the theatrical boards. Some of these fine practice rooms we are so proud of are more delightful than others and are greatly prized—this young lady's musical ability was rewarded and encouraged by being given a very desirable one. The influence of the closing of the day was upon her, and, instead of Bach Inventions or Tausig Finger Exercises, she was indulging in the popular song of the day—"Just as the Sun Went Down." Her music teacher happened by, and a well-known disciplinarian was hurriedly brought to the offender's practice room and the complaint made: "Everything has been done for this young lady, Mother Dosithea, to help her in her practice, but I find her neglecting her work and playing 'Just as the Sun Went Down.'" Quickly came the order from Mother Dosithea: "She shall do so no more. In future, young lady, you shall practise in the morning!"

Letter-Box.

KRUKOW KANAL, II Kb 33.
PETERSBURG.

DEAR MOTHER:

I have just had Thelma and Barbara in visiting me and we have been gossiping until no one has even a shred of reputation left. This all because Professor Auer gave a Musicale, last night, and all the new pupils played. Thelma had to play again, too. Would you like to know the programme? Here it is—with remarks:

1. Wieniawski, Concerto D min. (2 last movements). Miss Florence Hardeman (she has toured with Sousa's band).
2. Sinding Suite (1st. 2 movements). Mr. Berger (teacher in a Conservatory on the border line between Russia and Germany).
3. Vitali-Chaconne. Miss Beatrice Hosbrugh (she has made splendid improvement).
4. Brahms, Sonata in D maj. for piano and violin. Mrs. Barnes (wife of English minister) and Miss Mellis.
5. Viotti, 22nd. Concerto (2 last movements). Willard Osbourne (one of the most talented of private pupils—looks about 14).
6. Vieuxtemps, 1st. Concerto (2 last movements). Miss Holloway (English—not very young—with quite a wonderful staccato).
7. Tschaïkowsky, Concerto (1st. movement). Miss Thelma Given.
8. Bruch, Scotch Fantaisie. Mr. David Hochstein.

As usual, we had dancing afterwards. I wore my new dress and was quite satisfied with myself.

I am working like a mad one on the A minor Concerto of Vieuxtemps. This is my new piece and I must get it into shape for my lesson next Thursday. At Tuesday's lesson, after playing the Étude, I had the last movement of the Mozart, the Bach Air, and the Moto Perpetuo of Ries. I judge my bowing is improving and my left hand, too, as most of my lesson was given to interpretation, to accents, and expression, while I was told not to keep my eyes on my fiddle—an old habit of mine. Then he asked me what

I had to study next and gave me the Vieuxtemps Concerto and also the Sinding Suite (which he had given me before, but I had conveniently forgotten), and also the Schubert-Wilhelmj "Ave Maria" for my tone—you know it, with the octaves and double-stopping.

To-day I played with Mme. Stein and practised the Vieuxtemps very slowly with her, as I have only studied it two days, and then tried the "Ave Maria." She thinks the Concerto fine for me. She was also talking to me of rooms in Loschwitz. Greta Von Silen wants to go there if another girl will go with her. So we may go together.

* * * * *

I have just received your letter of the 24th. ult., with your news that you have decided definitely that I shall come home this summer, and I am glad and happy, just more than I can ever express. When I think that I shall see you and every one else at home and go hopping up Yonge Street and taking a King car, I feel as if I shall just burst with all the happiness that is coming to me. Sometimes I have felt as if it would take me so long here to finish my studies that I should never see Toronto again. I never really expected to make a visit home in between times, and now to think it is just five months—not half a year—and off I'll be.

Mme. Stein said, when practising with me yesterday, that my tone was improving greatly and, in fact, my playing generally. She said, "When you go home your mother will be so pleased she will not consider it necessary for you to come back to Europe."

Do you remember I used to speak of Mr. Block? He is coming to Dresden, this summer, and Nicola, too, but I am so disappointed because I have not heard from Gail and am afraid she cannot be coming back. I am ready to cry over it.

When I called about my passport I had to wait such a long while. There were I don't know how many people waiting on similar business, and one does see there such queer types. One man was refused a passport until his affairs are looked into. People had to tell the color of their eyes and how old they were (and most of them looked older than they said). Waiting so long and hearing so much questioning, I began to

grow uneasy myself. I had a veil on—it was a very windy day—and I began thinking they might suspect me of being an anarchist in disguise, and by the time my turn came I was feeling so guilty that if any one had looked at me suspiciously I would have turned a bright purple and probably admitted murder in the first degree!

Do you remember Nicola, last summer in Dresden, playing "La Chasse" at her lesson, and how Auer took out his fiddle and showed her how it should go? He told me to get it and also "Sicilienne et Rigandon," by Kreisler.

* * * * *

Here it is a week since I've written you and I've been wanting to write, I don't know how many times, but wait till you hear my interruptions. First, I have been to the dentist and must go again to-morrow. Then I had to go again about my passport—and found when there it was not necessary. That is the way here, you are threatened with a fine of ten roubles if you don't go, and when you arrive they say in the most easy-going way, "Oh, that does not matter." Then Barbara and I went down to see about our tickets. We shall leave on the 18th. (Russian calendar). I shall go first, of course, to Berlin, and spend a couple of weeks with her until it is time for the Dresden Session. Yesterday I had my lesson with Prof. Auer and what think you?—he gave me the Lalo "Symphonie Espagnole." Is not that most exciting? My next lesson will be on Tuesday, and my last lesson on the 17th. Then off we go, and then—home is not so far away!

* * * * *

Yesterday was the Russian Easter and that's a very big holiday here—much more so than Christmas. You never saw anything so gorgeous and pompous as the Russian Church services. A most impressive one is held on Saturday at midnight. From three o'clock on Good Friday a tomb rests in the middle of the church, with a full-sized picture of Christ, surrounded by lights and wreaths of flowers. At five minutes before midnight, on the Saturday, all the priests leave the church and form a procession, with banners, etc., marching all round the church, the people following. Then they return—the tomb is empty—and they sing, "Christ

is risen!" The details I shall tell you when we meet, it would take too long to write. When the people come out they greet one another with the salutation, "Christ is risen," and the response, "He is risen indeed." Then they kiss three times—little tots of children and old grey-bearded men—every one gives the salutation. There have been so many religious discussions lately among us and from such different viewpoints. There is a Lutheran who no longer believes, a Jew who has become a Christian Scientist, a Baptist not quite sure of the belief, while I listen to the heated arguments.

* * * * *

BERLIN.

There have been so many exciting things since I arrived I scarce know where to begin. Louise is giving a lesson just now, so I avail myself of the opportunity to send you a line, but you can, perhaps, imagine what "trotting about" she has been giving me. That child is certainly popular in this musical city, and all her friends have been simply overwhelming us with attentions. I have been talking German quite, quite well—for a Canadian. I saw "Midsummer Night's Dream" (of course, speaking German, I say *Midsummer Nacht's Traum*). It was simply splendid and so funny. Then we saw "Das Miracle," a pantomime wonderfully staged and acted, with music by Humperdinck. After the performance we had supper at the Rhinegold. Saturday we heard another German comedy called "Der Schneider Wibbes." Yesterday we dined at Prof. Schleimann's and had a musical evening. I read a Schumann Sonata with Mr. D—— and afterwards played some things I knew, which they received most kindly. Louise and Mr. D—— played a Beethoven Concerto together and both played other pieces as well. It is doing me good staying here. I have got into a different atmosphere and have been figuratively patted on the back about my work, and it has given me new ginger and zest. It is the best thing in the world to study 'mid critical surroundings, but it is also good to be with people, musical in a different line, to hear their estimate of your talents and ability, and to experience just what effect your playing has on them.

I have been doing some very necessary shopping—got the sweetest suit, hat and blouse and

also a summer dress at fairly reasonable prices. Louise and I were out with a flying man to see a lot of aeroplanes. It was most exciting. We have had some lovely motor drives and taken such delightful trips.

Such a grand dinner party as we enjoyed at the Bechstein's! It was delightful, and was I not glad I had purchased that pretty gown in Petersburg! It was just the thing. Of course, I played and everybody said pleasant and gracious things, and I talked German and enjoyed myself thoroughly. As I said before, everybody loves Louise and the Bechsteins have been particularly kind to her. Well, mother, I leave for Dresden soon now and my next letter will be from there. I shall see about sailing as soon as I arrive and it will not be long before my face will be turned towards home—home—the most beautiful word ever said. I could listen just now to all the sentimental songs ever written about it. Love to everybody, mother dear.

JULIA.

LONDON, ENGLAND.

DEAR M. M. F.—

Of course, you have heard of the splendid welcome given to King Christian of Denmark and his consort, Queen Alexandrina, who arrived here yesterday on a state visit to the King and Queen of England, and won the hearts of Londoners at first sight. The tallest King in Europe—if not in the world—Christian the Tenth is also the jolliest and most democratic.

It was sailors' weather when the Danish royal yacht, *Dannebrog*, steamed up to Sheerness, on Saturday—a grey, damp, and windy afternoon. A flotilla of destroyers met the yacht and her escorting cruiser; eight big battle-ships roared a salute; a waterplane flitted about. Immediately the *Dannebrog* anchored, the Prince of Wales, in the uniform of a naval lieutenant, went aboard and was greeted by King Christian. The King, an admiral himself, was received ashore by the Commander-in-Chief at the Nore, with the vice-admiral and the rear-admirals of the Home Fleet and the Commander of the troops of the Eastern District. The land forts fired another salute as the special train of the South-Eastern and Chatham Railway left for London.

Victoria Station dazzled with uniforms—military, naval, and civil. Full honours were paid to the visiting King and Queen.

The National Anthem was played in the courtyard, and, to the surprise and delight of the Danish colony, Queen Alexandra, who had not been expected, arrived, accompanied by Princess Victoria. A few minutes later the King, the Queen, and Princess Mary drove up. The King wore the uniform of a Danish admiral, which has a splash of crimson on the collar, and the blue ribbon of the Danish Order of the Elephant, of which he is a knight. Queen Mary wore a wine-color gown; Princess Mary was in light blue.

As the royal train steamed in, a silence fell on the gathering, which betokened an eager interest. Stepping from the train to receive the welcome of King George, King Christian looked a grand figure of a man—very tall, perfect in proportions, with the straight back of the soldier and the easy swing of the sailor. His admiral's uniform fitted him like a glove. Across it he wore the crimson ribbon of the English Order of the Bath, which goes with a naval uniform better than any decoration known to the heralds. He dominated the platform. He is dark and bronzed, he looks like a larger edition of King Haakon of Norway, himself a tall man; he has a frank, homely, genial gaze. In his own country he is said to be very breezy of habit; but it was clear during the presentations that he is well accustomed to ceremonial.

"Hurra, Hurra. Hurra; 'Ra, 'Ra, 'Ra!" rose the stirring cry of the Danes, as he strode from the platform towards his carriage. "We should have made it three times three, but he walked too quick," was the regretful excuse of a young attaché. Giant Guardsmen lined the road; King Christian was able to look slightly down upon them. He glanced with admiration at the towering and magnificently martial troopers of the Blues, and his eyes sparkled with enjoyment as he drove to Buckingham Palace through a rattling welcome by the people. With him in the first state landau—six bay horses, postillions and outriders, and an escort of Blues—rode the King of England and the Prince of Wales. In the second landau, with four bays, were the Queen of Denmark, the Queen of England, and Princess Mary.

In the evening, the King and Queen gave a state banquet at Buckingham Palace in honour of their royal guests. The banquet was served in the ball-room, the largest apartment in the palace. Great banks of red and white flowers, the national colours of Denmark, adorned the room; red roses and white orchids in golden vases were on the tables; the famous Windsor gold plate was used. King Christian wore his Garter ribbon and star. The guests—one hundred and thirty in number—wore full dress. Veteran yeomen of the King's Body-guard, in their picturesque Tudor tunics, lined the sides of the chamber. Mirror panels doubled the brilliance of the sumptuous picture.

By a happy and novel thought, the King placed Queen Alexandra at the head of the table; King Christian at her right hand, himself at her left. Queen Mary sat at the right of the King of Denmark, the Queen of Denmark at the left of King George.

The King in his speech of welcome said:

"More than fifty years have elapsed since my dear mother first landed on these shores, amid those expressions of love and devotion which time has only strengthened. The family alliance then inaugurated has united the two peoples in close friendship.

"I am happy to think that with time and increased facilities of transit, the commercial and social intercourse between your Majesties' country and these islands is steadily developing. These intimate associations cannot fail to further the good understanding between us.

"The inhabitants of this capital will welcome the opportunity of displaying their esteem and affection towards the Royal House of Denmark."

The King of Denmark in his reply said:

"We are both extremely glad to be your Majesty's guests, and appreciate highly the splendid reception which has been given us here from the moment we landed on British soil, which will be highly esteemed in my own country.

"The ties of friendship which bind Denmark and the British Empire together are not alone due to the intimate relations of kinship between our families. The close commercial intercourse which exists between the Danish and British nations has also drawn our people together in com-

mon work for peace and progress, and I sincerely hope that our visit to this country will tend to draw still closer these bonds of traditional friendship which unite our two nations."

Yesterday afternoon, King Christian received the Danish colony in London, at the Danish Legation. His passion is to know people—not merely to remember their names, but to know them.

His Monday "at homes" in the palace at Copenhagen are the most intimate things in royalty. Any one of his subjects can see him, in private intercourse, so long as the officer in waiting is assured that the business is not a mere triviality. That intimate touch was preserved in the reception which followed the luncheon, yesterday.

An address from the Danish colony was presented. The King replied in Danish. He created four Knights of the Order of Dannebrog—one of them the Director of the Great Northern Telegraph Company—and raised three Knights to the rank of Commander. There was no kneeling, there was no sword or accolade; just the giving of the appropriate decorations in small, convenient boxes.

Then the King and Queen moved freely about the room, chatting intimately with everybody. King Christian wore a frock coat, with a creamy pink rose in the buttonhole, but he conveyed the impression that frock coats are rather a nuisance and that uniform or country kit is more comfortable to a man who is a soldier, a sailor, and an agriculturist, and has two tall sons in the Boy Scouts.

Queen Alexandrina, who wore a gown of shot-blue and towering black feathers in her hat, was busy in renewing old friendships and making new ones.

Mme. Karina had a warm greeting. She was to be the chief dancer at the gala performance at Covent Garden in the evening. Both the King and the Queen expressed their delight that this signal honour had been conferred upon a Dane, and still more that a Dane is worthy of it.

The King and Queen moved here and there, chatting with everybody. Nothing had escaped their memory. They wanted to know how business and family affairs were getting on. They had to answer as many questions as they asked,

for they had left Denmark more recently than any of their visitors. Such a lot of news had to be given.

The King took an interest in everybody. As he was leaving, he advanced and shook one of the special correspondents by the hand. "I feel sure that I have not spoken to you before," said his Majesty. "Are you describing what I do in London? Then," he added, with his big, jolly laugh, "I am afraid I shall keep you busy."

Covent Garden, that stateliest theatre, could hardly have known itself last night. Its usual sedate dignity was exchanged for a riot of roses. And, though well used to tiaras, such tiaras—row after row—beautifully coruscating—must have been flattering even to that classic old theatre's pride.

Covent Garden was disguised for the gala, but not radically transformed. For its characteristic dignity was there under the festoons and masses of pink and red roses over green trellis-work, which hid the whole front of the four tiers of boxes. The sight was magnificent; the effect was of rich splendour rather than flashing brilliance. So splendid was it that only the opera repertory's most elaborate piece of pageantry—the return of the victorious Radames, from Act II. of "Aïda"—could hold its own against that blaze of uniforms and diamonds and electric light among roses. The lights were kept burning through all the performance. The spectacle in the house outshone the spectacle on the stage.

The yellows and whites of the royal box, in the middle of the grand circle, were a contrast to the reds that dominated elsewhere, and, in the midst of it, the diamonds of the three Queens blazed magnificently.

Punctually, the royal party arrived, greeted by the orchestra with "Kong Christian stod ved højen mast." Straightway the first of "Tosca" began.

That beautiful and interesting Canadian singer, Mme. Edvina (Mrs. Cecil Edwardes), was Tosca—wearing a delicious Directoire gown and quite sensationally orange plumes—in the first act of Puccini's opera.

In Act I. of "La Bohème" (the scene in the students' garret—a sharp contrast to the gorgeousness on the hither side of the footlights) we had the illustrious Mme. Melba singing her old part of the susceptible little Paris work-girl,

Mini. Thus there were Canadian and Australian prima donnas in Puccini, an English conductor (Mr. Albert Contes), and later, in "Aïda" that great English artist, Mme. Kirby Lunn as Amneris. So that though the Italians mostly held the field, British artists made their voice heard at the state performance.

There were Danish artists, too—Mme. Karina, the pretty, blonde, smiling ballerina in "Aïda," and Mr. Johannes Fönss, the sonorous Pharaoh. This scene of the returning victor, from "Aïda," was decidedly the crowning one of the gala: it is a scene of processions and pageantry under Egypt's blazing skies, ceremoniously joyful dancing, and then, Verdi's proudly-built finale, with the sumptuous voices of Emmy Destinn, Mme. Kirby Lunn, Messrs. Sembach, Gilly, and the rest, all pouring themselves forth in a great stream of melody.

R. C.

Remember, that as surely as in that baby life at Bethlehem there lay the power which has run through all the world; the power which makes Judea burn like a star forever; the power which has transfigured history; the power which has made millions of men its joyous servants; the power of the millenniums yet to be; so surely in the humblest soul's humble certainty that it does love God, there lies enfolded all the possibility of the most perfect sainthood.

The golden moments of time—how precious they are! And yet, how few appreciate them at their real value, or utilize them to the best advantage. Too often, alas! they flow on, unnoticed in their flight, bearing us on the wings of the fast-speeding years, even to the portals of eternity. Too often, we think nothing of frittering away this precious gift of the moments which God doles out with such a niggardly hand. Nevertheless, the record of each moment is inscribed in the golden book whose leaves are turned by angelic hands, and it will stand for or against us in the day of eternal reckoning. As the moments lengthen into hours, and the hours expand into days, and the days fill up the measure of our years, let us so live that, in the rosary of our lives, each moment may be a prayer, each hour a good deed, each day a duty well done.

School Chronicle.

Loreto Abbey, Toronto.

Another school year, with its works and worries, joys and sorrows, over! As we think about it now a sense of bereavement comes to us. We shall miss the wholesome toil and the recreation hours. We shall miss the grassy walks of the pleasant grounds, the shrubberies, the roses and asters, the pretty grotto of Our Lady, the willow trees and the sombre chestnuts covered with white spires, the wonderful multiple maple, throwing everything else in the shade, the birds crowding among its branches and filling the air with an interfusion of song. We shall miss the kindness of it all. But in after days these pictures shall visit us again and we shall walk in memory through these sunny grounds and all the details will come back with faithful accuracy to enrich our memories and to help us in our lives.

April the twenty-first—Again we enjoyed the privilege of hearing the distinguished lecturer, Dr. J. J. Walsh, of New York, at the Abbey. He took for his subject "Woman's Work" in the history of education. In his interesting and luminous discourse he traced her influence in educational movements through the centuries from the days of Aristotle. Again and again he produced historical evidences to show that the vexed question concerning her rights to equality in the opportunities afforded by the state for obtaining the higher education, rose in other ages and was solved in other ages. He said that the transition periods, and new phases in educational thought and development, attracted women into the public field; and when the novelty was gone they returned again to private life and the home.

May the fifth—Tidings came to us to-night of the great good fortune that has fallen on one of our former matriculants, Miss Agatha Doherty, now in England. After matriculating from the Abbey, Miss Doherty attended Toronto University, and, at the end of the usual four years' course in medicine, carried off successfully the degree of M. D. Two years ago, she went to England to specialize in her chosen pro-

fession, and to-night a cablegram to her home in Toronto thrills her loved ones with the high tidings of her grand success. She has succeeded in winning the degrees: M. R. C. S., England, L. R. C. P., London. Only two women in Canada, besides Miss Doherty, hold this distinction. We congratulate Miss Doherty on her high success and we rejoice in the honour she reflects on her Alma Mater and on her native city.

May the sixth—Very Reverend Dr. Ryan's scholarly discourse to-night was like sunlight. It probed here and there through the darkness surrounding our ideas on "Modern Progress," giving us a clearer view of what constitutes progress, and enabling us to judge for ourselves more correctly on this subject in the future. He said it was not in excitement and in noise that we must look for it, but in the long, patient work of the workers who have labored in solitude, far away from the nervous activities that obtain in our modern times. His numerous quotations were chosen with the aptitude of one whose spirit had found its proper element with the scholars that have enriched the world. We hope we may have the pleasure of hearing Dr. Ryan soon again.

May the seventh—Mass was celebrated at the Abbey, this morning, by Very Reverend Dr. O'Leary, of Collingwood. It is good to meet old friends, and dear friends, again, and to find them unchanged. Dr. O'Leary is one of Loreto's staunchest friends.

May the ninth—Who does not love the Victrola after to-night? From Katherine Parlow's "Humoresque" and John McCormack's "Mother Machree" down to the Frenchman's telephoning complications, was a descent as merry as a toboggan-slide,—full of laughter and tears and pleasant sensations!

May the tenth—The sermon, this Sunday morning, by the Reverend F. Clancy, gave us thoughts that shall remain with us. "Special graces come once and not again. There are many lost graces between two neglects." We thank Father Clancy for his beautiful words.

May the fifteenth—Our zealous Chaplain, Reverend M. Staley, has introduced a very profitable and delightful innovation into our May devotions. At Benediction, after Mass,

every morning, Father Staley reads a selection from Faber's treasured volumes, recounting some special virtue of Our Blessed Mother. We appreciate our good chaplain's efforts to make this month an acceptable time in the record of our lives, and we trust it shall be so found at last.

May the sixteenth—We had the great pleasure of hearing Mr. Castell Hopkins, to-night, when he spoke of the glories of the Empire; indeed, a patriotic and stirring address which raised the spirits and sent the blood pulsing through our veins with zeal anew. He touched on the great interest the Mother Country took in her daughter, of the millions invested in her securities, of the three thousand millions of British gold invested in Canadian industries, as opposed to the six hundred millions of American capitalists, of her navy ever upholding the cause of justice and peace, and safeguarding her colonies' interests; and it was remarked that the girls sang "The Maple Leaf Forever" with more than their usual vigour when the lecture was brought to a close.

May the eighteenth—We were delighted to see our former pupil, Miss Beatrice Frauley, among us again even for a day. Miss Frauley called on her way from St. Louis to her home in Sudbury. She told us in her pretty, graphic way all about the Good Friday services in the Jesuit Church in St. Louis. She said: "If I wanted to convert any persons I would just take them to that church, on Good Friday, and let them hear and see for themselves."

May the twentieth—Colonel MacQueen, from Woodstock, Ont., addressed us this evening on Canada. His lecture, given in three parts, was alternated with patriotic songs, such as "The Maple Leaf," "Rule Britannia," and "Soldiers of the King." He gave a cursory sketch of the history of Canada from the time of Columbus, 1492, to the present. His description of historic Quebec, given as a loyal old soldier would give it, thrilled us through and through. He spoke also of the giant trees of British Columbia, of the great Douglas Fir, of the wide ranch land of Alberta and Saskatchewan, with their rich wheat-fields, as well, of the grandeur of the Rockies, until we grew glad with joy, thinking of the greatness of our native land.

May the twenty-third—The musical recital, arranged by Mrs. Fairbrother and given in the Abbey concert-hall, was artistic in the highest degree. The opening number, "Impromptu," Op. 36, Chopin, for piano, was executed by a pupil of Mr. Forsythe, Vernon Rudolf, with fine appreciation and technique. Miss Rheta Norine Brodie, pupil of Miss Marie C. Strong, and one of Toronto's most beautiful sopranos, sang several groups of songs, among them, "So Shall the Lute," Händel, and an "Ave Maria" with flute obligato, by the composer, Arthur E. Semple.

The violin selections of Miss Kathleen Wallis were among the most admired numbers of the evening—her first appearance in the "Gypsy Dances," by Sarasate, winning her an insistent recall. Miss Margaret Beatty sang a selection by Meyerbeer very effectively, and Miss Ruth Kemper, a young violinist of great promise, gave several numbers in a most masterly manner, exceptional in so young a player. "The Wind among the Trees," a flute solo played by Mr. Semple, showed the wonderful power of his instrument, and the great perfection attained in its instrumentation. Miss Turner, the accompanist, was most efficient and sympathetic.

The dramatic part of the programme was contributed by W. Stanislaus Romain, who, in his first reading, "Sandalphon," by Longfellow, and other numbers, proved himself an interpreter of exceptional ability. Needless to add, we enjoyed the evening.

May the twenty-ninth—In compliance with a gracious invitation from their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, a delightful little party of our junior boarding-school, in charge of a chaperone, attended the children's garden party at Craighleigh, on Friday afternoon. They were received by Lady Gibson, who graciously presented each to the Duchess and Princess Patricia, and their charming simplicity and condescension of manner will ever be remembered by all, especially by Baby Doris—a tot of six—whom the Princess sweetly took by the hand as she walked around the lawn. His Royal Highness the Duke, also honored each with a gracious welcome. Their Royal Highnesses evidenced by their special attention to the little party that the reception tendered them at Loreto Abbey, during their first official visit to Toronto, is still fresh in their memory.

May the thirtieth—The violin recital, this evening, by Miss Hayes' pupils was most enjoyable and reflects great credit on teacher and pupils. Following was the programme:

Mélodie	<i>Tours</i>
KATHERINE SNIDER.	
Lied	<i>Harold Henry</i>
HAZEL WIALEN.	
Berceuse	<i>Jarnfeldt</i>
ARA MILLER.	
Romance	<i>Hermann</i>
GENEVIEVE SNIDER.	
Barcarolle	<i>Palhurst</i>
FRANCES MITCHELL.	
Gavotte	<i>Bohm</i>
AGNES SWEET.	
Mazurka de Concert.....	<i>Musin</i>
OLIVE MEEHAN.	

June the fourth—The heavens were not propitious to us to-day, at our closing, in giving us so much rain.

June the fourteenth—The Holy Name Society congregated in the Abbey grounds, this afternoon, at three o'clock. Twelve thousand members took ranks at St. Michael's Cathedral and, protected by many mounted police, marched in solemn parade to Front Street, from which they were admitted into the spacious grounds surrounding the Abbey. A high altar had been erected for the occasion, and when the grounds were in possession of their human treasure, the religious services began. After several hymns had been sung, the Very Reverend Dr. Kehoe, O. C. C., addressed the multitude from the altar. His eloquent and inspired words sank into the earnest hearts around him. Thousands of faces, transfigured by the spirit of worship, followed his every movement, and, as his clear voice rang through the air carrying its message of consolation and love, it seemed that an angel mediator was with us and the world was beautiful. After the sermon, the Blessed Sacrament was carried around the grounds in solemn procession by Right Reverend Monsignor McCann, V. G., preceded by acolytes in uniform. Benediction from the high altar of red and gold followed. A few moments later, the great course had passed out, leaving in the heart of the beholder its gift of inner joy.

June the seventeenth—Our annual "Field-Day" passed off with its usual success. A glorious sky of sunshine provided the sine qua non for a successful celebration, and we had the most beautiful day! Then the Abbey color decorations, and the flag decorations, as well as a fine orchestra to play while we banqueted at a half a hundred round tables on the lawn, added the necessary details that make up a perfect day in the open air. It seems so long to wait for the next!

June the nineteenth—Yesterday we had the honour of receiving a call from His Lordship Bishop McNally of Calgary, accompanied by Very Reverend Dr. Kidd, of St. Augustine's Seminary, Toronto. This morning we enjoyed the privilege of assisting at the Mass celebrated by His Lordship in our chapel.

GENEVIEVE ROACH.

KATE CRAY.

Loreto Convent, Niagara Falls, Ont.

By special invitation, the Romilly Boys' Choir of Barry, Wales, favored us with the following delightful programme, after which, they partook of luncheon and viewed the Falls from different points of vantage on the convent piazzas.

PROGRAMME.

- Part Song, "The Angelus" (from *Mari-tana*) *Balfe*
BOYS' CHOIR.
- Happy Song
MISS GERTRUDE LATHEY.
- Piano Solo, "Andante et Allegro".....*Kuhlan*
MASTER SELWYN EVANS.
- Part Songs—
(a) "All Through the Night".....
(b) "Hunting the Hare," arranged by
.....*W. M. Williams*
BOYS' CHOIR.
- Song, "The Rosary".....
MISS BLODWEN NORTON.
- Part Song, "Sweet and Low".....
BOYS' CHOIR.

An extra welcome was extended to Reverend Fr. Murphy because of the fact that two of his sisters are members of the community, Loreto Abbey, Rathfarnham, Dublin, and that, in consequence he feels deeply interested in the Institute in every land. His extensive travels, particularly his experiences in Africa, have furnished him, at first hand, with a fund of information which he imparts to his listeners with charming simplicity and in the humorous style characteristic of the true son of Erin.

Among the names of recent visitors to our Academy we find: Reverend C. Kehoe, O. C. C., St. Augustine's Seminary, Toronto; Reverend Basil Koehler, Provincial of the Carmelite Order, Englewood, N. J.; Reverend Bernard Fink, O. C. C., St. Patrick's Church, Niagara Falls, Ont.; Reverend Fathers Jerome, O. C. C., Bench, Carberry, Rosa, C. M., Chestnut, C. M., Eckhardt, C. M., O'Brien, C. M., Sullivan, C. M., Carman, C. M., Lee, C. M., Niagara University; Winters, D. D., Scranton, Pa.; Madden, LaSalle, N. Y.; Scullin, Niagara Falls, N. Y.; Cullinane, Fort Erie; Reverend Brother Francis, Buffalo, N. Y.; Reverend Sisters from Niagara Falls, N. Y., Toronto, Hamilton, Rochester, Philadelphia, Scranton, Batavia, New Brunswick; Mr. Cameron, Mrs. Cameron (née Philomena Lyons), Hornell; Mrs. S. T. Spalding, Miss Spalding, Lebanon, Ky.; Mrs. Gardiner, Mr. George Gardiner, Rockville, Md.; Mr. A. B. Tolman, Lynn, Mass.; Mrs. McKeever, Hamilton; Mr. Leo Doyle, Kansas City; Mrs. Belvoir, Buffalo; Mrs. Mullin, Miss Madeleine Mullin, Master Clare Mullin, Lima, Ohio; Mr. G. Duffey, Miss Edna Duffey, Lima, Ohio; Mrs. Fox, Misses Olivette and Ruth Fox, Buffalo; Misses Kathleen and Nora O'Gorman, "The Grange," Streetsville, Ont.; Mrs. Black (née Myra Hinze), Buffalo; Mr. Reed, Mrs. Lowe, Mrs. Stabell, Mrs. Doll, Buffalo; Mrs. Pratt, Miss Foley, Toronto; Mrs. Stafford, Misses Celestine and Fidelis Stafford, Renfrew, Ont.; Miss McNab, Toronto; Miss J. Morrison, Hamilton; Mr. and Mrs. O'Neill, Miss Kathleen and Master O'Neill, Toronto; Miss Kathleen Ridout, Miss Vivian Spence, Miss Denison, Toronto; Miss Philips, Merriton; Miss Hartnet, St. Catharines; Miss Cray, Guelph; Miss I. Bracken, Niagara Falls, N. Y.; Mrs. Duffey, St. Thomas, Ont.; Mrs. J. P.

Kirby (née Alice Lawlor), and daughter, Miss Teresa Kirby, Chicopee, Mass.

Loreto Convent, Mount St. Mary, Hamilton

April, aglow with the devotion of Paschal-tide and the gladness of the triumph of Our Risen Lord, has brought its own wealth of happy privileges, spiritual and temporal, among them the inestimable benefit of a three days' retreat, conducted by Reverend J. B. Harney, C. S. P.

The zealous missionary, with the cross of Christ on his breast, the love of Christ in his heart, and the zeal of Christ on his lips, was untiring in his efforts to give us a clearer knowledge of God and of ourselves, a more exalted idea of duty, and of the grand far-reaching influence of a true Christian woman. No subject relating to the soul's welfare was left untouched, and many of the truths of our holy religion were aptly presented under an entirely new aspect. Fidelity to duty was the keynote of his conferences—not a meager accomplishment of our daily avocations—not the hard, unsympathetic meting out of justice—but our every action done with love. And although Our Divine Master promises a full reward only after this life yet every one feels, even here, the sweet peace and content that follow the consciousness of duty well performed.

During these brief days of silence, interrupted only by the voice of prayer, many a salutary lesson, bearing fruit for eternity, was learned.

May-day!—redolent of the lingering perfume of lilies, and sweetly evidenced by the tender hymns and devotions that draw all hearts to Our Lady's love-lit shrine.

By royal right has Mother Church, always appreciative of the fitness of things, assigned to Mary for the especial devotion of her children the month of flowers, that are used so often in describing the fragrant virtues of her beautiful life; and touching it is to see the young of the flock bearing their springtime blossoms—childhood's gleeful tribute—to the Queen of May.

The day was appropriately ushered in by the chanting of the Litany of Loreto as we entered the chapel for the Holy Sacrifice, while the leaders of the "May Bands" bore aloft the ban-

ners beneath which they hoped to win such glorious victories during the month.

May the twenty-fifth—Through the kindness of Very Reverend Dr. Walter we were given the exclusive privilege of an Illustrated Lecture on the "Life of St. Cecilia." No theme could have been more in accordance with the desires of his audience than that chosen by the Reverend speaker—evidently an ardent admirer of the Christian heroine whose faith has sung its own undying song through the ages.

Dr. Walter's portrayal of the youthful maiden, adorned with every natural grace, amid the splendour of Roman pomp, but despising the attractions of the age, and practising the divine law which, in those days, necessarily involved the sacrifice of earthly happiness, made a strong appeal to the hearts of his youthful hearers. Her marriage to Valerian, forced by the imperious will of her parents, notwithstanding her vow of virginity, Valerian's miraculous conversion and, later, that of his brother, Tiburtius, followed by their martyrdom, were made vivid and realistic.

Cecilia's mission was now accomplished—nothing remained but to suffer the death for which she longed. Already the martyr's crown was suspended above her head. The sword of the executioner had no terrors for the saintly virgin who, when the last link which held her captive had been severed, yielded up her beautiful soul to God.

After a short intermission, "Killarney"—with which we were, of course, enchanted—met our view. The Lakes looked like sapphires, with mountains towering above. Lingeringly our eyes rested on Muckross Abbey, which dates back to 1340—how wonderfully they built in those far-off days! The view of lake and mountain from the top must be glorious.

The Eagle's Nest—of echo and sylvan melody fame—a gigantic cone-shaped precipice, at the base of which the graceful mountain-ash, the deep green hollies and trailing arbutus gleam brightly—elicited exclamations of delight and admiration. Would that the deserted eyrie might know again the presence of the fabled eagle which dwelt secure amid these inaccessible heights, bravely resisting the repeated attempts of intruders to gain access to its enchanted home, to the music of reverberating cannon fired from

the opposite shore or the exquisite reproduction of bugle notes from mountain to mountain.

"Sweet Innisfallen," the fairy isle immortalized by Moore, was not forgotten by the Reverend speaker, nor was the "Meeting of the Waters," with its silvery streams that magically murmur as they gently mingle their undulating waters in peaceful harmony.

Torc Mountain and Waterfall entered into the ever-varying panorama of charming scenery presented for our admiration. We were quite taken by surprise to see the waters of this cascade fall from a height of between sixty and seventy feet, dash madly over a precipice and continue their course through a pretty ravine and plantation, ultimately finding their home in the Middle Lake. This must have been after heavy rains, when, we are told, the cascade is seen at its best.

At the close, we saluted the flag of Old Erin, which was flung—if not to the breeze—on the screen—a delicate compliment, I presume, to the nationality of those who rejoiced in the culmination of a struggle of centuries, and thanked the God of battles for the most glorious victory ever recorded in the annals of the world.

May the thirty-first—The customary procession through the grounds, followed by Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, and the crowning of the statue of Our Lady by Miss Isolde Müller.

We learn, with edification, of a May ceremonial in Luxembourg which elicited a splendid profession of faith on the part of the young Grand Duchess, who assisted with her sisters, on foot, at a procession in honor of Our Lady. The occasion was the May procession, when the gaily-decorated streets of the capital see the miraculous statue of Our Lady carried through their garlanded lengths, the processionists bearing fir branches, cut from the neighboring forests. It is the first time in one hundred and twenty years, since the Revolution, in fact, that a sovereign of the Grand Duchy has followed this procession on foot.

It lasted more than two hours, and brought more than fifteen thousand persons together. The groups were very picturesque, and many young people took part. The Grand Duchess and her sisters followed the whole route, walking just behind the statue of Our Blessed Lady. The modest young sovereign attracted all hearts, and

an act which was merely performed for pious reasons promises to become of profound political importance, for it has roused tremendous enthusiasm for the gracious ruler. Already a by-election has been won by a vigorous Catholic opponent of the scholastic law.

June the sixth—Reverend P. J. Cormican, S. J., was a welcome visitor at Mount St. Mary. We had none of the glories of Loreto, Niagara Falls, of which he is such an enthusiastic admirer, to offer, but we trust that when next the good Father honors the "Ambitious Little City," he will find it convenient to pay us a longer visit.

June the tenth—The social event of the week—the Minims' garden party! Isn't it a delightful sensation to wake up some morning, open your eyes to the daylight and suddenly remember—"Why, this is the day I am going to have a wonderfully good time."

So thought the wee tots as they watched the recording hand of the timepiece slowly make its round, and longed for the coming of the magic hour which would set them free to enjoy all that the dispensing angel of good things had brought.

The elfin daintiness of the little maids, their joyous laughter—of which the merry song of the birds seemed an echo—had a charm all its own for those who could enjoy only in memory just such a day.

June the fourteenth—Right Reverend Mgr. Mahony, V. G., J. C. D., attended by Reverend J. O'Sullivan, admitted into the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin the following pupils: Miss G. Doyle, A. Lahey, A. O'Donohue, M. Allan, E. Marks, M. Burns; and into the Sodality of the Holy Angels: the Misses G. and E. Walsh, C. Matthews, O. Delory, M. Thompson, M. Meaden, and A. Devereaux.

A Ribbon of Honor was conferred on Miss Oles.

Before the ceremony, Mgr. Mahony addressed the candidates, with all the earnestness characteristic of his delivery, on the happy privilege of being a "Child of Mary"—the hall-mark of true Catholic nobility—on the nature of the obligations they were about to assume, and the meaning of being enrolled beneath the banner of the Queen of Heaven. He urged the imitation of the lowly Virgin's humility and modesty, and

brought before his hearers, in clear, telling words, that the example of our Blessed Mother has made womanhood—true womanhood—not weak—not ungifted or unintelligent—what it is.

Since the introduction of Christian art, Mgr. Mahony went on to say, the Mother of God has been the inspiration of artists of every age and clime, who found their joy and consolation in portraying the Madonna and surrounding her with all the glory and beauty that genius inspired could display. Poets, too, have sung her praises in undying verse; and it is remarkable that not only Catholic poets but those of other persuasions, gifted for a moment with the clearer vision, burst forth into praise of this masterpiece of God's creation, chosen from among women for the most exalted position in the world of grace.

Apropos of the unfavorable comments on modern fashions in woman's garb, provoked by the extremes in vogue, Mgr. Mahony reminded us that there is such a thing as a Christian standard of modesty, but unless care be taken, the pagan motive may slip in under cover of ever-varying modes. It rests with Catholic girls to mirror forth in their lives to a world greatly needing it the modesty that adorned Mary Immaculate.

June the fifteenth—Mr. and Mrs. Cameron, of Hornell, N. Y., were cordially welcomed today, when the desire of the latter to introduce her husband to her former teachers at Niagara Falls—some of whom are stationed now not only at the Falls but here and in Toronto—was realized.

Time has flown high above dear Minnie, who is merry and buoyant as of yore, and who has won the sweetest name—not queen nor poet—nay, another—three little lassies call her "mother."

June the nineteenth—In the absence of our beloved Bishop, who is out of town, Right Reverend Mgr. Mahony, V. G., J. C. D., presented the medals and prizes at the private Closing, at which the following programme was rendered:

Ave Maria Loreto.....*Rieger*
Piano, Morceau en Forme d'Étude, *Wollenhaupt*
GERTRUDE MURPHY.

Piano, Shadow Dance, Op. 39.....*Macdowell*
MARY BURNS.

Blue Bells

THE LITTLE ONES.

Piano, Sonata, Op. 13.....*Beethoven*

ELSIE ADDISON.

Invocation.

GOD SAVE THE KING.

Mgr. Mahony congratulated the successful competitors, and, in the kindness of his fatherly heart, did not forget to add words of encouragement for the less fortunate in the race. While wishing us a pleasant vacation, Mgr. Mahony reminded us that in going home from school we do not go away from God, from the duty of observing the Commandments, from the obligation of being modest and edifying. In a time of general relaxation of conventionalities and disregard of proprieties, it behooves Catholic young girls to set an example of restraint and nobility of conduct.

Very Reverend J. Craven, Dean, Reverend A. J. Leyes, and Reverend J. F. Hinchey, also offered their congratulations; and Father Hinchey was of opinion that Father Leyes should be very proud of his young parishioners, who had carried off the greater number of the prizes!

After a few moments' informal conversation, all repaired to the chapel, where Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given by Father Leyes.

In the evening, in anticipation of St. Aloysius' Day, there was a party. We feasted on strawberries, ice cream, cake, and all the dainties so dear to a schoolgirl's heart, and retired with happy memories of a very happy day.

ANITA.

Loreto Academy, Woodlawn, Chicago, Ill.

Although Woodlawn Loreto is one of the youngest children of the Institute of Mary, her hopes are high and her endeavours to keep apace with the elder members of her illustrious family must ultimately meet with success. A retrospective glance over the achievements of the last semester, goes to prove that while living up to the stereotyped school curriculum and learning "all the branches suitable for a young lady's education," the pupils of the academy have so mingled the social and spiritual elements with

the purely instructive, that a delightfully happy result has been experienced.

The assemblies of St. Ursula Literary Association were a prominent feature of the year's enjoyment, and as we near the end of our school year, we let our minds wander back to the many pleasant and instructive literary and musical programmes which diversified the sameness of our term and created an interest in such writers as Newman, Browning and Francis Thompson, and such musicians as Beethoven. Never before did we come across a poem as puzzling as "The Hound of Heaven." The first reading meant absolutely nothing to us, but when we had that memorable poem to recite and analyze at the Literary, we could have explained any passage. Thompson's minor poems were recited and interpreted in a charming way. At the next Literary, "Historic Themes" were illustrated, the juniors giving us a fine dramatization of "The Feast of Belshazzar," the poem by Edwin Arnold, which was recited in Sheldonian Theatre, Oxford, Commemoration of 1852, and the seniors presenting an adaptation from Schiller's "Maria Stuart," with much feeling and dignity. Historical essays and national songs completed a very entertaining programme.

The welcome visit of Reverend Mother General was hailed with delight and her keen interest in all our work was highly appreciated and did not fail to call forth a display of whatever talent we possessed, from the conquering of French irregular verbs to the unfolding of Browning mysteries.

Among the musical recitals of the year, that devoted exclusively to Beethoven was the most enjoyed. Sketches of biographical interest were read, the great master's various compositions played, and a charming poem entitled "The Moonlight Sonata," was recited to the accompanying exquisite strains of the first movement of Beethoven's masterpiece.

The month of May brought the Children of Mary into particular prominence, as they knelt daily before Our Lady's shrine to

"Joyfully proclaim
The spotless Virgin's praise and glorious name."

The last three days were devoted to the annual retreat, conducted, this year, by Reverend J.

Corbly, S. J., who interpreted the Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius in a masterly way.

Although the month of June is greeted with universal joy, it means a reign of terror to the trembling student on the threshold of examinations. It is appalling to think how one small head must carry all that each of us is supposed to know! The music contest gave us a day of great excitement. Mr. Victor Garwood, of the American Conservatory of Music, was the examiner, and about twenty of the pupils went through the ordeal with brilliant success, winning their certificates. But Life's moving pic-

senior students aspire. So intelligently were the rôles assumed that each one lived her part for the time being, exemplifying to some extent, the meaning of this year's chosen motto: "Vincit Omnia Veritas." Class Record, 1914.

PROGRAMME.

Chorus, Barcarolle *Offenbach*
 Finale, Valse, Op. 100..... *Lack*
 1st. Piano, MISS H. ROCHE, MISS H. MOLLOY;
 2nd. Piano, MISS B. DAILEY, MISS
 M. SHEEHAN.



LORETO ACADEMY, WOODLAWN, CHICAGO, ILL.

tures succeed one another, and we found ourselves at last greeting the dawn of Commencement Day.

Our year ended with High Mass in the morning, Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament all day, and Benediction in the afternoon. At half past three, all assembled in the concert hall, where a beautiful scene was presented to interested parents and friends. The graduation of Bessie Dailey, Helen Roche, Irene Cook and Veronica Wall will long be remembered for its charming simplicity and exquisite grace. The Cantata, "Every soul," by Reverend F. X. O'Connor, S. J., was a dream of beauty throughout its various scenes, while the sacred drama, "St. Catherine," by Mother Frances Raphael, presented in epitome the high ideals to which the

Mystery Play and Musical Drama, "Every-soul" *O'Connor*

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

Every soul Miss Mary Callahan
 Angel..... Miss Jeannetta Cunnea
 Spirits of Light and of Darkness, Enticers, Con-
 solers, Choruses of Waves, Winds
 and Flowers.

Conferring of Eighth Grade Diplomas.

(a) Rustle of Spring..... *Sinding*
 MISS LUCILLE POTTER.
 (b) Valcik *Makreys*
 MISS HELEN COMBS.

Conferring of Certificates for Music.

Sacred Drama, "St. Catherine of Alexandria" *Drane*

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

Maximus, Emperor.....Miss E. von Albade
Porphyry, Captain of the Guard.....

.....Miss C. Newberg

Celsus } Philosophers. { Miss M. Lyndon
Hippolytus } { Miss F. Morrissey

St. Catherine.....Miss B. Dailey

Faustina, Empress.....Miss V. Wall

Orontia } Catherine's { Miss D. Hughes
Christina } Friends { Miss H. Roche
Rufina } { Miss I. Cook

Asphodel } Faustina's { Miss M. Morrissey

Livia } Attendants { Miss C. Williamson

Guardian Angel.....Miss L. Whitham

Air de Ballet, Op. 36.....*Moszkowski*

MISS IRENE WARD.

Graduation Honours Conferred On

MISS BESSE M. DAILEY, MISS HELEN ROCHE,

MISS IRENE V. COOK, MISS VERONICA

E. WALL.

Ave Maria Loreto.....*Rieger*

**Loreto Convent, "Osborne," Claremont,
West Australia. School Record
for 1913.**

February the sixth—Reopening of school. As usual, many old faces were missing—and some new ones told the tale of leaving home for the first time. However, loneliness soon disappeared at sight of the happiness of those who had been enjoying boarding-school life in a convent. Several of us had not met since we parted in December, consequently, holiday experiences were the general topic of conversation for some time.

February the seventh—Pupils from the Gold-Fields returned this morning, after a long night journey by train, and received a warm welcome from all—warm, in the fullest sense of the word, as the day is intensely hot. It is summer now, and you would be surprised to see how we study, practice, and do all things natural to Loreto girls, just as if the weather were ordinary, as in European countries. Our daily pleasure—a swim in the bay in the cool of the evening,—indemnifies us for the great heat.

March the thirteenth—Nothing very eventful happened until to-day, when the Easter Exams. began.

March the twentieth—Those who lived near went home for Easter.

April the twenty-ninth—To-day is M. M. Dorothea's Profession Feast, which we are keeping as a holiday instead of that of her Patroness.

We had our story-books—which we always enjoy—and, at intervals, different sets went down for a swim. In the evening, a "Party"—you know what that means—and instead of giving a concert, a surprise was arranged for us—moving pictures in the vacant building. Oh! we did enjoy them beyond measure. A beautiful selection was given, and, among the views of Niagara Falls, we recognized the Loreto Convent, which was shown two or three times.

We presented M. M. Dorothea with a strip of velvet pile carpet for the predella in the chapel. We feel that Our Blessed Lord will not forget us when He looks at it.

May the twelfth—Intense excitement—a visit from dear Rev. Mother Provincial, who is just as charming as ever. She really seems to create a special atmosphere around her wherever she goes. Is she not wonderful at her age to venture a trip to Ireland? We were, of course, delighted to see her, and she recognized many of us.

M. M. de Sales, our former Superior, was also here, and, needless to say, we did give her a warm welcome. She chatted with her old children—who were quite numerous—and expressed her delight at the thought of revisiting Ireland.

M. M. Stanislaus, the Mistress of Novices, was the third of the party. It was amusing to watch the different expressions on the faces of some of our companions, who had been told that she could see a vocation in one's face.

We hope to be here to welcome them again when they return to Victoria.

May the thirty-first—Theory of Music Exams., in connection with the Associated Board, were held to-day in the study hall, as there is a sufficient number of candidates to form a centre.

June—Mid-winter Exams. took place this month.

June the seventeenth—Owing to the prospective building, the annual concert was given this evening.

June the eighteenth—Home! Sweet Home! for the holidays.

July the ninth—Back to school once more. Extra practising on pianos, in preparation for the Exams. Every one is anxious to do her best to maintain the good name of Loreto, "Osborne."

September the eighteenth—Practical Music Exams. took place to-day. The ordeal is one that many do not like to go through. There are all sorts of surmises as to results, but we must possess our souls in patience for a few weeks, as nothing will be published until the Examiner has left the State.

September the twenty-fourth—Feast of Our Lady of Mercy. This afternoon, two of our companions—Lilly Kavanagh and Thelma Lloyd—were received into the Sodality of the Children of Mary.

September the twenty-eighth—Music Exams., in connection with the Universities of Adelaide, New South Wales, Victoria and Queensland, were held here to-day. All the candidates gave great satisfaction to the Examiner.

October the sixteenth—Our annual Retreat commences this evening. It is to be conducted by Rev. F. McDermott, C.S.S.R., an esteemed friend of Loreto.

October the twentieth—The close of our Retreat. The traditions of former pupils of "Osborne" were handed down by the director, as it was he who gave the first Retreat to the pupils of this Loreto, in 1902. It is to be hoped that he found us up to the standard which they had attained.

October the twenty-fifth—Reunion of former pupils, or of the Loreto Association, as the organization is called. All the members seemed delighted to be here once more—this is the second meeting. Many old school friends met, after years—numbers of the girls are married, and looked quite matronly, walking round the different places and relating incidents of their school life. Some day we will be among the number. So we said, at all events. Several Loreto Convents are represented in this Western Land of ours—Rathfarnham Abbey, Dalkey Abbey, Stephen's Green, George's Street, Manchester, Gibraltar, Darjeeling, Navan, Nymphenburg, Killarney, Mary's Mount and Dawson Street in Ballarat, Albert Park, Portland, Ade-

laide Terrace, and though last not least, our own dear "Osborne."

PROGRAMME OF REUNION OF FORMER PUPILS.

1. Reception of Guests by Reverend Mother and Community.
2. A Short Visit to Our Divine Lord in the Chapel.
3. Conversazione in Reception-Room.
4. Address by Reverend P. Hayes.
Tea.
Music, Song and Recitation.
Photograph of Group.
Finale.

QUEEN OF LORETO.

Come to our home, dear children, whose presence brings us

All the pure joy waked by affection's spell.
Come! and how warm the welcome that awaits you,

Vainly would Loreto seek to tell.

And may we yet meet in those lovely bowers,
Wreathed with the buds that never see decay;
And even amid our Heavenly Joys remember
The simple pleasures of this Meeting Day!

November—Basket-Ball Contest took place to-day. The sides were well up in their work—their respective colours were Blue and Gold. The Blues won. A great number of our friends came to witness the game. Afternoon tea was served on the grounds.

November the tenth—As this must be ready for the next mail, only one word more—our going home in December will be a quiet leaving. Because of the great and many expenses incurred for the new wing, we asked M. M. Dorothea not to give us any prizes this year, but to devote the money that would be spent on them to the building.

One word more, to say good-bye, with the wish that all Loreto girls, wherever their lives may be cast, may live up to and put into practice the teachings of those whose one aim is to form all on that grand model—Our Lady of Loreto.

"A WESTRALIAN."

One thorn of experience is worth a whole wilderness of warning.—*Lowell.*

Which is Which?

When man and woman dress alike,
 And both are smoking cigarettes,
 'Tis precious hard to tell their sex,
 And few can pick the suffragettes.
 In doubtful cases of the kind
 Adopt this simple recipe:
 Just toss a mouselet in their midst,
 And he who screameth, that is she.

When male and female board a car,
 And each assumes the other's voice,
 Of narrow skirt and trousers loose
 You well may take a random choice.
 But when they come to ring the bell,
 Observe their movements carefully;
 For he who steppeth from the car
 And faceth backward, that is she.

When Eds. and Co-eds. cross the lawn,
 Whistling a bar of Bonnie Doone,
 And one can hardly tell their shape
 Athwart a hazy afternoon,—
 Just set a mirror in their path,
 And hide anear right stealthily;
 Then as they pass before the glass,
 The youth who peepeth, that is she.

When zero weather frosts the pane,
 And sleigh-bells ring across the snow;
 When sealskin caps disguise the sex,
 And which is which is hard to know:
 The one whose ears are all exposed,
 Whose throat is muffled, that's a he;
 The one whose neck is wholly bare,
 Whose ears are covered, that's a she.

When Pa and Ma go riding out,
 And both are wearing peaked caps,
 And one is seated at the wheel,
 And one between the little chaps:
 Would you distinguish which is which?
 The careless look betokens Pa;
 The one who wears both care and rouge
 Upon an auto face, that's Ma.

But when you meet a Christian maid,
 The type of perfect womanhood;
 Your eye can tell her at a glance—
 Her heart is pure, her face is good.

She'd shod in silence, crowned with grace,
 And robed in female modesty;
 And as she moves from place to place,
 You cannot doubt that it is she.

P. J. C.

Personals.

"My uncle wrote me that he was bringing me back from Italy a pretty little Murillo. I'm going to buy a cage for it."

"What does the letter 'f' over a bar of music mean?"

"Forty."

"What does 'ff' mean?"

"Two-forty."

"You must think time has more lives than a cat."

"Why?"

"Because you kill it so often."

"Did your sister pass her examination?"

"Pass! Indeed she didn't. Why they asked her about things that happened long before she was born!"

"Where are you going now, dear?"

"I have been where I'm going."

"It doesn't seem as if you could tell a blind man by sight, does it?"

"The people who lived on the earth before it was inhabited were a very low order of savages."

"Oh, you should see Mrs. Fuller's new home! It's furnished beautifully! Everything is just as old as it can be. Why she's even got a Queen Anne vacuum cleaner."

"Henry IV. of England met his death by starting to pray, and having a fit and died from effects."

"So you are at the foot of your class?"

"It makes no difference whether I am at the foot or the head, does it? They teach the same at both ends."

"What are you doing?"

"I'm drawing St. Michael."

"But how can you? Nobody knows what he's like."

"They soon will when I've finished."

Selection, "Andantino"*Lamare*
BOYS' VIOLIN BAND.

Part Song—

- (a) "Come Back to Erin".....
- (b) "Annie Laurie," arranged by.....
.....*W. M. Williams*
BOYS' CHOIR.

Selection, "In the Highlands".....*Stewart*
BOYS' VIOLIN BAND.

Part Song—

- (a) "Hunter's Farewell"*Mendelssohn*
- (b) "Hunting Song," arranged by.....
.....*W. M. Williams*
BOYS' CHOIR.

Part Song—

- (a) "Hob y deri Dando," arranged by
.....*W. M. Williams*
- (b) Welsh Hymn
BOYS' CHOIR.

Conductor, Mr. W. M. Williams; Soprano, Miss Gertrude Lathey; Contralto, Miss Blodwen Norton; Accompanist, Mr. Marchant Herbert.

Through the columns of the RAINBOW, we wish again to convey our thanks for the musical treat of this afternoon, and our sincere congratulations on the perfection of his work, to Mr. Williams, as also, to each member of the Choir and to Mr. Huttlemayer, the genial proprietor of the Queen Theatre, who accompanied the party to the convent.

May the twenty-third—We have just had the great happiness of making our annual three-days' retreat, under the direction of Reverend Father Gillis, C. P. Those amongst us who had already had the privilege of hearing Father Gillis preach knew what a blessing would come to us in listening once more to a course of beautiful and eloquent sermons, delivered in his characteristically powerful manner. Those who had not previously heard him speak understood, after the first sermon, that all our praises and expectations had failed to do justice to the realization. All have carried away lessons that will not quickly pass from mind, and we are unanimous in hoping that Father Gillis may conduct the next annual retreat at Loreto, Niagara.

M. M. Loretto, M. M. Ethelburga, Sr. M. Selena, Loreto Abbey, Toronto, and M. M. Eu-

phemia and Sr. M. Anacleta, Loreto Convent, Hamilton, are our welcome guests for a few days.

May the twenty-fifth—Our longing to see M. M. Ethelburga's lantern-slides, of which we had heard so much, was gratified this evening, when she kindly showed us several sets, all beautifully colored, amongst others, "The Other Wise Man," "Elegy in a Country Churchyard," "Hiawatha," "Evangeline," "Irish Scenery." In expressing our appreciation, once more, for this favor, we should like to intimate that we hope to have a repetition of the favor next term.

May the twenty-fourth—In the Church of Our Lady of Peace, Falls View, the Pan-American envoys to the Mexican Peace Conference assisted, this morning, at the Solemn High Mass celebrated for the intention of a peaceful issue to the important convention. Reverend B. J. O'Neill, O. C. C., Pastor, officiated, assisted by Reverend C. Kehoe, O. C. C., and Reverend T. Zazza, O. C. C.

The report in the Niagara Falls *Daily Record* was as follows: "The sermon, which was an eloquent plea for peace and an amicable and speedy settlement of the vexing Mexican problem, was delivered by Reverend G. J. Krim, S. J., of Buffalo. He impressed upon the minds of his distinguished audience the great lesson of peace taught by Christ. He reminded them of the trials and tribulations of the Son of God, of the dramatic climax of Our Saviour's Death on Calvary, followed by His glorious Resurrection from the dead and His familiar salutation henceforth: 'Peace be to you!' He spoke at length on the meaning of the Ten Commandments, beginning with the admonition that there is a God, Who is the Lord of all things. This, he said, was the real suggestion that there must be lawful authority, and that without it, there can be no peace among men. He declared God to be the sole Authority over all, and that, when a person, a council, a government or a nation banished God from all vital matters, there could be no peace, for God and He alone is the Prince of Peace."

Several members of the Convention called at the convent after Mass and were photographed, together with the Young Ladies of the School, on the convent steps. Miss Elena Weather-

stone, our little Mexican, had the pleasure of conversing for some time with them in her native tongue. She is in the centre of an interesting group which appeared in *The News*, the other members of the group being Señor Rodriguez, his son and three daughters, Señor Fernandez and his wife, and Señor Rebasa.

May the twenty-fourth—The Golden Jubilee of dear Sr. M. Martina has passed, leaving the happiest possible memories with her many friends, both religious and secular. At nine o'clock, High Mass was celebrated by Reverend C. Kehoe, O. C. C., nephew of the Jubilarian. In the gladsome hymn, "Jubilantes in Aeternum," the solo was beautifully rendered by Miss Margaret Bampfield. The guests were conducted at twelve-thirty to the Reception-Room, transformed for the time into a banquet-hall, tastefully decorated with the jubilee colors, white and gold. The same color-scheme was employed with delightful effect in the table arrangements. At three o'clock, a short entertainment was given by the pupils.

PROGRAMME.

- "Loreto Greets You".....
SENIOR CHORAL CLASS.
Piano Solo
MISS DOROTHY SOUTHER.
Vocal Solo
MISS ELIZABETH REED.
Play, "The Angel's Crown."
JUNIOR ELOCUTION CLASS.
Chorus, "Jubilantes in Aeternum".....
SENIOR CHORAL CLASS.

At the conclusion of the programme, Reverend Father Kehoe gave an address in which he dwelt particularly on the beautiful lesson taught by the play, "The Angel's Crown," and expressed thanks on behalf of Sr. M. Martina's many friends for this day of unalloyed pleasure. He mentioned that among the relatives present there were many former pupils of this Academy, and that from the earliest days of Loreto, Niagara Falls, there had rarely been missing a representative of the clan from the list of students. The bond of friendship, formed so long ago, had but strengthened with the passage of

the years, and to-day's reunion revealed in part the mutual kindly feeling existing. Among the guests were: Reverend C. Kehoe, O. C. C., St. Augustine's Seminary, Toronto; Reverend Sr. M. Selena, Loreto Abbey, Toronto; Mr. and Mrs. John Foster, Miss Josephine Foster, Mrs. Stoll, Niagara Falls, N. Y.; Mr. and Mrs. John Bampfield, Mr. and Mrs. John Bampfield, Jr., Mr. Fred Bampfield, Mrs. Shea, Seaforth, Ont.; Mrs. F. Mugel, Pittsburg, Pa.; Mrs. Mary Talbot, Mrs. Robert Talbot, Dr. and Mrs. Frank Talbot, Niagara Falls, N. Y.; Mrs. Kavanagh, Miss Kavanagh, Mr. C. Kavanagh, Ottawa, Ont.; Mrs. M. O'Brien, Miss Clara O'Brien, Masters Stoll, Gerald and Vincent McCarthy, Miss Bernice McCarthy, Babe Foster.

May the thirty-first—This morning, the following wee maidens had the great happiness of making their First Holy Communion in the convent chapel: Miss Katherine Mooney, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Miss Loretto Jordan and Miss Vida La Berge, Niagara Falls, Ont. An additional joy for little Kathleen and her sister, Odile, was a surprise visit from their father, who arrived in time to be present at Mass, after which he took them out for a day's pleasure about the Falls.

May the thirty-first—Miss Angela Duffey, being leader of the victorious side in the May Bands, had the honor of crowning Our Lady's statue this year at the close of May. Both leaders as also the members of both Bands are to be congratulated on their excellent adherence to duty throughout the month.

June the third—A pleasant surprise in a call from Reverend J. F. Cox, S. J., Guelph, who kindly gave an informal talk on the "Virtues and Spirit of Mary Ward." By numerous quotations from her writings and various incidents in her life, he showed how specially dear to her was the spirit of cheerfulness—cheerfulness, which she herself practised unceasingly, even when the path was steep and friends seemed few. The charming eulogy on one so loved within these walls was an incentive to each listener to emulate her beautiful life. We hope that it may be our good fortune to hear many more discourses on kindred topics from this learned director of souls.

June the ninth—The Undergraduates planned as a surprise for the Graduates a lawn-party at

Port Dalhousie, this afternoon, which was one of the most enjoyable events, thus far in the season. The long, swift car-ride and a brief half-hour of strolling about the lake-shore were delightful on a day when every breeze was welcome. About five o'clock, a choice repast was partaken of on the retired and beautifully shaded lawn at "Pine Grove." No happier thought for the entertainment of the Seniors could have been conceived. Congratulations to the dear Undergraduates for the fortunate idea and its happy execution!

Class at an elaborate dinner, this evening, at her home, Victoria Avenue, Niagara Falls. The tables were most artistically decorated and the favors quite unique. Much merriment was created by the fortunes drawn by each. We are so glad to know that Elizabeth is to be comfortably established in the Old Ladies' Home, and that Margaret is destined for seamstress to so distinguished a personage as an African queen! Of our kind hostesses, we have borne away the happiest remembrances, which will long remain with us of Class '14.



LORETO ACADEMY, NIAGARA FALLS, ONT.

June the eleventh—In quite a novel way, Miss Margaret Bampfield provided a delightful entertainment for the Graduating Class. At half-past one, Mrs. Bampfield arrived in her commodious car in readiness to take us to Buffalo for the afternoon. The ride was glorious. On reaching Buffalo, we enjoyed a dainty tea, after which we motored through the many beautiful parts of the city and finally back to Niagara, enjoying every instant of the trip and yet incapable of expressing adequately our grateful feelings.

June the thirteenth—Miss Lima McCaul entertained her companions of the Graduating

Class at an elaborate dinner, this evening, at her home, Victoria Avenue, Niagara Falls. The tables were most artistically decorated and the favors quite unique. Much merriment was created by the fortunes drawn by each. We are so glad to know that Elizabeth is to be comfortably established in the Old Ladies' Home, and that Margaret is destined for seamstress to so distinguished a personage as an African queen! Of our kind hostesses, we have borne away the happiest remembrances, which will long remain with us of Class '14.

Of interest and real pleasure to those who had the good fortune to be present, was the Distribution of Prizes, this morning, in the Junior Department.

Prize for Christian Doctrine, equally merited by Miss Lucille Sanders and Miss Jane O'Malley, obtained by Miss Lucille Sanders. Prize for Good Conduct obtained by Miss Cornelia Noyes. Honorable Mention, Miss Jane O'Malley, Lucille Sanders, Lottie Williams, Muriel Zybach, Rita La Berge, Kathleen Reynolds, Louise Bampfield, Rose Bell, Thelma Peterson, Joan Rothwell.

Prize for Amiability, by vote of Companions awarded to Miss Lotta Williams.

Prize for Regular Attendance merited by Miss Rita La Berge, Joan Rothwell, Rose Bell, Emmeline Nowers, Doris Hogue, Vida La Berge, Doris Barnum, obtained by Miss Rita La Berge.

Prize for Personal Neatness merited by Miss Lotta Williams, Emmeline Nowers, Joan Rothwell, Rita La Berge, Doris Hogue, Muriel Zybach, Ramona Coffey, Lucille Sanders, Celia O'Connor, Jane O'Malley, Cornelia Noyes, obtained by Miss Muriel Zybach.

1st. Prize in Preliminary French Class obtained by Miss Lucille Sanders; 2nd. Prize, Miss Jane O'Malley.

1st. Prize for Drawing obtained by Miss Lucille Sanders; 2nd. Prize merited by Miss Ramona Coffey and Miss Celia O'Connor, obtained by Miss Celia O'Connor.

Prize for Fidelity to Piano Practice awarded to Miss Cornelia Noyes.

1st. Prize in 4th. Grade obtained by Miss Louise Bampfield.

2nd. Prize in 4th. Grade obtained by Miss Rose Bell and Joan Rothwell.

1st. Prize in 3rd. Grade obtained by Miss Doris Hogue and E. Nowers.

2nd. Prize in 3rd. Grade obtained by Miss Charlotte Styles and D. Barnum.

Prizes in 2nd. Grade obtained by Miss Agnes Fleming, Odile Mooney, Jean Swazie, Ruth Reynolds, Alma Burns, Vida La Berge, Loretto Jordan and Josephine Biggar.

Prizes in 1st. Grade obtained by Miss Alice Miller, Katherine Mooney, Isabelle Mordan, Eleanor Leavy and Ruth Styles.

Prizes for being good little girls awarded to Miss Katherine McLaughlin and Esther Peterson.

June the sixteenth—Reverend Thomas Murphy, S. J., Dublin, Ireland, has favoured us with two brief visits during his tour through America. The mighty cataract has found an ardent admirer in this great-hearted Irish priest who sounds its praises and finds in it a glorious manifestation of God's Power.

To listen to Father Murphy recite the following beautiful hymn of praise after Mass or after a sermon, is to feel a new bond of intimacy between ourselves and God:

Translation of some very ancient Irish verses:

I offer Thee
Every flower that ever grew,
Every bird that ever flew,
Every wind that ever blew,
Good God;
Every thunder rolling,
Every church-bell tolling,
Every leaf and sod;
Laudamus Te!

I offer Thee
Every wave that ever moved,
Every heart that ever loved
Thee, Thy Father's Well-beloved,
Dear Lord!
Every river dashing,
Every lightning flashing
Like an angel's sword;
Benedicimus Te!

I offer Thee
Every cloud that ever swept
O'er the skies and broke and wept
In rain, and with the flow'rets slept;
My King!
Each communicant praying,
Every angel staying
Before Thy Throne to sing;
Adoramus Te!

I offer Thee
Every flake of virgin snow,
Every spring the earth below,
Every human joy and woe;
My Love!
O Lord! and all Thy glorious Self
O'er death victorious,
Throned in Heaven above!
Glorificamus Te!

Take them all, O darling Lord!
In Thy Sacrament adored;
Change them all to millions rare,
Into glorious millions,
Into gorgeous millions,
Into golden millions—
Millions of Glorias, Glorious Son!

And then, O dear Lord! listen,
Where the tabernacles glisten,
To these praises, Holiest One!



[Courtesy of *The Young Catholic Messenger*.]

MARY, OUR MOTHER.

NIAGARA



RAINBOW

Earth's noblest thing—a woman perfected

VOL. XXI.

OCTOBER, 1914.

No. 4

Pius X.

BY THE REVEREND ROBERT HUGH BENSON.

UPON hearts already tender with pain and anxiety, there fell the news that the Father of Christendom was dead. It seemed as if from every quarter tragedy followed tragedy. Already, in imagination, the hearts of all Catholics had been turning, whether of this party or that, from the noises and passions of this strange war, in which Catholic Austria is ranged against Catholic Belgium, and Catholic English and Irish fight side by side with the anti-clericalists of France, to that Eternal City where the Vicar of the Prince of Peace still held his Court, and whence he issued his appeals to the combatants in the name of his Master: there at least was spiritual reassurance for his children; and then to those children came the news of their Father's departure. It was not until we heard how he thanked the "inexhaustible mercy" of God for his release, that we thought of him rather than of ourselves.

It is a wonderful consolation, however, to realize how, for the first time perhaps for four centuries, the Shepherd of the Flock has succeeded in making his voice heard and a part, at least, of his message intelligible among the sheep that are not of his fold. Pontiff after Pontiff has spoken that same message, and Pontiff after Pontiff has been, without the confines of his own flock, little more than a voice crying in the wilderness. Now, for the first time, partly no doubt through the breaking down of obstinate prejudice, but chiefly through the particular accents of the voice that spoke and the marvellous personality of the speaker, that message has become audible; and Pius X. has succeeded where

diplomacy, and even sanctity of another complexion, have failed. Men have recognized the transparent love of the Pastor where they have been deaf to the definitions of the Pontiff: they have at any rate paused to listen to the appeals of their Father, when they have turned away from the authority of the *Rector Mundi*.

Yet how short a time ago it seems since Pius was denounced for his "*intransigence*" in France and then for his "*obscurantism*" in the realm of truth! It was said that he was an irresponsible fanatic, mad with spirituality, when he sacrificed the status, the revenues and the churches of France, rather than the authority which Christ had laid on his shoulders: it was said that by his birth and his temperament and his breeding he was rendered incapable of rising to the heights of true statesmanship, and that the star of the Papacy had set with the diplomacy of Leo XIII. And now it is doubtful whether there is a single political thinker, even, who does not acknowledge the justness and the inevitability of Pius' act; while it is certain that there is no man who does not acknowledge his extraordinary courage, and no Christian who does not bear witness to its marvellous spiritual success. Whether or no diplomacy lingered too long in the field, before his day, may still be open to doubt; it is not open to debate that absolute conscientiousness and fearless sincerity have finally reaped the fruits of victory.

So, too, with the uprise of Modernism and his method of dealing with it. Five years ago it was proclaimed that by his action thought was once more thrown back into the fetters from which it was shaking itself loose, and that Rome henceforward must be considered as finally out of the struggle; that once more she feared to

face the light, and held back or cast out those of her children who honestly desired it. And there is practically not a Christian anywhere—a Christian, that is to say, in the historic sense of the word, who believes that Christ's mission lay in the revelation which He promulgated, and not merely in the impulse which His coming gave to spiritual aspiration—there is not a Christian in this sense, however far his sympathies may be from the Catholic interpretation of the contents of that revelation, who does not acknowledge that Pius stood firm where their religious leaders faltered or temporized; and that Rome, under his leadership, placed herself on the side of plain Gospel truth, of the authority of Holy Scripture, and of the Divinity of Christ, where the spiritual heirs of the Reformation placed themselves against it.

Even in more domestic and intimate matters Pius X. has astonished the world. It was the foolish taunt of controversialists that the exterior side of religion, under Rome's guidance, was ousting the interior; and that her strength (such as it was) and her interests lay in the realm of ceremonial and discipline and even politics, rather than in the spiritual life itself. Now Pius X. has shown that the Church's primary care lies in the soul of man, and that while she uses, indeed, all exterior means suitable to her purpose, she uses them solely for a spiritual end. Consider, for instance, not only his legislation, but the amazing success of his legislation, in the matter of frequent Communion. For centuries the old tradition of the Church had persisted, and for centuries the practice of the faithful had fallen short of it, that the Bread which our Father desires to give us day by day from Heaven should be the food of the soul, no less than that of the body; and it has not been until Pius X. assumed the supreme Pastorship that tradition and practice have begun, once more, to run together. So, too, with the reform of the Breviary; so, too, with the regulation of Church music; in all alike he has made plain to the world, as well as fruitful amongst his own children—so fruitful that Heaven alone can disclose its full effects—the principle that the health and strength of the spiritual life are the first preoccupation of the Mother of Souls, and that if these things are "sought first," all other things "will be added to them."

Pius X., then, has left his mark upon the world, even beyond the transformations he has made within the circle of those who acknowledged his authority, perhaps more than any Pontiff of the last four centuries at least. The humble cry of sorrow which, we are told, broke from him at the time when he deplored his impotence to check the madness of Europe, indeed witnessed to the great historical lesson that those who reject the arbitration of Christ's Vicar, and the elementary principles of Christian justice, will surely reap—indeed are already reaping—the bitter fruits of disobedience; but along other lines he has done more than any predecessor of his since the days of that great schism to reconcile by love those who throw over authority; and the secret of it all lies in exactly that which he would be the last to recognize—namely, the personal holiness and devotion of his own character.

Who that has seen him can ever forget the extraordinary impression of his face and bearing, the kindness of his eyes, the quick sympathy of his voice, the overwhelming fatherliness that enabled him to bear not only his own supreme sorrows, but all other sorrows of their own that his children laid on him in such abundance.

By his death, it may be, he will speak even more eloquently than by his life; and not his own children only, but perhaps even those who rejected his piteous appeals for peace and justice, may hesitate when they remember that upon that loving pastor of souls, that friend of little children, that fearless and innocent shepherd, have been laid the iniquities of us all.

Keen eyes for goodness are surely a glorious endowment, their possession a beautiful gift to attribute to any one. To go through the world seeing the good underlying the evil, the honest effort beneath the failure, the right intention at the root of the blunder, is to have a more kindly and hopeful feeling toward all mankind: it is to catch earth's harmonies instead of its discords, and so to find more happiness in life and all its relationships. It is only in part a natural gift; it is a trained vision that has learned to discover the pleasant things to be seen and said—the best that is in people, the beauty that is in the world about us.

Morning—A Sonnet.

Oft, in her ruddy car I've seen
Aurora gild th' enamelled green,
And speed her azure way;
While from her soft, mellifluous throat
The warbler pours her gladsome note
And cheers the infant day.

But soon the black'ning veil is drawn,
And heav'n's artillery frights the morn,
Astonished flies the swain,
The pealing thunder rattles loud,
Blue light'nings flash from every cloud,
And torrents sweep the plain.

Thus often smiles life's early dawn
While, wing'd on peace rolls smoothly on
The uninterrupted year;—
Till soon thick-gath'ring clouds of woe
Burst in a dismal din below
And stop the glad career.

W. R. H.

**A Pilgrimage in the Footsteps of Blessed
Thomas More.**

BY JAMES F. ST. LAWRENCE.

(Continued from July Issue.)

Lambeth Palace.

THUS we take leave of a venerable landmark, rich in holy and historical memories; of a spot hallowed by the presence of Thomas a Becket, who died gloriously in defence of the rights of Holy Church; and the presence also of Edmund, who bravely stood by the people in their struggle against a despotic king; and who, together with Augustine, Lawrence, Dunstan, Aelphage and Anselm, their predecessors in the See of Canterbury, have been raised to the Altars. How many and varied are the memories we recall of those who have sat in the Throne of St. Augustine, as we look for the last time upon the walls of Lambeth Palace.

Here lived Baldwin, who accompanied the Crusaders to the Holy Land and died outside the walls of Acre. Here dwelt the great Cardinal, Stephen Langton, who was mainly responsible

for the Magna Charta, the corner-stone of English Liberty, which he wrested from the hands of King John. Here resided Chichele, who at death founded All Souls' College, Oxford, and bequeathed vast sums of money that Masses might be said in perpetuity for the repose of the souls of the faithful departed; but which money, save for a small portion set aside for the preservation of the Archbishop's monument (the side of the grave which least matters), has for centuries been squandered, and is still being squandered in other directions. In Lambeth Palace Cardinal Bouchier, Protector of Learning and Patron of Caxton, kept open house. With the death of Cardinal Pole, who brought about the Reconciliation with the Holy See which, at the passing of Queen Mary, was repudiated by a servile people, was severed the last link connecting Lambeth Palace with Catholicity.

Of all the great saints and famous men who, from the time of St. Augustine until that of this unhappy cleavage, have filled the office of Archbishop of Canterbury, no relic, with the exception of a rosary, once the property of Cardinal Pole, has been preserved in Lambeth Palace; where, however, room has been found for—the shell of Laud's pet tortoise!

In the neighbouring Church of Lambeth rest many of those who, since the time of Elizabeth, have usurped the glories of what was once the Throne of St. Augustine; and their little lives are rounded with a sleep.

Westminster.

Sir Thomas More spent some days at Westminster as the prisoner-guest of the Abbot, during which time the latter

“Argued high and argued low,
And also argued round about him”

--his chief thesis being the sufficiently amusing one that, since the State had settled the affair, Blessed Thomas More must be wrong. All his efforts, however, failing, orders came from the King that the prisoner be removed to the Tower of London, there to await his trial.

What memories must have crowded into the mind of the future martyr during his stay in the house of the Abbot (now the Deanery), from the windows of which ancient building he could see, on the opposite side of the cloisters, the en-

trance to the famous chapter-house, which, in his day, as for centuries before, served as the meeting place of Parliament; and where, in earlier days, he had presided as Speaker. All the parliamentary proceedings which took place from the time of the Edwards to the last day of the reign of Henry the Eighth (including the Act which called the Church as by Law Established into being), were transacted within those walls; yet, such has been the neglect and ill use to which that historical building has been subjected since the days of Sir Thomas More, that only with the greatest possible difficulty and at great expense has it recently been restored into something distantly approaching its former grandeur.

We cannot take leave of the Monastery without a word concerning the Abbot, to whom belongs the honour of having been, at the time of the Reformation, the last to bear the title and the first to bear that of Dean. As Abbot he took his name from that of his birthplace, St. Botolph's Town, which name, corrupted in time into Boston, has, under the latter style, re-established its refinement in the West as the Hub of the Universe.

As Dean, however, he was, peradventure, looking after himself, or, it may be, feared in so perilous a journey to invoke St. Botolph, the patron of travellers, for the fact remains that he elected to use his surname, Benson.

Fortune, however much she may favour the brave, does not always smile upon the complacent, and thus the path of the Dean did not wind through pleasant places. So many were the pilfering fingers seeking for treasure in the débris of Henry the Eighth's plunder that, sad to relate, poor Benson died of grief, occasioned by his inability to cope with debt. He lies buried in an unmarked and unregarded grave in an obscure corner of the Abbey; the best commentary, it may be, on the respect in which he is held by those upon whom he has most claims.

As Sir Thomas More looked across the quiet garth of the cloisters, his eyes, no doubt, lovingly, rested upon the walls of the already-gray Abbey beyond; whither he has often crept, when his parliamentary duties allowed, in order to say his rosary or to recite his Little Office.

Into that majestic pile has been woven, from the time of its foundation by St. Edward the

Confessor, the history of the English people; those who know intimately the story of its stones, hold the key to all that is best and least lovable in that race, and, in some sort, are able to unravel the mystery of the centuries of abuse to which, since the time of Blessed Thomas More, the Abbey has been subjected, and to realise at how great a cost the change in Faith has been purchased.

When the clear light of Faith illumined England from end to end, all men, from King to knave, were one in the desire to labour with their hands to the greater honour and glory of God. They brought to their loving work no thought of self; nor for the rewards which this world has to offer, whether of fame or of riches, did they work. As you stand in the Abbey and look aloft at the beauty of the structure, no one, other than a poet, could find words in which to do justice to it; for truly, as Wordsworth sings,

"They dreamt not of a perishable home
Who thus could build."

But should one seek to discover the names of those who have thus striven to express outwardly in stone the glory of the Kingdom glowing within them, his quest will be in vain.

As, however, the time of the Reformation approached, we find a sad change taking place. In Henry the Seventh's Chapel, to make room for which the chapel dedicated to Our Blessed Lady was destroyed, we find ourselves so constantly being reminded, by the emblems engraved in the decorative work, of the many claims, all alike extremely remote, of that Tudor King to the throne, that we are apt to overlook the homage we owe to the many saints in whose honour, we are to suppose, this all-too-elaborate Chapel has been built.

With the advent of Henry the Eighth the change is great indeed; and from his day until our own there is hardly any indignity, whether of fanaticism, impiety, indifference, neglect, ignorance, or lack of all good taste, that Westminster Abbey, in common with such cathedrals and churches as escaped destruction at the hands of that King, has not been called upon to endure.

Banished is the Crucifix, from which, as we look upon the outstretched hands and the bowed head, we may learn at once the measure and the price of our Redemption. Gone are the relics

and statues of those glorious saints, whose journey through life should be an inspiration to all those who still labour in the way. Destroyed are the altars, where, daily, for centuries, the Holy Sacrifice had been offered.

But in return have we nothing in exchange? Yea! much that even those possessed of the least possible amount of good taste would wish away. Pagan gods, scanty of attire and weighing many tons, press heavily upon the mute dust of those, for the most part nobodies, whom they are supposed to commemorate. Allegorical figures, strangely out of keeping with their surroundings, offend the eye at every turn. Death, which formerly was regarded as the price of sin, but no less the portal of Eternal Life, found suitable expression in the monuments erected to those who rest beneath. The prone figure, the hands clasped in prayer, the pious supplication to the passer-by for remembrance in his devotions, give place to another order of things. The dead, so to speak, arise, but gradually. At first we find the marble figures in a troubled sleep, each, with seemingly little comfort, supporting a wearied head with a single hand. Tiring of this posture, however, they are made to sit upright and the now disengaged hand directs the onlooker's attention to an epitaph, whereon are recorded the many virtues which, only too often, have more existence in the minds of those who have erected the monument than they possess in reality. A little later still the figures are accommodated with chairs; and would dazzle us with the glory of Roman costume; but this glory, within the walls of Westminster Abbey, is absolutely nil. Tired of sitting, but Romans still, they presently stand upright. Meantime the vainglory, with which their deeds are set forth, keeps pace with their agility; no longer is the mind of the visitor able to meditate upon the awfulness of death where only the greatness of man is extolled, and worst of all, to make room for these eyesores, many gems of architecture, mute witnesses of the times when the race was artistic, have been ruthlessly destroyed.

The Puritan may plead that we have reached a day which has outlived the need of altars, relics, and such toys; but what is to be said for the wanton destruction which cannot plead even the mistaken zeal of misdirected religious enthusiasm as an excuse?

Nothing has been held sacred. The Chair in which every monarch from Edward the Second has been crowned, and in which Oliver Cromwell sat when he made himself Protector has, for centuries, been hacked and cut with the knives of generations of nobodies in the endeavour to record thereon their worthless names. The once glorious tomb erected to the memory of one of England's greatest Kings, Henry the Fifth, who, in the plays of Shakespeare (in which, as Ruskin points out, there are many heroines but no hero), is depicted as the poet's ideal man, was despoiled in Henry the Eighth's reign, when all the silver-gilt was torn from the effigy and, together with the head, itself a solid mass of silver, carried off. From that day to this no attempt has been made to atone for so wanton an outrage to the memory of a King, than whom few have greater claims upon the love and respect of succeeding generations of his fellow countrymen. If on the anniversary of Agincourt Englishmen should, in the words of Shakespeare, "stand a-tiptoe when that day is named," the remaining three hundred and sixty-four days of the year should afford them leisure in which to hang their heads in shame at the sight of this black act of ingratitude and neglect; but, alas, only one of many like deeds of barbarism committed within these ancient walls.

We do not wish to imply that all post-Reformation monuments in the Abbey are past redemption. A few are very beautiful; some have great artistic merit, which, however, is quite out of keeping with their surroundings; but the bulk are beneath criticism.

When things are at their worst if any change come it must be for the better; thus the advent of the Wizard of the North worked wonders. Though no lover of Catholics, Sir Walter Scott created by his genius a spirit more powerful than himself, and one which ever since has worked unceasingly in the cause of Catholicity. In the pages of "Ivanhoe," as in others of his famous works, the author threw the light of his genius upon medieval times, which in England had, for many generations, been regarded as part of the Dark Ages. No man, in the opinion of Cardinal Newman, did more to make easy the way for the Oxford Movement than Sir Walter; and since the days when "Tracts for the Times" burst like bombshells upon the ears

of the astonished people, efforts, almost regardless of cost, have been made in most of the ancient cathedrals and churches, and to some extent in Westminster Abbey, to atone for the neglect of the past to preserve for posterity what beauties still survive of the venerable buildings of which at the moment they are custodians.

It is now refreshing to notice in the Abbey that even statesmen, in whom the desire to stand as if addressing us—the ruling passion strong in death—might be excused, seemingly enjoy that sleep which of yore their oratorical efforts, at times, caused their hearers to experience.

The day, at least, has passed, we sincerely trust, when (as was the case not many years ago), we need fear to find the niches beneath the Shrine of St. Edward the Confessor, where countless pilgrims have knelt and miracles have been wrought, serving as storerooms for artists' materials during the intervals of business.

Whitehall.

On his way from Westminster to the Tower Sir Thomas More saw once again Whitehall, the former residence of Wolsey, his predecessor in the office of Lord Chancellor, whose career, kingly for many years, ended in disgrace within its walls, and whither the future martyr had often journeyed as a welcome guest. Originally built in 1248, this Palace, from the days of Henry the Third to those of Wolsey (by whom it was almost entirely rebuilt), was the town residence of the Archbishops of York. Few palaces have witnessed more scenes of splendour than Whitehall in the heyday of Wolsey's power—scenes which still glow with life in the splendid pages of Cavendish, and are enshrined for all time in the plays of Shakespeare. Here it was that the first meeting, so fraught with fate, took place between Henry the Eighth and Ann Boleyn, who, at the time, were the Cardinal's guests. Here, too, in secret, was performed the marriage between this ill-assorted pair.

At Whitehall, but later, Holbein, as the honoured guest of the King, who, on the downfall of Wolsey had seized the Palace for himself, lived, the painter to whom, as we have seen, Sir Thomas had given years of hospitality in earlier days.

In Whitehall, when his hour came, as come it will even to the most unready, died Henry the

Eighth. Though that King has bequeathed perhaps the foulest name to English History, yet was he a man of many and great parts, all of which, however, were brought to naught, save for evil, by a stubborn will, egged on by insane pride. And what a death! The axe which shortened the lives of so many of his victims was swift, and the reward, where Death had been faced for Faith, exceeding great; but the remorse which haunted the death-bed of Henry, terrible in itself, was the more awful in the absence of all hope. His last words, as we read in one account, were—"All is lost"—truly a terrible epilogue to a life which, if led aright, had, by reason of his many gifts and parts, left his name written in letters of gold in the annals of his country.

Hither, too, in due season, were brought the remains of Queen Elizabeth to lie in state, after a death scene at Richmond, second only in horror and desolation to that of her royal father.

From this house of mourning time-serving courtiers set spurs to their horses in order to announce the death of "The Virgin Queen" to "The Wisest Fool in Christendom" and proclaim him King. Hither hurried that ill-starred importation from the North to take up residence. Nor did he allow the grass to grow under his feet. Within a few days of his arrival here he knighted, for a consideration (for in the land that gave him birth the love of money is not a weakness born of yesterday) some three hundred gentlemen "at one fell swoop."

To Whitehall came the first whisperings of the threatened Gunpowder Plot, and hither Guy Fawkes was dragged in order to undergo a portion of his examination at the hands of the King.

But though the Palace has its sordid memories yet it lacks not some which add lustre to it, and of these pride of place may be given to the fact that, on many occasions, during the reign of James the First, the plays of Shakespeare were performed, and on these occasions it is hardly fanciful to suppose that the Prince of Poets was present in person.

Of the ancient Palace nothing remains to-day. The Banqueting Hall, the oldest existing portion, only dates from the time of James the First, who took the greatest interest in its erection, and was constantly on the scene—and in the way—in order to watch the work's progress;

and, as was his custom ever, to offer advice. Fond man! little did he dream, to quote Pen-
nant, that he was raising a pile from which his
son was to step from a throne to a scaffold. To-
day a brass plate marks the window through
which "The Martyr King" walked bravely to
his death.

During the Commonwealth, Whitehall was
frequently the residence of Oliver Cromwell,
and within its walls, and within a few yards of
the spot where his royal victim bled, the Pro-
tector breathed his last. Here for some years
lived a nobler than Cromwell, in the capacity of
Latin Secretary, Milton, the most sublime of
English poets.

With the Restoration, hither came Charles the
Second and his Court, of whose doings (the re-
action of Puritanism) the pages of Pepys, of
Evelyn and of Hamilton afford animated, but
scarcely edifying, reading. Here, too, the Merry
Monarch, of whom the cruel mock-epitaph was
written—

"Here lies our sovereign lord the King
Whose word no man relies on;
Who never said a foolish thing
And never did a wise one,"

died; and on his death-bed became, what he had
long been at heart, a Catholic.

During his brief reign James the Second built
a chapel at Whitehall where service was held in
state. From this Palace that ill-advised mon-
arch fled at the approach of William of Orange;
and, leaving England never to return, bequeathed
to his loyal Irish and Scotch subjects a forelorn
cause, in defence of which much blood and treas-
ure were to be spent in vain.

With William the Third the interest of White-
hall dies; nor is it to be greatly wondered at.
The recollections it must have had for Mary,
his wife, and Anne by whom he was succeeded,
can hardly have been of the pleasantest, for to
abandon one's father in the hour of need cannot
be without price even to the most callous. Wil-
liam cordially hated the place and early in his
reign, owing to the carelessness of a Dutch ser-
vant (some say), or by design (as others have
it), the Palace took fire, and with the exception
of the Banqueting Hall, now a Museum, was
utterly destroyed.

The Tower of London.

On his arrival at the Tower Sir Thomas More
alighted from his boat at the dreaded Traitor's
Gate, through which so many of the innocent
and unfortunate have been hurried to death,
whose history still moves us to pity, or thrills
us with horror. Sir Thomas then passed through
the gateway beneath the Tower which, not with-
out reason, is called Bloody. Could that gateway
but speak, perhaps there is no other with so
much to relate of grandeur, of horror and of
shame. For many centuries the sole entrance and
exit of the Inner Keep of the Tower, that gate-
way has witnessed all the stirring scenes in
which, as palace, fortress and prison, the Tower
has taken part. Through this gateway every
monarch from William Rufus to Charles the
Second, with hardly an exception, passed on his
way to Westminster Abbey to be crowned;
through it also passed all the joyful martyrs to
lay down their lives for the Faith; through it
had been hurried to their fate all the unhappy
prisoners who learnt, all too late, how frail a hold
they had on life whose happiness depended upon
a monarch's smile. Many a gallant fight between
a grasping King and his outraged subjects has
this gateway witnessed; which, though hoary
with age, is still ready for use; for tyranny is
not dead, but sleepeth. In its roof to-day may
still be seen the holes through which molten lead
was poured in order to "encourage" the be-
siegers.

Only too well has the Bloody Tower earned its
name; for many are those who within its walls
have met with death at the hands of others, or,
in despair, have died miserably at their own.
Within its gloomy walls the young Princes, Ed-
ward the Fifth and his brother, the Duke of
York, were murdered; though when, or by
whose orders, is not known for certain. Here
also Cramer, and later, Laud, were imprisoned.
Hither, in later years, the infamous Judge Jef-
freys was brought, who during his stay robbed,
by drink, the death richly due to the axe of the
executioner.

In the adjoining Wakefield Tower, where the
Royal Jewels are shown, the saintly Henry the
Sixth was murdered, while at his devotions, in
the little chapel there which may still be seen;
no longer used as a place of prayer but filled
with cases laden with decorations which a mon-

arch bestows upon fortunate, and occasionally, deserving, subjects. The ancient piscina still retains its original position.

To glance, however briefly, at all the historical memories which the Tower, as a whole, recalls would require more volumes than the minutes our leisure affords; we must, therefore, confine ourselves, as much as possible, to those parts of the place with which the memory of Blessed Thomas More is associated. Mention, however, must be made of one prisoner who dwelt within the walls of the Bloody Tower for fourteen years and yet, though only for a time, lived to tell the tale—Sir Walter Raleigh. Rising superior to his surroundings, here Sir Walter wrote that glorious fragment, "The History of the World," which, in richness of material would provide matter enough for a library of modern books.

Beside the Tower that is called Bloody stands the Bell Tower, in which, for the short remainder of his life, Blessed Thomas More was kept a prisoner. At first he was treated with some consideration. The Governor, a greatly attached friend, showed what kindness he could; which, under such a King as Henry the Eighth, was not much, though more perhaps than might be ventured upon with safety. When he apologized to his prisoner for the scanty fare provided, the wit of the latter did not desert him. "If I am not satisfied with it," he replied, "turn me out!" At first, Blessed Thomas More was allowed the services of a faithful servant, on the strict condition, however, that he saw to it that his master wrote nothing treasonable, an arrangement which, seeing that the man could neither read nor write, must have greatly tickled the sense of humour of the future martyr.

In this Bell Tower, but overhead, Sir Thomas More had for his fellow prisoner one whose name is ever linked with his own—Blessed John Fisher, the heroic Bishop of Rochester, who, but by a few weeks, preceded his friend into Heaven.

Three years later, to this very tower, and into the selfsame overhead cell, was hurried Ann Boleyn, the price, and value, of the Reformation, here to spend the few remaining days of her life in the place whither, in the hour of her triumph, she had hounded Blessed Thomas More. The end of that unhappy Queen was foretold by the future martyr in the days of his own imprisonment here. We learn from Roper

that, conversing with his daughter "Meg," Sir Thomas More

"asked how Queen Ann did." "Never better, father, (quoth she), in faith." "Never better, Meg?" (quoth he), "alas," (Meg), "alas, it pitieth me to remember in what misery she (poor soul), shortly will come."

"Poor soul!" Infinite pity, without a trace of ill will, was the measure of the feeling of the future martyr towards his greatest enemy.

While Sir Thomas More lay in prison visitors came daily to see him, and urged him to yield. The Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk, nay, the great Cromwell himself, pleaded with him; but the arguments, even those of the latter (perhaps the most sinister figure in English history), fell upon deaf ears. Nay more, and worse. The wife of the future martyr, a dear soul, but worldly withal, added her entreaties.

"What the good year, Mr. More," quoth she. "I marvel that you, that have always hitherto been taken for so wise a man, will now play the fool to live here in this filthy close prison, and be content to be shut up among mice and rats, when you might be abroad at your liberty, and with the favour and good will both of the King and his Council, if you would do as all the bishops and best learned of this realm have done."

It must have been a sore trial to Blessed Thomas More to see so many of those who should have made a stand for their Faith crooking the knee to the new and self-appointed head (and what a head!), but the hardest trial of all must surely have been to find, as it were, a traitor in his own household, whose eloquence became the more alluring by reason of the affection in which he regarded her. However,

"After he had a little while quietly heard her, with a cheerful countenance he said unto her, 'I pray thee, good Mrs. Alice, tell me, tell me one thing.' 'What is it?' quoth she. 'Is not this house as nigh heaven as mine own?' To whom she, after her accustomed fashion, not liking such talk answered, 'Tille valle, tille valle.' 'How say you, Mrs. Alice, is it not so?' 'Bon Deus, bon Deus, man, will this gear never be left?'

quoth she. 'Well then, Mrs. Alice, if it be so it is very well. For I see no very great cause why I should so much joy of my gay house, or of anything belonging thereunto, when, if I should but seven years lie buried under the ground, and then arise and come hither again, I should not fail to find therein some that would bid me get out of doors, and tell me that were none of mine. What care I then to like such a house as would so soon forget his master?' "

With these conclusions we find ourselves as little in sympathy as did his good lady; but for greatly differing reasons. It is not his memory, but rather the house in which he lived, that has perished from the face of the earth; and were he to return to-day, not seven years, but nearly half as many centuries after his death, it would be to find his name an honoured and a household word; while upon the place where of yore his house stood he would find being offered up daily the Sacrifice of the Mass, and the Faith in defence of which he gladly laid down his life, being practised in its entirety.

Finding that Blessed Thomas More would not yield, not even to the finished arguments put forward by so great an expert as Cromwell, sterner methods were tried, and, at a moment when the future martyr was engaged in writing a treatise on Our Lord's Passion, his books and writing material were taken away. With characteristic dry humour, he boarded up the window (still to be seen), of his cell, observing, "When the wares are all gone the shop windows are to be shut up." Here for the remaining weeks of his life he lived in semi-darkness, and what letters he addressed to his friends were written "with a cole," or, in other words, with a fragment of the scanty supply of charcoal with which his cell was provided.

There were moments when he drew aside the shutters in order to look upon the world in which he had played so great a part and which he was shortly to leave for a better; and it was on one of these occasions that he saw his fellow prisoner and dearly beloved friend, Blessed John Fisher, being led forth to martyrdom. On another occasion, we read, happening to glance out of his window.

"He chanced to see Mr. Reynolds, a religious learned man and virtuous father of

Sion, and three monks of the Charterhouse, for the matter of the Supremacy going out of the Tower to execution, he, as one longing in that journey to have accompanied them, said unto my wife, then standing by him: 'Lo, dost thou not see (Meg) that these blessed fathers be now as cheerful going to their deaths as bridegrooms to their marriage!'"

As he gazed, doubtless his mind went back to those far-off happy days when, without taking vows, he had devoted himself for two years to prayer and meditation in that very Charterhouse whence these same poor priests had been dragged to meet a shameful death for no greater offence than the refusal to acknowledge the right of the King in matters spiritual.

Westminster Hall.

At length the order came for which Blessed Thomas More had so long yearned. The vengeance of the King was as mean as it was far-reaching, and the future martyr, worn out with the severity of his imprisonment, was forced to make the journey from the Tower to Westminster Hall on foot. Lord Campbell, in his famous "Lives of the Lord Chancellors," has drawn a touching and masterly picture of the scene:

"On the morning of the trial More was led on foot, in a coarse woolen gown, through the most frequented streets from the Tower to Westminster Hall. The colour of his hair, which had become grey since his last appearance in public; his face, which, though still cheerful, was pale and emaciated; his bent posture, and his feeble steps, which he was obliged to support with his staff, showed the rigour of his confinement and excited the sympathy of the people, instead of impressing them, as was intended, with dread of the royal authority. When, sordidly dressed, he held up his hand as a criminal in that place where, arrayed in his magisterial robes and surrounded by crowds who watched his smile, he had been accustomed on his knees to ask his father's blessing before mounting his own tribunal as sole judge on the most important rights of the highest subjects of the realm, a gen-

eral feeling of horror and commiseration ran through the spectators; and after a lapse of three centuries, during which statesmen, prelates and kings have been unjustly brought to trial under the same roof, considering the splendour of his talents, the greatness of his acquirements, and the innocence of his life, we must still regard his murder as the blackest crime ever perpetrated in England under the form of law."

So eager were his judges to find him guilty that, as Sir Thomas pointed out, they did not wait to hear what he had to urge in his own defence before passing sentence! And what a sentence:

"That Thomas More, knight, be brought back to the Tower of London by William Kingston, Sheriff, and from thence drawn on a hurdle through the city of London to Tyburn, there to be hanged till he be half dead, after that cut down yet half alive, be ripped open, his entrails burned, and his four quarters set over the four gates of the city, and his head on London Bridge."

It is true that this savage sentence (so often to the very letter carried out in the executions of the many priests who, during this reign of terror, earned the martyr's crown), was changed by the King later into one of simple beheading; the announcement of which act of clemency calling forth the following dry rejoinder from Blessed Thomas More: "God forbid that the King should show such mercy to any of my friends, and God preserve my posterity from such pardons!"

No sooner had the future martyr been unjustly sentenced than his son, pushing his way through the dense crowd, flung his arms about his father and begged of the judges to be allowed to share the same fate.

What memories that ancient Hall (for it was old even in his day), must have had for Sir Thomas More as he looked upon it for the last time! What memories it has also for us—more, perhaps, than any other building in London, with the exception of the venerable Abbey close at hand and the Tower of London, whither the future martyr was about to journey for the last time.

Westminster Hall is the only remaining part

of the royal palace as it existed from the days of William Rufus to those of Henry the Eighth. The Hall was practically rebuilt by Richard the Second, and from his time dates the present wonderful chestnut roof (whose rafters in the intervening centuries have oftentimes re-echoed passionate appeals urged in defence of the innocent, and urged, alas, in vain). Little did that gifted but ill-balanced King, Richard the Second, realise, as, with interest, he watched its erection, how he was rearing aloft a building in which he was destined to play the shameful part of laying down his crown and sceptre at the feet of a usurper; or that his reign, which opened with such promise, should end in imprisonment and murder.

It was in this Hall, in 1395, that Sir William Wallace was sentenced to death. Here, also, in the reign of Henry the Third, the Archbishops and Bishops of England threatened that King with dire fate should he fail to keep the promise he had made to grant liberty to the people. Here, again, Edward the Third, perhaps the greatest of English Kings, welcomed his son, the Black Prince, on his return from his glorious victories in France, accompanied by the King of that fair land as prisoner. To come to the days of Blessed Thomas More, himself, it was in this Hall that three Queens, Katherine of Aragon, Margaret of Scotland, and Mary of France, "for a long time pleaded on their knees" with Henry the Eighth for the lives of those who, to the number of some two hundred had taken part in the Rising of the Prentices; and, for once, the heart of that monster was moved. In Westminster Hall also Blessed John Fisher met without flinching the sentence of death here passed upon him.

Coming to later years. Here it was that the Earl of Essex, the one-time favourite of Queen Elizabeth, heard his condemnation in a verdict mainly brought about through the work of Bacon, who focussed the powers of his mighty intellect upon his one resolve, namely, to hound to death the Earl—the best and most generous friend he possessed. Nor was that all. For when his victim lay silent in the grave he deliberately blackened his memory by tampering with evidence telling in his lordship's favour. Essex had as his companion in misfortune the Earl of Southampton who, as the only patron of Shakespeare (to whom the poet's poems are dedicated

in terms of affection), has earned a special niche in history. Though, at first, Southampton was sentenced to death he was not called upon to pay the death penalty, but flung as a prisoner into the Tower of London, there to remain for three years, until the death of Elizabeth and the accession of James the First brought him his liberty. It is hardly too much to suppose that during those anxious days, when his great friend was being tried for his life, that the Prince of Poets made one of the dense crowd which swarmed to hear the trial—"If trial it can be called that trial was none!"

It was to Westminster Hall that Guy Fawkes and his companions were brought to trial and sentenced; here, too, the Earl of Stratford met his just doom; his royal master, Charles the First, being present, but concealed behind a curtain, hoping against hope but fated only to learn the worst.

Let into the wall of the Hall, near the staircase leading to the crypt of St. Stephen, is a brass plate, marking the whereabouts of a doorway which formerly gave access to the House of Commons. Through this doorway Charles the First, accompanied by his soldiers, hastened with the intention of arresting the Five Members. Now mark the sequel. On a line with that plate, but in the centre of the Hall, is yet another, indicating the spot where that ill-advised monarch stood to listen to his death sentence.

Later in history we behold the noble and innocent Viscount Stafford condemned to death on the living evidence of the notorious Titus Oates; whilst still later we see the brave, if misguided, Earl of Derwentwater and his companions called upon to pay the penalty for their support of the Young Pretender. Coming to events of more recent days, it was here that the famous trial of Warren Hastings was held.

But if this Hall has witnessed much that is horrible to look back upon, yet it has not been without its hours of grandeur, for its rafters have re-echoed the mirth of countless merry-makers. From the time of William Rufus to that of George the Fourth (with whom the custom ceased), every monarch had held his or her Coronation Banquet here.

To-day the Hall's chief use is that it serves as a place where those, whose memory a grate-

ful people desires to honour, lie in state. Hither many thousands flocked to pay tribute to the memory of Gladstone at his passing; here a crowd almost beyond counting gathered to pay tribute to the memory of a King who, during his short but eventful reign, earned for himself one of the proudest titles an English Sovereign has ever justly borne, that of Peacemaker.

Until 1883, when the Law Courts in Fleet Street were opened, all Civil Cases were heard either in Westminster Hall itself or in one of the many Courts opening out of it. For centuries was it the haunt of lawyers. Peter the Great was much struck, though little pleased, by the sight of so many men learned in the law, and is reported to have given expression to his displeasure by remarking that in Russia he had only two lawyers, and added that on his return he proposed hanging one of them. The Tichborne Trial was perhaps the last of the most famous causes tried here.

The smaller Courts, being no longer needed, were pulled down, and the site thereof is now turned into a finely turfed open space; in the centre of which stands a striking statue of Oliver Cromwell. It had been the original intention to erect this work of art in the lobby of the House of Commons; but the Irish members, like the rest of their race, mindful of the unspeakable cruelties for which the Protector was responsible in Ireland, would have none of it:

There is something rather fitting in the position which has been selected for this monument. It will be remembered that when Charles the Second at last mounted his throne, he took the "noble" revenge of having the remains of Cromwell removed from Westminster Abbey, and having been hanged at Tyburn the body, with the exception of the head, was flung to the winds. The head, stuck upon a pike, "decorated" the roof of Westminster Hall for nearly a quarter of a century; but one day a storm caused it to fall, such is the long arm of coincidence, from its high estate into the hands of a great admirer of Cromwell; and from that distant day to this his head has been handed down as a precious heirloom.

One might, very naturally, expect to hear that so famous a spot as Westminster Hall is daily besieged by countless thousands patiently waiting their turn to be admitted. The mistake is

pardonable, but in truth it is very otherwise. Save for the "thin red line" of the Baedeker-Bearing-Brigade, among whom may be found all nationalities (except perhaps the English), the place is deserted. The interested visitors, unhappily for themselves, enter unawares at the upper end, and, having glanced round, are lured into descending to the Crypt of St. Stephen. But as the latter, dating from the king of that name, and one of the most ancient remains of bygone days, has been restored into what well might pass for a smoking divan in the palace of a Sultan, the only possible result is that the said visitors seek the fresh air, and, shaking the dust of the place from their feet, are seen in Westminster no more.

Parliamentary officials, weighed down with the cares of a nation, and the wealth (of which few would rob them), of Blue Books under their arms, flit to and fro; all too preoccupied to look about them. If one would seek refuge from the rush and roar of London traffic, we can suggest no quieter haven of rest than Westminster Hall. Here one may spend hours of perfect peace; with no other sound to disturb one's solitude save the steady pacing to and fro of the friendly policeman keeping ward and watch.

Towerwards.

In our journey by water to the Tower we have leisure only to refer to a few of the many historical memories which clamour for attention. In passing, we may notice at the foot of Charing Cross Bridge, the Water Gate, which, since the embankment was built, stands back from the river, a forelorn-looking relic of past days and the sole remains of York House in which Bacon was born. Close by we have the site of the house of Sir Walter Raleigh in which the fashion of smoking was first introduced into England. Near here also stood the house of the ill-fated Earl of Essex, the one-time favourite of Queen Elizabeth, who from this place led his hare-brained followers to certain defeat and paid for his folly at the price of his head. Here also stood The Blacking Factory in which, as a small boy, Dickens first earned his bread by sticking labels on bottles. Hard by, also, overshadowed by giant hotels on either hand, stands Cleopatra's Needle.

This Obelisk, brought from the East, has, in

some sort, atoned for the deplorable destruction in the West.

There is no more wonderful monument in London, or perhaps in the world. Beside it the Roman remains, which from time to time the spade of the archeologist brings to light, are but modern; beside it our most venerable cathedrals and ivy-clad ruins are but things of yesterday. Though named after the infamous queen by whom it was removed to Alexandria, this Obelisk originally stood at the entrance of the palace of Pharaoh. Could we but overhear the tales it whispers to the sweeping winds, or the confidences exchanged with its faithful visitor, the moon, what awe and wonderment would make us stand rooted to the spot!

For, has it not seen the waters, which flowed at its feet, turned by the wrath of God into a river of blood; has it not felt the storm of hail, sent by the same dread cause, pitilessly beating against it; have not the locusts in the darkness of their own making dashed themselves to death in thousands against it in the eagerness of their flight; and in the silence of the night has it not heard the wailing of the Egyptian mothers for the loss of their first-born?

From afar the eyes of Abraham rested upon it, and in its shadow Moses, as a boy, played; while how often in their wanderings in the desert must its memory have returned to the children of Israel when, worn out in their journeying, they longed once more for the flesh-pots of Egypt. Yet to-day that Needle stands (though little regarded), defying Time, and as perfect as if but yesterday it had, a solid block, been hewn out of the quarry.

(To be concluded.)

Any system of education which makes woman less womanly is deficient in a most essential element. In that complex system of forces which is called society woman's influence will therefore be exercised chiefly in those spheres of benevolent activity which will require much attention for many a day, no matter how rapid social progress may be. Not only will they carry on much valuable work themselves, but they will inspire men with their ideals for social improvement and for the advancement of human welfare.

Island Reberies.

Vindication of Mary Stuart.

(Continued from July Issue)

FIVE days after the fatal battle of Langside the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots found herself on May 18, 1568, a captive, behind bolts and bars in Carlisle Castle, the first of her English prisons. She was now twenty-five years of age,—the idolized dowager Queen of France; the beloved Queen of all true Scots; the hope of England—for was not she, the heir of Alfred's royal line, the mother of a fair young prince who, next to his royal mother, was heir to the throne of England—Queen Elizabeth being unmarried.

From Carlisle the Scottish Queen was removed as a state prisoner to Bolton, thence to Pontefract, to Tutbury, Dingfield, Ashby-de-la-Zouch, Coventry, back to Tutbury, Chatsworth, Sheffield, Buxton, Worksop, Buxton, Sheffield, Tutbury, Chartley, Tixall, Chartley, and Fotheringham.

To quote the historian, A. H. Millar, F. S. A. Scot., who condenses cleverly: "It would be tedious to recount the wearisome existence which this long array of prisons indicates, nor have we space to relate the numerous devices adopted by Elizabeth and her ministers to terminate Mary's life by foul means. Two attempts were made to bring her before an inquisitorial conference that her alleged complicity in the murder of Darnley might be proved, but both were abortive and Cecil himself—the chosen tool of Elizabeth—announced to Moray and his friends, who were Mary's chief accusers, that 'there had been nothing sufficient produced nor shown by them against their Sovereign, whereby the Queen of England should conceive or take any evil opinion of the Queen, her good sister, for anything she had yet seen.' Yet, despite this declaration the Queen of Scotland was kept a close prisoner for the dreary remainder of her life—nineteen years—and moved from place to place throughout the kingdom lest she should win friends to her cause by her sufferings and misfortunes."

And friends she did win! The sweetness of her personality won all honest hearts: the ladies of her household—her life-long companions—sacrificed home, houses and lands, and family

ties, to share the rigors of her English prisons for nineteen years; and followed her to the scaffold, assuring her executioners that they would gladly die with her, or for her. Among them were daughters of Scottish "Reformers," who knew the true story of their persecuted Queen; for Scottish women in those days had to be silent, prayerful, and hopeful.

Mary Stuart had an intense love for little children; and wherever she went poor widows and orphans were her especial care, so long as her purse could boast a penny.

In the flight of Queen Mary and her party from Langside they reached Terregles, near Dumfries, on the night of May 15, 1568, the last night Mary Stuart was to spend in her kingdom. This part of the country and all Wigtonshire was the domain of Lord Herries, the faithful guide of the Queen's little band, who led his charge to the mansion of a loyal family, named Maxwell, relatives of his own, where their fugitive Queen and her self-sacrificing friends were most honorably received. Queen Mary was attracted by their beautiful baby boy, and reminded of her own baby boy, she lavished many caresses upon the child, and begged that he might be permitted to share her bed. At parting, next day, she presented this infant heir of "Hazlefield" with a small ruby ring from her finger, which, together with the chair in which she sat, and the table-cloth that was used on that occasion, are preserved as heirlooms by his descendants.

And here the fugitive Queen left—a devoted mother's prayerful gift—"leading-strings" to be delivered to Lord Mar, his keeper, for the use of her beloved child, the Prince of Scotland, now eleven months old, and about to try his feet on life's weary pilgrimage.

We can well understand why neither Mr. Maxwell nor Lord Herries was able to present the leading-strings while they would be of actual service; and also why they are heirlooms in the collection of the present Lord Herries, labelled "Leading-Strings of James, Prince of Scotland, left at Terregles by his mother, Queen Mary."

Mary Stuart was an adept at needlework; and, from the birth of her baby, her fingers were always busy with his wardrobe. These eloquent leading-strings are broad ribbons of rose-colored silk, richly embroidered with gold and silver

thread, and bear the legend: "Angelis suis Deus mandavit de te ut custodiant te in omnibus viis tuis"—("God hath given His angels charge over thee to keep thee in all thy ways").

From the home of the Maxwells, Mary and her party repaired to Dundrennan Abbey, where the hapless Queen sat for the last time in council, with the faithful friends who had escorted her from the battlefield of Langside, Hamilton, Archbishop of St. Andrews, and many other loyal gentlemen, who had secretly convened to meet their unfortunate sovereign for the purpose of deliberating on what course she ought to pursue under her present melancholy circumstances. Opinions varied. Lord Herries advised her Majesty to remain in her present safe retreat, engaging to defend her for at least forty days from the hostile attempts of the rebel party. Others suggested that it would be better for her to remove to one of the strong fortresses in that neighborhood, which would offer greater means of holding out till the loyal portion of her subjects could rally to her assistance. The rest urged her to retire to France; they represented to her that the place she had once occupied in that realm, the influence of her uncles, and her possessions there, together with the natural disposition of the people to succor unfortunate princes, would insure a favorable reception for her, and all necessary assistance with which to return and subdue the conscienceless, but powerful, traitors in Scotland.

All joined in begging her to put no faith in Queen Elizabeth's ring, with its assurances of undying friendship.

Persuasions availed not. Mary insisted upon passing into England, whence, if help were not forthcoming, she could easily go to France.

Of Mary's mood of mind, Strickland says: "There was something withal of resentful bitterness of heart in her obstinate determination to withdraw from Scotland. Calumniated, insulted, and betrayed as she had been by self-interested traitors, her keen sense of the injurious treatment she had received goaded her into the imprudence of acting with the pique of an offended woman, instead of the political equanimity of a sovereign."

To take a hasty retrospect of her life before she left Scotland only to enter upon her round of English prisons:

From the day of Mary Stuart's birth conscienceless scoundrels had pursued her in order to possess themselves of her person, or to put an end to her life. While she was in France, and her mother Regent of Scotland, the trials of that dear parent at the hands of the same traitors caused fainting spells and a decline in the health of the young Queen of Scotland and France. Upon the death of her husband, King Francis, the broken-hearted young widow begged her relatives and advisers to allow her to enter a convent, the dearest wish of her heart. The crown of Scotland she wished to make over to her illegitimate brother James.

To quote a few sentences from Agnes Strickland, expressive of her horror of returning to Scotland, captured by the barbarians who styled themselves "saints" and "reformers": "The repose Mary enjoyed in the quiet castle of Joinville, together with the cherishing care of her grandmother, the old Duchess de Guise, having at length restored her to convalescence, she proceeded to Rheims, where she remained for several weeks in the conventual seclusion of the monastery of St. Pierre with the Abbess, her aunt Renée de Lorraine, her mother's sister. It was with difficulty that the persuasion of her uncles, the Cardinal de Lorraine and the Duke de Guise, could induce the reluctant young Queen to quit this peaceful haven, to launch her lonely barque amidst the stormy waves which had overwhelmed that of her heart-broken mother."

Her "duty" having been pointed out to the trembling girl of eighteen, she had sufficient Stuart courage of heart to face the horror of a return to Scotland, and, above all, the fatal trustfulness in the false assurances of her traitorous brother James, that she needed no military force from France to insure her safety in Scotland. We have seen that her faithful Catholic Bishop of Ross, John Lesley, had advised her to secure herself by entering Scotland with some good swords at her back, to aid, when necessary, her loyal subjects there.

Ah, when too late, did her well-meaning relatives repent their fatal advice! When their beloved protégée became the prey of Scottish libertinism. The English Court, during the reigns of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth, was a most encouraging school for the "reforming" nobles of Scotland!

Her wicked traitor brother had proved himself a perjured traitor, had usurped her crown; yet, true-hearted Mary Stuart was now reposing the like trust in the promises of Elizabeth. Although burdened with sorrows, she now recognized that her duty was to brave everything for the sake of the dear child whom God had given her as her successor to the crown of Scotland. To give that realm into his keeping under the most favorable conditions attainable was now her one object and hope.

Let us glance at Mary Stuart's normal nature: she was naturally light-hearted, hopeful, witty, sympathetic, and unselfish to an extreme degree. After long hours of royal duties, she enjoyed recreation, especially in a joyous dance. Were it not so pathetic, we could laugh heartily over the hasty dismissals of the old ogre, John Knox, and the rapidity with which the scene was changed to the accompaniment of dance music!

(Continued in January Issue.)

Wordsworth's Training and Development Described in "The Prelude."

WORDSWORTH'S early training was almost exclusively from nature. He tells us in "The Prelude," that having escaped from the vast city where he had pined, a discontented sojourner, he was

"Now free,

Free as a bird to settle where I will."

He tells us that with "long months of ease and undisturbed delight" in prospect, he gave himself up to the charms of country life. His mind owed its development to nature: even in his childhood we notice his reflective mood, the outcome of gazing upon a pretty scene:

"Thus long I mused

Nor e'er lost sight of what I mused upon."

After three days of pleasant loitering, he reached his hermitage, and here found a joy which was his through life: "The life in common things." Here he resolved to reach some definite goal, "reading and thinking," and we trace his mental development through the choice of subjects which arrested his attention. Beginning with tales of chivalry, he went on to stories of Roman History, "vanquished Mithridates"; of adventure, "that one Frenchman"; of patriotism,

"how Wallace fought for Scotland"; then came the desire to tell "a tale from my own heart," and

"Then a wish

My last and favourite aspiration, mounts
With yearning towards some philosophic song
Of Truth that cherishes our daily life."

But this is too great a development for a young mind; the poet realizes that this desire must be put aside until the time

"That mellow years will bring a riper mind
And clearer insight."

After this experience we watch the growth of the poet's mind and see how one object after another left its impress on the thoughtful youth, training his mind to habits of reflection, enabling him to commune with nature more intimately than any other poet, and from this intercourse gaining the power to describe nature as no other poet has done. His mind expanded from his early years, when he found the river

"A tempting playmate whom he dearly loved," all along through the years, when his observant eye saw beauty "in a summer's day," "the solitary hills," to whom "the sky seemed not a sky of earth," until he realized all that made up his "calm existence."

"Thanks to the means which nature deigned to employ."

The moonlight sail in the little boat showed him life's serious side:

"O'er my thoughts

There hung a darkness, call it solitude
Or blank desertion."

The "polished ice" afforded boyish pleasure, when "not a voice was idle"; finally, nature "Peopled the mind with forms sublime or fair," until the poet fully realized that his calm delight resulted from

"The bond of union between life and joy."

At the early age of ten, the poet

"Held unconscious intercourse with beauty,"

and he tells us, even as a child, that

"The earth

And common face of nature spake to me
Rememberable things."

The poet's school life was enlivened by sports "on bright half holidays" when nature was always the attraction:

"The winning forms
Of nature were collaterally attached
To every scheme of holiday delight
And every joyous sport."

His amusements were innocent rural ones, cultured and elevating through their association with nature. His preference for country ways is strongly marked: he regretted the removal of old landmarks and the substituting of "a smart assembly-room" and "a tavern," but the shadowy lake and the beach were left him to enjoy, and he grew into manhood, impressed by their beauty. He describes his sensations in the most exquisite lines:

"Thus were my sympathies enlarged, and thus
Daily the common range of visible things
Grew dear to me . . . with joy."

These few lines epitomize his development in a marked way: they show the poet's early response to nature, in loving the sun because he

"Had seen him lay
His beauty on the morning hills, had seen
The western mountain touch his setting orb";
later in his philosophic mood he loved him

"As a pledge and surety of our earthly life,"
and as his mind expanded and his interest in humanity broadened, he loved him "for his bounty to so many worlds." The power of association had been very strong in making the poet idealize certain favoured spots, but at length, he tells us, nature was sought "for her own sake," and from this time onward she seemed indispensable to the poet's very life.

"Thus while the days flew by, and years
passed on,
From nature and her overflowing soul,
I had received so much, that all my thoughts
Were steeped in feeling."

At this stage the poet seems to have reached the culmination of his desire for perfect communing with nature. He tells us in a stirring rhapsody of the "bliss ineffable" which was his in realizing that "the sentiment of Being" spread over everything in nature.

Before Wordsworth began the second stage of his development, namely, his university life, we find that nature had left her impress on him in a way that no later influence ever affected. He had made such a constant companion of her that he loved to be alone, but was never lonely, for he felt that there was a living spirit in the woods and along the river banks and in the mountain mists and with this spirit he communed and learned the secrets of nature. His descriptions are so natural that we find ourselves wondering where the new charm lies in basking in the sun, and enjoying the flowers, the green fields, the stars; in a long summer day spent in swimming, or a winter evening in skating; in setting woodcock snares and hurrying away through the night in boyish terror at the steps he heard among the solitary hills, "almost as silent as the turf they trod." There is a vividness, a freshness, a naturalness about these descriptions, which show that they were part of Wordsworth's very existence.

Book III. depicts another and a very different epoch in the poet's life. Residence at Cambridge gave the young dreamer a more systematic view of life. Trinity's clock "Never let the quarters night or day slip by him unproclaimed," and every hour had its duty, in great contrast with his former "Long months of ease and undisturbed delight." Yet even here he tells us:

"I had a world about me—'twas my own;
I made it, for it only lived to me
And to the God who sees into the heart."

Nothing new is added to his training; we read of no extraordinary intellectual feats; what he learned untrained in the school of nature always took precedence over his classical training, and he was ever more in sympathy with rural sights and sounds than with university life. This lasting impression on the poet's mind shows the strong side of his training and development. We see him keen, accurate, a close observer, a sympathetic interpreter, a man with one noble aim in life, to which he ever proved loyal, namely: the intimate knowledge and interpretation of nature. Another strong characteristic was his naturalness, which gained for him distinction over the artificial writers of the 18th. century and made him a herald of Romanticism. The solitude which he ever found "best society," strengthened him against the assaults of adverse

criticism, and thus he was able to wait patiently until recognition of his merit was widespread.

The weakness resulting from his early training lay chiefly in his utter lack of discrimination. Left so much to himself and his own thoughts, he seemed incapable of judging which were his poems of real merit and which were bordering on the puerile. The exasperating self-complacency, shown chiefly in the introductions to his poems, was probably due to the self-satisfaction he always experienced when communing with nature, and his habit of depicting things just as they were. This made him express praises of himself such as few would attempt. What most people have the graciousness to hide, or at least only to insinuate, he utters with such naturalness that we are in doubt whether it is due to extreme simplicity or unpardonable conceit. His serious meditations also left him utterly devoid of humour, so that he seemed unable to perceive even the ridiculous.

Matthew Arnold gives us a fine bit of criticism on this lack in Wordsworth's character. He says: "In his seven volumes the pieces of high merit are mingled with a mass of pieces very inferior to them; so inferior to them that it seems wonderful how the same poet should have produced both. Shakespeare frequently has lines and passages in a strain quite false, and which are entirely unworthy of him. But one can imagine him smiling if one could meet him in the Elysian Fields and tell him so; smiling and replying that he knew it perfectly well himself, and what did it matter? But with Wordsworth the case is different. Work altogether inferior, work quite uninspired, flat and dull, is produced by him with evident unconsciousness of its defects, and he presents it to us with the same faith and seriousness as his best work."

DOROTHY B.

Sufficient unto most people is their own burden. Do not pile your load upon others. Do not distress them with your aches and pains, your doubts and fears and forebodings. Do not tell them of your mental and moral infirmities. They will find them out soon enough without your help, and possibly you will see them more clearly than you do yourself. If there is a cloud in your heart, do not let it appear in your face. Bear your own burden bravely.

In Memoriam.

Pius X.

Of kings that war, and nations flung afar—
Enough!
To-day the scar of battle smarts the more,
For he has passed beyond the hidden door
Where dwells his God, where moon and sun and
star
Bow down, and kingship's but a puff
Of vapor in the roar
Of whirling worlds that soar
O'er warfare gruff.

Dim falls the night, but he has sought the dawn
In Christ.
Then why weep you as goes this prince of God
To join the heaven lights that flare and nod
And bid him welcome to that peace anon—
The peace he witnessed sacrificed
When anger reared a rod
And manhood strewed the sod
In battle tryst?

To-day he sleeps—the sleep of Christ who taught
The love
Of man for man and preached a humble word
Lo this man followed Him the sailors heard,
When waves broke high, and Heaven's aid they
sought.
Beside his bier the thousands move;
The war-swept world is stirred.
And him has Heav'n preferred—
He lives Above.

EUGENE-PARROTT FOWLER.

We make our own skies very largely. Our hearts cast their shadows tinging the world for us—our world. We find on this earth, in a measure, whatever we bring the eyes to see. A joyous heart finds much joy in any circumstances and experiences. A gloomy heart finds no end of gloom. A songful spirit hears music everywhere; but a life that has no music in it never hears a tuneful note, even amid the sweetest and richest harmonies. Such a spirit is, indeed, to be pitied, shut in as it is from all the sounds of nature and grace. "Rejoice always in the Lord," is an admonition of the Psalmist that we should heed.

Niagara Rainbow.

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MADELEINE O'REILLY	JOSEPHINE SPALDING
FRANCES GALLIGAN	LILLIAN CORCORAN
MARGARET SHEEHAN	FLORENCE MULLEN
FLORANCE PETERSON	CORNELIA BARRINGER
EUPHEMIA ROGERS	

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UNION AND TIMES PRESS, BUFFALO, N. Y.

OCTOBER, 1914.

As our readers are already aware, the Right Reverend T. J. Dowling, D. D., Bishop of Hamilton, has celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood.

Loreto, with the whole diocese, would have delighted to honor in all possible ways the beloved, the revered Jubilarian; but his wishes were respected, and, on account of the mourning of the Church owing to the death of the loving Father of Christendom, the martyr of the World War, whose broken heart lies still near the tomb of the crucified Fisherman; and the saddening European crisis; the celebration was made as quiet as possible.

From all parts of the diocese members of the clergy and superiors of the various religious orders gathered to greet His Lordship and hear him sing High Mass, in thanksgiving for half a century in the service of the Church.

At the close of the celebration, Very Reverend Archdeacon Foerster presented His Lordship with an offering of gold from the priests and people of the diocese, as a slight tangible token of their deep love for their Pastor—a tribute which their good Bishop accepted feelingly, and afterwards distributed to those present appropriate souvenirs of the occasion.

Since his ordination His Lordship has travelled extensively in the Old World. With several other distinguished clergymen he went over the Way of the Cross in Jerusalem, and visited the various scenes made sacred by the life and death of our Redeemer.

As head of the Hamilton diocese, His Lordship has administered the affairs of the Church with calm judgment and excellent executive ability; and its prosperous state to-day is due directly to his efforts, enhanced by the devotion of clergy and laity, whose wish it is that he may long be spared health and peace.

Loreto's privilege it is to implore Heaven's continued blessings upon the venerable Chief Shepherd of this Fold, who has always found time to helpfully encourage the work of the Institute of Mary—who has no dearer wish or prayer than that the young girls entrusted to its care may grow up to live the life of true imitators of the *one* Woman Perfected!

His Lordship received the following letter from His Excellency the Apostolic Delegate:

OTTAWA, Oct. 1, 1914.

RIGHT REVEREND T. J. DOWLING, D. D.,
Bishop of Hamilton.

My dear Lord Bishop—I am glad of the opportunity which Your Lordship's circular affords me, of joining with the clergy and laity of the Diocese of Hamilton in their congratulations and best wishes on the occasion of the Sacred Golden Jubilee of their Chief Pastor. I join with them, too, in thanksgiving to Almighty God for the good which through your ministry He has wrought, and in fervent prayers that He

may long spare you, to the further growth and prosperity of the Diocese.

I cannot pass over unremarked the care and solicitude of Your Lordship for those who indeed may be called the "little ones" of your flock, those who are perhaps most in need of fatherly affection and help, I mean the foreign Catholics settled in your midst, far from home and those surroundings which mean such a steadying influence in the practice and fulfilment of religious duties. The princely generosity which in this year of jubilee you have shown towards your Italians, in distributing, principally for their spiritual help and benefit, the large gift which the affection of your children prompted them to offer you, is a very touching evidence of your zeal, and, besides the heavenly reward which the Almighty will bestow on you, I pray that you may be comforted by the faith and piety of those whose salvation you so ardently cherish.

Once more congratulating you with all my heart and wishing you every blessing, I remain, my dear Lord Bishop,

Yours very sincerely in Xto.,

✠ P. F. STAGNI,
Abp. of Aquila,
Dcl. Ap.

*

The celebration of Mother M. Agnes Ulm's Silver Jubilee, on September 5th., at Loreto Academy, Woodlawn, Chicago, was a very delightful affair. Mass was celebrated by the chaplain, Reverend John Haffert, O. C. C., and the solemnity of the occasion was enhanced by the devotional singing, including the festive "Jubilantes in Aeternam."

The altar, a vision of white and gold, was profusely covered with crimson American Beauty roses, the choice offerings of friends. Among the other numerous gifts were some handsome chapel furnishings, including a gold missal stand, from Mrs. Ulm, a marble and gold holy-water font, from Mrs. Bonfig, and a beautiful painted Benediction burse from Mother M. Agnes's "Alma Mater," Loreto Academy, Joliet, Ill.

A day which every one enjoyed to the utmost, closed with a harp recital by Miss Alice Smith,

who is spending a few weeks at the Academy previous to entering on her concert tour. The recital was a rare treat and was thoroughly appreciated by the assembled community to whom the audience was limited. All agreed that the Jubilee day was one of the most ideal ever spent at Woodlawn, and before the great iron bell pealed out its ominous warning to cease merry-making, many an "ad multos annos" was heartily wished to the Jubilarian.

*

On August the sixth was celebrated the Golden Jubilee of our dear Mother Camilla Don Carlos. After High Mass in the Abbey chapel, with Reverend Father Collins as celebrant, the day was spent in quiet rejoicing. With the venerable jubilarian, on this happy occasion, were her three sisters: M. M. Angela, M. M. Joseph, and M. M. Euphemia. Among the many rare and exquisite tokens from relatives, friends and pupils, was a beautiful sanctuary lamp, the gift of the Don Carlos family. Mme. Boucher, who accompanied M. M. Camilla from Quebec when she came to enter the convent, was present to celebrate the day with the four sisters.

*

Says the London *Tablet*:

"A rare and high compliment has been paid to 'John Ayscough's' discerning novel, 'San Celestino,' which tells the story of the hermit, Pope St. Celestine V., with so much living vividness and reverence that it has been welcomed wherever our language is spoken. It has been included by the Delegates of the Oxford Local Examinations as a set-book in English Literature for the Junior Examinations next year. It is the only work of any living author included in the syllabus of the Delegates."

*

The *Century Magazine* is doing a real service alike to history and to literature by giving in instalments Hilaire Belloc's "French Revolution." We have had, as yet, no exactly fair and temperate review of this upheaval. Partisan,

national, and religious prejudices have distorted otherwise great work, as Carlyle's, for example.

Mr. Belloc has the faculty of vivid writing in a marked degree. We see the fateful meeting at Versailles. We sense the insincerity of Necker; and all the qualities of the later recreant Bishop of Autun—Talleyrand—which the plain piety of the unfortunate King most detested; the directness and honesty of Bailly; the "heavy vigor" of Mirabeau; and all the rest that made the two meetings at Versailles forever memorable.

*

"Vocation," from the French of Reverend V. Van Tricht, S. J. Adapted by Reverend P. R. Conniff, S. J. (Benziger Brothers.) 24mo, paper wrapper, retail 10 cents.

The booklet tells how a vocation to the priesthood and to the religious state may be ascertained and followed out. The glowing style makes it read like a romance and thus the importance is vividly shown of every man and woman finding out what will please God in their choice of a state in life. In every family, as one child after another grows up, the question presents itself and the Reverend Author in this booklet settles it in a most satisfactory way.

*

We have received from Benziger Brothers, Publishers, New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago, "The Spirit of Father Faber," Preface by Wilfrid Meynell. "The Spirit of Cardinal Newman," Preface by Reverend C. C. Martindale, S. J. These form the first two volumes of a new series entitled: "The Spiritual Classics of English Devotional Literature."

In this series each volume will be devoted to selections from one of the great modern Masters of English Devotional Literature, and each volume will contain a preface by a recognized authority on the writer in question, and a portrait in photogravure. The volumes have been edited, chosen and coördinated with careful discernment, and their average length of two hun-

dred pages does actually present to the sympathetic reader the whole "spirit" of their authors. Price 50 cents. Postage extra.

"The Spirit of Father Faber" contains readings especially adapted to the current generation, and alive, all of them, with the salience and alert with the love which have made famous the name of Faber wherever the English tongue is spoken.

Popular as Faber's works have been in the past, they are now placed by the publishers more readily than ever within reach of the new generation of readers, and this not only in their completeness, but also in the little volume, "The Spirit of Father Faber," which conveys the essence of his message and the effluence of his feeling to those who, for one reason and another, find the full volumes beyond their measure.

A true uplifter in daily life, Father Faber holds us first and last in this precious little book. If there is one word that shines from its pages more brightly than the word "happiness," be sure it is the word "love." Looking down the list of contents we encounter many an inviting heading, we hear of "Ourselves," of "Unrealities," of "The Test of Tenderness," of "Touchiness," of "Dignity in Sorrow," of "God's Need of Us," of "Patience with Self," and we know that we shall get in every case such counsel as only Faber—when Faber, as here, is at his best—can give us out of his own exceeding sweetness for our encouragement and consolation.

How truly and accurately Cardinal Wiseman, in a dedication of a sermon to both Father Newman and Father Faber, described the leading characteristics and qualities of these two great writers and workers. "One has brought," wrote His Eminence, "the resources of the most varied learning, and the vigor of a keenly accurate mind, power of argument and grace of language to grapple with the intellectual difficulties, and break down the strongly-built prejudices of strangers to the Church. The other has gathered within her gardens sweet flowers of devotion for her children, and taught them, in

thoughts that glow, and words that burn, to prize the banquet which love has spread for their refreshment."

In his preface to "The Spirit of Cardinal Newman," Father Martindale, with that delicacy of touch and beauty of diction so peculiarly his own, thus portrays the aged Cardinal:

"Attenuated and frail, yet magical, magnetic, electric with life-force; elusive and subtle, yet to the end the almost savage foe of cant, humbug, and untruth; a man of silvery whispers, swift glances, birdlike exquisiteness of touch and presence, yet utterly human, homely, playful; majestic, too, quelling and imperial—he remained, the miracle of Catholic England, powerful from his Oratory till he died, and, beyond his death, into that far future which is our present, more distant from his day than years can hint, yet seen and greeted and guarded against by him. That poem in which, as in none other save (dare we say?) the Apocalypse, the walls of time and space flicker and grow thin before the fierce pressure of Eternity—the *Dream of Gerontius*—has been the 'preparation for death' of peasant and soldier and prince: for many years in its spirit he himself had lived; in it, he died; in it, perhaps, is enshrined, under fewest veils, his secret."

*

The fifth part of Dr. Kuhn's monumental work, "Roma," now in course of publication (Benziger Brothers) has been issued.

It takes us first to the Forum, that mine of vast historical treasures, and makes us acquainted with its former magnificence that we may read its ruins aright.

The author then describes the Palatine and Capitoline hills; with him we view the ruins of the Palace of Caligula, the house of the Empress Livia Drusilla, third consort of Augustus, the Palace of the Cæsars, and, best of all, ancient and modern Rome as far as St. Peter's. Who can count the myriad towers and cupolas that rise out of that sea of houses!

The number closes with a graphic description of the Vatican Museums—the most famous in the world—containing treasures of art in snowy marble and lasting bronze, surpassing in beauty and value all other collections prized by lovers of the original works of the old masters.

Considering the rich illustrations and splendid text, the price is, to say the least, reasonable. Single numbers cost only thirty-five cents; a year's subscription, entitling a subscriber to six parts, is two dollars; a subscription to the complete work in eighteen parts is six dollars.

*

"Ballads of Childhood," by Rev. Michael Earls, S. J. (Benziger Brothers.) The praise from high quarters that greeted a group of "child-poems," by Father Earls, a year ago, will be greatly augmented by his new volume, "Ballads of Childhood."

The *Literary Digest* said among other things: "Since the publication of Robert Louis Stevenson's 'A Child's Garden of Verse,' there have been few poets with a closer sympathy with children and a greater skill in putting that sympathy into verse."

That skill gets wide scope in the new volume. Humor and pathos, romance and the pretty play of fancy and imagination abound. The exquisite sentiment and the graceful art of the poems will make the volume especially welcome to the older readers for their own delectation as well as for interesting literary material for the "children's hour."

*

"Fine Clay," by Isabel C. Clarke (Benziger Brothers), author of "The Secret Citadel," "By The Blue River," "Prisoners' Years," etc. Net \$1.35 (postage extra).

Here is a novel which should be read by every Catholic who cares in the least for fine literature and the finer loyalties of life. Miss Clarke has written a fascinating and singularly engrossing story. But beyond the absorbing interest of the

tale, and greater than the literary distinction of its telling, is the spiritual beauty which radiates from every page of the book. Miss Clarke writes whole-heartedly as a Catholic, and her work is an idyl of faith and unswerving loyalty. . . . The writer is not afraid of the braveries of life, and it is pleasant to scale with her the heights of human character and to feel the rarified air and tonic breezes of lofty ideals. The tale holds the ardor of perfect love, unrestrained, complete, and strong; it reveals the treachery of passion and falsehood, and yet it finds no need for a word that jars or for a single expletive.

"Fine Clay" may confidently and justly be recommended to every reader of fiction, and Catholics should see that the book is widely read and crowned by them with the highest honor that the unbodied academy of popular appreciation can bestow.

*

"The Holy Bible" (Benziger Brothers). The great advantage of this Bible is its large type and small size. There are other Bibles set up in large type, but they are all in large size. There are Bibles in small size, but the type is very small. Benziger's issue of the Bible has a decided advantage over all others: the type is as large as in the large size Bibles, while the size is as small as the Bibles with the small type. Other advantages are the numerous indices; one, the Complete Index of persons and places mentioned in the Bible, being something unique.

The price of this Bible in cloth, red edges, is one dollar, free by mail. There are also finer bindings ranging in price from \$1.50 to \$5.00.

*

"The Prophet's Wife" (Benziger Brothers). By Anna C. Browne, 12mo., \$1.25.

This is a most unusual novel, because it is a delightful story of domestic life, and is entirely devoid of anything approaching sensationalism in the objectionable sense. Mysterious and enthralling it is, for we have an upright judge

translating his theories into practice, to be confronted finally at the bar of justice by his own "son" who, in defending the cause of his "mother," pulls down upon a happy hour the ruins of carefully-built philanthropic plans.

The entire story, though it is photographic of life to-day, is as interesting as any thrilling romance of the past.

The Institute of Mary in Many Lands.



Loreto Abbey, Rathfarnham, Dublin, Ireland.

PUPILS' CONCERT.

THE pupils of Loreto Abbey, Rathfarnham, gave their annual concert on the 24th, 25th and 26th. The spacious concert hall was crowded each day with guests, clerical and lay. Invitations were eagerly accepted by those who had already been privileged to hear the Abbey's famous string orchestra; and those who anticipated a musical treat had their expectations more than realised.

The Rev. H. Bewerunge, Professor of Music N. U. I. and Maynooth College, conducted all the orchestral and choral numbers. Mr. Clyde Twelvetrees conducted the 'cello concerto—Saint-Saëns.

It is difficult to single out for special praise, any number on a programme, where all reached a high degree of excellence.

The names of the composers appearing on the programme are sufficient guarantee of the high standard attained by the youthful performers.

The concert began with Beethoven's overture to "Prometheus," which gave the orchestra an opportunity of displaying its powers, for this overture is sufficiently difficult to tax the abilities

of professional players. Suffice it to say that the pupils acquitted themselves in this, as well as in the other orchestral numbers, with a perfection of style and finish which delighted, while it astonished the listeners. Specially noticeable were the precision and vigour of attack, the delicacy of the pianissimo, giving every gradation of tone in the crescendo passages, till they reached a full, rich fortissimo, leaving one to wonder how such volume could be produced by the juvenile players. Not less pleasing was the singing in four-part harmony, by the chorus of some hundred voices, of the national melody, "O Native Music," arranged by G. Oberhoffer, also Brahms's fine "Ave Maria," Op. 12, with orchestral accompaniment; in both of which they showed marked appreciation of the most delicate phases of light and shade.

The harp Concerto deserves special mention. Miss Addie O'Hogan played with the greatest daintiness, delicacy and finish *Legende*, "Lorelei," Oberthür, Op. 180, the difficulties of which allowed the audience to enjoy the varied resources of Ireland's own instrument; at times giving expression to a low sigh of sorrow, then bursting into a "loud song of gladness."

In Schumann's Concerto in A minor, Op. 54, Miss May O'Mahony presided at the piano, whilst the orchestra accompanied. The intricacies of this work she overcame with marvellous skill, showing a masterly command of the instrument. This young lady proved herself equally proficient in technique of the 'cello in the "Premier Concerto" of Saint-Saëns, Op. 33. This was one of the most distinctly impressive numbers on the programme, to which the audience listened with rapt attention. They evidenced their appreciation by hearty applause.

Miss Maureen Delany achieved a notable success in her singularly sweet and pure-toned violin playing of the *Meditation* on Massenet's opera, *Thaïs*, by Marsick. She was loudly encored.

Miss Letitia Clarke sang with sweetness, sympathy and expression, "O Lovely Night"—Ronald, and again charmed the audience in a duet—"May-Time,"—Geehl, with Miss May O'Reilly, whose rich contralto formed a pleasing contrast to the clear, full tones of the soprano. The vocal trio—"In Time of Roses"—Berwald, was sung with much taste and expression by Miss Telford, M. O'Mahony, and M. O'Reilly.

The instrumental trio—"Allegro assai Appassionato"—Mendelssohn, Op. 49, was almost perfectly rendered by Miss Delany, violin, Miss K. Andrews, 'cello, and Miss O'Mahony, piano.

Monday, the 25th, His Lordship Right Reverend Dr. Donnelly presided; and, at the close of the performance, thanked the Community and the pupils, in the name of the audience, for the great treat provided them.

The programme, he said, was well chosen, and the classical selections were of a difficulty which would prevent even professional orchestras from attempting them, at short notice. He congratulated the pupils on their intelligent response to the beat of their conductors, two most eminent musicians, and congratulated the conductors on the pleasure they must derive from conducting such skilled performers, who not only played accurately, but with a finish that showed they understood and felt the works they rendered: that for precision of attack, delicacy of light and shade, balance of tone, they had left nothing to be desired. He told the pupils they should consider themselves most fortunate in the exceptional musical training they receive at Loreto Abbey, that year by year they had been ascending the rungs of the ladder until they had now reached—he would not say perfection—as he knew they were too well trained in humility to employ that term to them. However, they showed "no deterioration and proved they had got an insight into and a love of the great classical masters, which raised them to heights far beyond the frivolities of rag-time."

The evening papers of May 25th announced that the Home Rule Bill had passed its third reading in the Commons, by a majority of 77. This news created the greatest enthusiasm among the pupils, which they exhibited by their spirited rendering of "A Nation Once Again," at the close of the concert, on the 26th. This unexpected addition to the programme was received by the audience with unqualified satisfaction. Many evinced this by joining the pupils in their expression of national sentiment, and the applause was repeated and ringing.

PROGRAMME.

I.

1. Orchestra—Overture to "Prometheus".
Beethoven (Op. 43)

2. Harp, with Orchestra—Legende, "Lorelei"*Oberthür* (Op. 180)
3. Vocal Solo—"O Lovely Night!"...*Ronald*
4. Pianoforte, with Orchestra—"Concerto in A Minor," Allegro Affettuoso
Schumann (Op. 54)
5. Violin, with Organ and Piano—Meditation on Massenet's Opera, "Thaïs" ...
Arr. by Marsick
6. Chorus, with Orchestra—"O Native Music"*Arr. by G. Oberhoffer*
7. Instrumental Trio—"Allegro assai Appassionato"*Mendelssohn* (Op. 49)
8. Vocal Duet—"May-Time"*Geehl*
9. 'Cello, with Orchestra—"Premier Concerto"*Saint-Saëns* (Op. 33)
10. Vocal Trio—"The Time of Roses"
Berwald
11. Orchestra—"Symphony in G Minor," 1st Movement*Mozart*
12. Chorus, with Orchestra—"Ave Maria"..
Brahms (Op. 12)

**A Brilliant Performance at Loreto College,
St. Stephen's Green, Dublin.**

The annual concert at Loreto College has grown to be one of the notable musical events in Dublin, and so many were the applications to hear the performances, both vocal and instrumental, that this year's concert had to be given on three afternoons of the week. The high character of the music and the merit of the performance explain the interest in the event in musical circles, and are a sufficient indication of the standard of the college. The program included classical and modern numbers, some of which were heard for the first time in Dublin. Standard orchestral works, performed by a fine band, are always a powerful attraction. On this occasion the selections were: the overture to "Don Giovanni," Haydn's Sixth Symphony, in G; the well-known "Andante Cantabile" of Tschaikowsky, and the German Coronation March. The band, composed of about forty instrumentalists—the leader a young lady of no more than fifteen or sixteen—showed a surprising degree of strength, producing an unusually fine body of tone, and, notwithstanding the rather long programme, the leader ac-

quitted herself of her rather arduous task without for a moment exhibiting the least sign of mental or physical fatigue. The band played throughout with decided purpose, and, apparently, patiently trained, knew its work, and treated the several numbers both with breadth of view and perfection in detail. The delicacy of the Tschaikowsky andante, the genial gaiety of the Haydn movement, contrasted with the spirited rendition of the Mozart overture, and the brilliant performance of the Coronation March, showed that the musical studies of the pupils had been directed by one who knew every detail of the work, and the relation of all to the general scheme.

The chorus, too, was of great excellence. The young girls sang with clear articulation, freshness and resonance, and showed their ability to keep up to the pitch during the long unaccompanied numbers. This quality of good intonation was accompanied with prompt attack, unanimity of delivery, power and refinement. They are to be complimented, too, on their pronunciation of the Gaelic words in an Irish translation of "When Through Life," arranged for female voices, with orchestral accompaniment, by Mr. Larchet. Their rendering of the final number, "Ave Maria," to Riga's fine and truthful illustration of the text, was expressive and clear. The singing of the five choral numbers seemed never to be at fault, and the tone was perfectly graded from the most delicate passages to those demanding power and strength of voice. The singing throughout explains why these concerts are looked forward to with so much interest by lovers of delicate part-singing, pure vocalism, and refined style.

The orchestral and choral numbers were interspersed with vocal solos, concerted pieces, chamber music and instrumental solos. Miss Eileen Furlong sang "She is Far from the Land" and "Remembrances and Regrets," displaying fine quality of voice, grace of style and dramatic feeling. A vocal trio, "Night Sinks on the Wave," was charmingly sung. Two instrumental trios, Beethoven's in B flat, and Ernst Fesca's, tested in greater detail the capacity of the instrumentalists, who played with precision and refinement. In two violoncello solos, Popper's Mazurka and Mr. Clyde Twelvetees' "Lament," Miss Nora Bodkin's playing was expres-



LUNA ISLAND AND MAINLAND FROM GOAT ISLAND.



VIEW OF AMERICAN AND HORSE SHOE FALLS FROM UPPER STEEL ARCH BRIDGE.

sive, scholarly, and characterized by roundness and ripeness of tone and mastery of the resources of the instrument. Miss T. O'Connor's playing of de Bériot's Ninth Concerto for violin was an unexpected revelation of power in one so young. She showed quite uncommon gifts of strength of bow and technical resource, and a remarkable development of the interpretative faculty. In a piano solo, the Impromptu in B flat, from Schubert's Opus 142, the same young artiste proved the versatility of her talent, playing with excellent technique and brilliancy of execution. She gave both her numbers from memory, exhibiting retentive powers and physical endurance. If fault were to be found, it lies perhaps in the fact that her uncommon digital dexterity and power, and a fine technique are allowed to overshadow other qualities of the possession of which evidence was by no means wanting. She is a young musician with a future.

Miss Kelly won conspicuous favor by her executive skill, satisfactory style, and artistic interpretation in another violin selection, Sinigaglia's "Rhapsodie Piedmontese."

The concert was an interesting musical event, the attendance each day was large, and the enjoyment complete. Mr. Larchet, L. R. I. A. M., conducted.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE, DARJEELING,
22nd. June, 1914.

DEAR REVEREND MOTHER:

His Excellency Lord Carmichael and Her Excellency Lady Carmichael ask me to send you their very hearty congratulations on the honour which has been bestowed on you.

They are glad that the news should have come so fittingly on the occasion of your Anniversary.

Yours sincerely,

G. N. GOODE,
Private Secretary.

From the Director of Public Instruction,
Bengal:

June 22nd., 1914.

DEAR MOTHER DOROTHEA:

It is with very great pleasure that I write and tell you I have just heard from Government House that the Reverend Mother Provincial of your Order has been awarded the Kaiser-I-Hind gold Medal. This is the highest distinction that

Government could give, and I am sure no distinction could ever have been more richly deserved.

May I congratulate you all?

Very sincerely yours,

W. W. HORNELL.

P. S.—Please let me know where the Reverend Mother Provincial is now so that I may send a telegram. W. W. H.

Telegram from Government House:

June 22nd., 10.50 A. M.

REVEREND MOTHER GONZAGA,
Loreto House, Darjeeling.

Their Excellencies desire me to offer you their hearty congratulations on your being decorated with K. I. H. gold Medal.

G. N. G.

Rev. Mother Francis Pope, I. B. V. M.

THE spirit of Newman walks abroad and is mighty yet! is the word which comes to one's lips, as convert after convert lays claim to having fallen under the spell of that magnetic personality. In the distant North there has recently passed away a devoted Newmanian, whose valiant confessorship deserves the meed of a place in our Catholic obituary.

Louisa Pope, born in Whitby, in July 21, 1833, was daughter of Thomas Sherlock Pope, Vicar of Holy Trinity, York, and descended from Sir Thomas Pope, one of the Founders of Trinity, Oxford, whose apostacy was compensated for by Louisa and the five brave young Popes. Their father's daily prayer was, that all his children might love God, and most abundantly was the desire of this just man heard, by six of his family being gifted with the light of faith, and five with a vocation for religion.

Shortly after the death of the Reverend T. Pope, in 1853, his eldest son William, who had also taken orders, becoming unsettled, entered into correspondence with Newman. Many was the night, says the sister, that he kept her up, reading the letters of the Great Tractarian. Buoying up the troubled elder brother with her courage, Louisa sought further light from Brown, a Catholic bookseller in York and a recent convert from the Anglican clergy. He not

only supplied her with doctrinal works, but gave her an introduction to his cousin, Reverend Mother Angela Browne, Superior of the Bar Convent, York. Here she put herself under instruction and was received into the Church in September, 1854.

Shortly after, William was received at Stonyhurst, and later, entered into a long and fruitful apostolate as Canon Pope, of Harrogate. In the following month, John Pope, having been publicly threatened with expulsion and a flogging at St. Peter's Grammar School, for attending a Catholic church, was received with his three sisters into the One True Fold, for which brave confessing of the faith, all were turned out of house and home, Louisa the pioneer, who had nerved them on to the fray, being honoured especially with a shower of stones.

But their father's doors being shut on them, those of God's house were opened wide; John in Eton jacket betook himself to the Jesuit novitiate, Elizabeth to the Colettines in Bruges, Margaret to the Marie Réparatrice, and Louisa to the Bar Convent, York. Here, her uncle, the great Whately of Oriel, afterwards Archbishop of Dublin, sent a curate of his to try if by any chance he might inveigle the "benighted niece" to his palace. But the young religious, now Sister Francis Xavier, had made her choice, it was to be an abject in the house of the Lord rather than to dwell in the palaces of prelates. To that choice she clung with an unswerving fidelity during sixty years, choosing always and in all things, a perfect fulfilment of the will of God, and passing away full of years and of merits on the 12th. July, 1914.

A devoted lover of Newman all her life, one of the last things she asked to be read to her when she was already entering into the valley of the shadow of death, was the *Dream of Gerontius*:

During her twelve years of superiority, she ruled mildly and broadly and justly, and founded the branch house of Cambridge, in 1898, and opened up relations, which had been broken during a hundred years, with the Mother House at Munich, Nymphenburg.

Envy is blind, and can only disparage the virtues of others.

"In The Heart of The Meadow."



WE have before us a volume of poems entitled "In The Heart of The Meadow," by the well-known lecturer, essayist and poet, Dr. Thomas O'Hagan.

This is Dr. O'Hagan's fourth volume of poems. His first volume, "A Gate of Flowers," published in 1887, received the commendation of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes and J. G. Whittier.

The second volume, "In Dreamland," published in 1893, contains all Dr. O'Hagan's Irish poems. It was these that Charles Dudley Warner and Katherine Tynan Hinkson praised.

When the distinguished French littérateur, Paul Bourget, was in Toronto, some twenty years ago, he gave it out to the press that Dr. O'Hagan's poems were among the Canadian ones that have been translated into French in Paris.

Dr. O'Hagan's third volume, "Songs of The Settlement," because of the note of pioneer life in it, and the simplicity and sincerity of its themes, had even better sale than its predecessors.

His fourth volume of poems, "In The Heart of The Meadow," has a beautiful "foreword" from the pen of the distinguished littérateur and jurist, the Hon. Justice Longley of Halifax. We cannot do better than quote therefrom:

"This volume, 'In The Heart of The Meadow,' is, I understand, Mr. O'Hagan's fourth published book of verse. Of the merits of the poems it is only necessary to say that while most of the poetry of our day seems to have buried itself in obscurity, Mr. O'Hagan's poems are easily understood and come freely from the thought and imagination. It is indeed a singular fact that while one can read Shakespeare, Tennyson or Byron with perfect ease, and little difficulty is found in understanding their references and the meaning which they desire to convey, there exists the greatest difficulty in understanding many of the poets who write to-day. This comes, no doubt, from a confused idea that there must be some meaning suggested which it is possible for authors to find out, but impossible for average readers to determine. Such deficiencies have caused many of the most impressive of modern poems to pass disregarded by multitudes of people, and will continue so until the end of time.

The meaning of Mr. O'Hagan's poems is beset with no darkness or obscurity. Indeed, his spirit and method seem to be well reflected in his poem, 'Two Workers':

'But he who builds for future time
Strong walls of faith and love sublime,
Who domes with prayer his gift of toil,
Whom neither fate nor foe can foil,
Is doing work of godly part
Within the kingdom of the heart,
And wins him honor brighter far
Than ray of light from heavenly star!'

Whatever be its fortune, Mr. Thomas O'Hagan's new volume takes its chances, and the best wishes of all will be that the immortality which we all so ardently crave may crown his efforts to endow mankind with sweetest and purest sentiments."

The enchanting poem, from which the volume derives its name, takes us into the earthly paradise of the poet,—and we find there no "madding crowd" whose very presence would destroy the "Meadow," would render it non-existent:

"In the heart of the meadow, where Love abides,
And rules his Court as a sceptred King,
Green-clad Knights, with dewdrop helmets,
Pledge their faith and roundly sing:
'Honor to him, our liege lord King,
Who rules the air and the land and the sea;

His throne rests not on the arms of Empire,
But the hearts of his subjects so true and free!'"

Truly, this sweet poem reveals to us the poet's world.

Mr. O'Hagan's works breathe of the peace, the joyousness, resulting from the trust, the implicit faith in God, so typical of the Celt. Because it is "the will of God," his viewpoint of everything is to the last degree Christian.

Every line in this book, while natural to the ear of any mortal, might have fallen from the pen of an angel.

What could be sweeter, more eloquent of Celtic tenderness than "The Altar of Our Race":

"Out of the mists of the centuries ago,
Daughter of Nations, Earth's white-robed Child,
Kneeling, in grief, with your face to the sea,
Telling your beads, with a sob so wild,
What was your dream thro' the years long flown,
Nestling close to the altar of God?
Was it to sit at the table of kings
Or build in faith from the lowly sod?

Scattered your exiles on every sea,
Still they are kneeling in fervor and prayer,
Dreaming the dream that they dreamt of old
'Neath a star-sown sky of a life of care:
For this is a gift that kings ne'er give;
It cometh in daytime, it cometh at night;
'Tis a gift of God to the Irish race,
Oh, hold it enshrined, this wondrous light!

What unerring philosophy is voiced from "A Dreamer"!

"Men call me dreamer—what care I?
The cradle of my heart is rocked;
I dwell in realms beyond the earth;
The gold I mint is never locked.

Men call me dreamer—this, forsooth,
Because I spurn each thing of dross,
And count the step that leads not up
A useless toil, a round of loss.

Men call me dreamer—nay, that word
Hath burned its way from age to age;
Its light shone o'er Judea's hills
And thrilled the heart of seer and sage.

Men call me dreamer—yet forget

The dreamer lives a thousand years,
While those whose hearts and hands knead clay
Live not beyond their duty biers."

Mr. O'Hagan's measure changes with the mood of his theme. And what heart does not respond to "The Song My Mother Sings"!

"O sweet unto my heart is the song my mother sings

As eventide is brooding on its dark and noiseless wings;

Every note is charged with memory—every memory bright with rays

Of the golden hours of promise in the lap of childhood's days;

The orchard blooms anew, and each blossom scents the way,

And I feel again the breath of eve among the new-mown hay;

While thro' the halls of memory in happy notes there rings

All the life-joy of the past in the song my mother sings.

I have listened to the dreamy notes of Chopin and of Liszt,

As they dripp'd and dropp'd about my heart and filled my eyes with mist;

I have wept strong tears of pathos 'neath the spell of Verdi's power,

As I heard the tenor voice of grief from out the donjon tower;

And Gounod's oratorios are full of notes sublime

That stir the heart with rapture through the sacred pulse of time;

But all the music of the past and the wealth that memory brings

Seem as nothing when I listen to the song my mother sings.

It's a song of love and triumph, it's a song of toil and care;

It is filled with chords of pathos and it's set in notes of prayer;

It is bright with dreams and visions of the days that are to be,

And as strong in faith's devotion as the heart-beat of the sea;

It is linked in mystic measure to sweet voices from above,

And is starr'd with ripest blessing thro' a mother's sacred love;

Oh, sweet and strong and tender are the memories that it brings,

As I list in joy and rapture to the song my mother sings."

How sublime is "A Dirge of The Settlement"!

"The wind sweeps through the forest aisles,

In requiem notes of grief and woe,

For the great, strong heart of the pioneer

Hushed in death, as an oak laid low:

Chanting a dirge at every door—

Dirge for the Oak the Storm-King tore:

'Here at rest is our pioneer

In his little log cabin beside the rill—

The stream flows on but his heart is still;

Here at rest is our pioneer,

Wake not his slumber with sorrow's tear!"

What would ye build to his narrow fame

That knew not glory nor gift nor gain?

His life touched God in a simple way—

This be his column on Judgment Day."

There is joy and peace beneath the sadness of "Ripened Fruit":

"I know not what my heart hath lost;

I cannot strike the chords of old;

The breath that charmed my morning life

Hath chilled each leaf within the wold.

The swallows twitter in the sky,

But bare the nest beneath the eaves;

The fledglings of my care are gone,

And left me but the rustling leaves.

And yet, I know my life hath strength,

And firmer hope and sweeter prayer,

For leaves that murmur on the ground

Have now for me a double care.

I see in them the hope of spring,

That erst did plan the autumn day;

I see in them each gift of man

Grow strong in years, then turn to clay.

Not all is lost—the fruit remains

That ripened through the summer's ray;

The nurslings of the nest are gone,

Yet hear we still their warbling lay.

The glory of the summer sky
 May change to tints of autumn hue;
 But faith that sheds its amber light
 Will lend our heaven a tender blue.

O altar of eternal youth!
 O faith that beckons from afar,
 Give to our lives a blossomed fruit—
 Give to our morns an evening star!"

Through the light of Ireland's emancipation
 in the passing of the Home Rule bill, we can
 fully understand and appreciate the lines entitled
 "Reconciled":

"I saw two nations clasping hands
 Whose hearts had been estranged for years;
 The sun of peace upon each brow
 Dispell'd the darksome mist of tears.
 Behind were centuries robed in night;
 Before the glorious dawn of day;
 While every peak on Freedom's height
 Flashed back the light of heavenly ray.

O sister Isle! O Nation great!
 This day a victory hath been won
 Far greater than the fame that speaks
 Thro' trumpet's tongue or lip of gun;
 This day Peace weaves a garland bright
 And heals the bitter wound of time,
 Turning the sword with cruel edge
 Into a harp of golden prime."

In this poet's "November" there is no hope-
 lessness:

"Chill-clad, cold November,
 Autumn's drooping head;
 Weeping skies, psalm-like sighs,
 Nature's cold, cold bed.

Dead leaves fall before me—
 Hopes of summer dreams;
 Naked boughs, broken vows,
 Mirror'd in bright streams.

Tatter'd robes of glory,
 Trampled by the wind;
 Faded rays, faded days,
 Floating through the mind.

Days of gloom and sadness,
 Hours of sacred care;
 Lonely biers, bitter tears,
 Hearts in silent prayer."

When we read of the abominable atrocities
 perpetrated in the present war by a so-called
 Christian nation against defenceless women and
 children, we sigh for the knighthood of bygone
 Catholic ages.

"A Knight of God" suggests the ideal of the
 Christian soldier:

"God's finger touched thee
 While yet thy years were young;
 Thy ripened fruit of faith
 On Life's tree hung.

In vigils watched thy heart
 Thro' toil of every day;
 A Knight of God supreme
 Thou led'st the way.

Faith simple and secure
 Thy torch and goal;
 Beloved thy memory dear;
 Peace to thy soul!"

As a glorious ending to earthly career, we
 could imagine nothing more appealing or con-
 vincing than "The Burial of a Poet":

"Out of the heart of the roaring city
 Dark and rude with its moiling gain,
 They bore the Dreamer who plann'd and
 fashion'd

The white-winged Hopes of a teeming brain;
 Spring was stirring with pulse and wonder
 The heart of Nature in forest and mead,
 Linking the Hope that blossoms in heaven
 To the Builders of Morn, in the tiniest seed.

Under the skies of his white-robed childhood
 The robins were singing the carols of old;
 But the Poet heard not the notes that trembled
 As they mingled in grief with the bell that
 toll'd:

The ritual of faith filled field and forest,
 As they buried the Poet, 'mid sobs and prayer,
 Where the Altars of Morn are fragrant with
 incense.

And the bright tents of God shine clear and
 fair."

Besides his poetical works, Dr. Thomas
 O'Hagan has published "Studies in Poetry"
 (1900); "Canadian Essays" (1901); "Essays:
 Literary, Critical, and Historical" (1909);
 "Chats by the Fireside" (1911).

Optimism vs. Pessimism in Literature.

BY THE LATE VERY REV. CANON SHEEHAN, D. D.

THE clever agent of a circus-troupe, sent in advance with bills and flaming posters, to excite the curiosity of the young, and it may be, of the old, generally has some latent charm hidden away under some obscure and unknown phase, to stimulate all the more the curiosity of his future clients, and assure himself of their sixpences. Somewhat in the same way I was greatly tempted to call this paper by some mysterious name, so that, if the reader did not turn to it for the writer's sake, he might do so through that universal and insatiable little vice—curiosity. And I had no trouble in finding such a phrase: for as Robert Browning is my ideal of an optimist poet—indeed the only optimist poet of our generation—and as Robert Browning's verses are synonymous with everything that is obscure, involved, or—to use a word that has a special interest at present through Dr. Jameson and Oom Paul—outlandish; I had only to open this little duodecimo volume, and presto! here is the word, ready, cut and dried—"Pippa passes." Not to keep you too long on the tenter-hooks of expectation, let me say at once that Pippa is a little Italian girl, working in a silk-mill, in Asolo, and Pippa has got a holiday. It is a rare event; and she is determined to enjoy it to the uttermost. She will not "squander a wavelet" of it; no, not "one mite of her twelve hours' treasure." Now, Pippa, like all Italians, can sing; and she goes around the vine-clad hills, and down the singing valleys, with a carol on her lips, and lightness in her heart; and the burden of her song is this:

"The year's at the spring
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hill-side's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn:
God's in His heaven—
All's right with the world!"

Now, it happens, as she goes along, four distinct groups of persons, unseen by her—four groups, who are contemplating either crimes or critical balances in their lives—are so affected by her simple, artless song, full of hope and

trust, that they pause — some stricken by remorse, others appalled at the step they were about to take. And all, touched by the simple faith of this child, are about to change into better and hopefuller ways; and consciences seared with sin, and hearts hardened in iniquity, spring towards better and loftier things, by the tender faith of this guileless child.

Now, the burden of her song:—

"God's in His heaven—
All's right with the world!"

is the burden of all Browning's poetry. He is essentially Browning the optimist. "All's right with the world!" This note runs through all his poems. In nature, in man, in science, in social life—everywhere there is either some good, or some tendency towards final good. He will not see gloom anywhere; and should a passing cloud darken his sunlight, he looks only at the silver lining. You remember the melancholy of Tennyson; and how he makes the lonely mere, the sombre sky, the cold gray stones of the sea, etc., typify his own sombre spirit. Browning will not have this.

"The lark

Soars up and up, shivering for very joy;
Afar the ocean sleeps; while fishing gulls
Flit where the strand is purple with its tribe
Of nested limpets; savage creatures seek
Their loves in wood and plain—and God renews
His ancient rapture!"

The same spirit pervades all his poems. Where others spell failure, despair, despondency, Browning spells success, hope, and that lofty elevation of spirit that passes from mere human joy to the highest dreams of inspiration. Of course, there are flaws in the handiwork of creation; but they only show the grace and beauty of the rest of the work, and they, in turn, will be filled up, and polished into perfectness. There are discords in the music, but they only emphasize the harmony; and life, with all its sorrows, is very sweet and good, and a gift from heaven, and can be rounded into perfect form by our own efforts, that is if we are generous, hopeful and true.

In strange contradiction to all this is the melancholy, the despair, the pessimism that is the key-note of all other philosophers and poets

And, as I have here introduced a new word, let me define it, or rather let me define my contradictories. Optimism is the theory that "all that is, is right," that it is a glorious world, full of all fine possibilities; and that mankind is ever moving onward, onward, to the goal of perfect happiness. Pessimism, on the other hand, is the sad and terrible doctrine that life is, at best, a miserable business, to be terminated as soon as possible by annihilation; that all this thing, called progress, is really retrogression, and that the sooner it is all over the better. Of course, this dismal teaching was known to the philosophers of old, but in our century it has permeated all literature, the poem, the novel, the historical work, the treatise on philosophy; and its chief apostles were Schopenhauer and Hartmann, in Germany; and a poet, named Leopardi, in Italy. One, however, could be disposed to forgive and forget these idle dreamers but the evil theory has infiltrated down into the lives and souls of men and made miserable very beautiful and lofty spirits whose words and deeds have been, instead of a gospel to humanity, a sad legacy of the untruthfulness of despair.

It runs like a black warp through all Carlyle's philosophy. "England consists," he says, "of thirty million people—mostly fools." And such expressions as everlasting falsities and negations, want of verity in public men, windbags, and all the rest of the intolerable coarseness of a poor diseased mind, which the world will have us believe was a philosophic one, force themselves on you at every page, and make you believe at last that if ever there was a sham philosopher, it was Carlyle; and if ever there was cant and humbug, it was in the twenty odd volumes which a misapplied industry has left the world. You will find the same in all his successors—in Clifford, Spencer, Martineau. They all set out with the original faith—that science means progress, and that the whole race is moving onward and upward to perfection. Then the disillusion comes with experience; and when the zeal and heat are over, they give place to the blackness of despair.

I think I could forgive this in the philosophers. But how can you pardon it in the poets—the world's singers and prophets? What a frightful deordination it is, that they, whose music should lift up the weary heart of humanity, sing

but to depress it, and bring into the lives of men not the songs of gladness and hope, but the threnodies of anguish and despair. And despair, despair, is the dominant note in all the grand organ-music of the nineteenth century. As I have said of the philosophers, so do I say of the poets. No matter what songs of gladness burst from their lips in the morning of their lives, it soon dies away into one melancholy monotone of sadness and regret. You might forgive Tennyson that lovely lyric:—

"Break, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me"—

but how can you forgive him for this:—

"There lives more faith in honest doubt,
Believe me, than in half the creeds"—

or this:—

"Sooner or later I, too, may passively take the
print
Of the golden age—why not? I have neither
hope nor trust;
May make my heart as a millstone, set my face
as a flint,
Cheat and be cheated, and die—who knows?
we are ashes and dust."

And if you protest and say: He rose above all that, even in that poem from which you have quoted ("Maud") and wound up his awful Philippics against society by declaring—

"It is better to fight for the good than to rail at
the ill;
I have felt with my native land, I am one with
my kind,
I embrace the purpose of God, and the doom
assign'd"—

yet he retracted again in his extreme old age, and passed his final sentence of eternal reprobation against humanity in the very last extended poem which he wrote.

The same is true, in even a more intense sense, of a still more delicate and refined nature—Matthew Arnold. Many more modern critics will place his name even higher than that of Tennyson; and it is more true of his poetry than of Tennyson's that one long wail of sadness runs through it all. In that well-known poem,

"Dover Beach," he, too, makes the eternal sea re-echo his own despair:—

"The sea of faith
Was once, too, at the full, and round earth's
shore
Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furled.
But now I only hear
Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar
Retreating to the breath
Of the night-wind, down the vast edges drear
And naked shingles of the world.

Let us be true
To one another! for the world which seems
To be before us like a land of dreams
So various, so beautiful, so new,
Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,
Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain;
And we are here, as on a darkling plain,
Swept with confused alarms of struggle and
fight,
Where ignorant arms clash by night"—

and so on through pages of "most musical, most melancholy" verse.

Of course, I have not quoted Byron, who was a professed pessimist; nor Swinburne, who tries to infuse into his poems a Greek lightness and joy, and would have succeeded but that the curse of paganism is on all he wrote, and his pages are floating into the waters of Lethe. Nor do I quote John Ruskin, who, as you know, thinks we are all rushing on the wings of modern science to certain damnation. Neither shall I mention any of our modern novelists, but to say, that if any lingering doubt remained in the minds of men that our literature is also in a state of decadence, I need only quote "Trilby," and the far worse abominations that pour forth from men and alas! women novelists, until one is inclined to believe that this awful flood of prurient literature will sweep away every old and venerated landmark of decency and propriety. But, as I half share Ruskin's detestation of the ravages on the face of Nature made by modern science, here is a rather sharp echo and confirmation of his worst predictions.

"All the valleys of the Meuse and Moselle are sullied with factory smoke and blasting powder.

"The Bay of Amalfi and the shore of Posilippo are defiled by cannon foundries.

"All the Ardennes are scorched and soiled and

sickened with the stench of smoke and suffocating slag.

"The Peak country and Derwent vales are being scarred and charred for railway lines, mines, and factories.

"What has been done to Venice is such outrage that it might wake Tiziano from under his weight of marble in the Frati church and call the Veronese back from his grave.

"The finest torrent in Scotland is about to be deviated from its course and used for aluminum works.

"The fumes of these aluminum works will, when they are in full blast, emit hydrofluoric acid gas which will destroy all the vegetation on Loch Ness for miles.

"The lakes of Maggiore, of Como, and Garda are all being defiled by factories and steam-engines. Thirlmere and Loch Katrine have been violated; and all the other English and Scotch lakes will be similarly ravaged. Fucina has been dried up as a speculation, and Thrasymene has been threatened. The Rhone is dammed up, and tapped, and tortured, until all its rich alluvial deposits are lost to the soil of Provence."

And so all the beauty and grandeur of the old world is blighted and poisoned by the insatiable lust of men and peoples for gold. It is a dismal prospect; and some will think that amongst the few consolations we have left us in Ireland we may number the probability that our blue skies will never be altogether blackened by belching chimneys, nor our fair vales seamed and scarred, as are the sweetest spots that the great Artist God, framed and beautified for the delight of the children of men.

And so the litany of despair goes on. In science, in literature, in the relations of great powers towards each other, in the impending and inevitable cataclysm that will rend Europe from the Ural mountains to the Atlantic seaboard, in the total absence of honor and sincerity amongst nations as among individuals, in the new ideas that are being advanced about social, parental and marital relations, in the lust of the rich for more wealth, which is so insatiable, in the subterranean thunders that herald a terrible revolution amongst the working classes—above all, in the ever-growing indifference to religion, and the substitution of some new code of ethics for the eternal gospel of Christ—in all these things the



GREEN ISLAND, AMERICAN RAPIDS AND GREEN ISLAND BRIDGE, 1881.



GREEN ISLAND FROM GOAT ISLAND, 1913.

prophets of despair—and they are legion—forecast a future, pregnant with possibilities that may not be imagined, and full of doubt and gloom that should make sick at heart any one who thought well of his race, or yet entertained a lingering regard for a humanity that appears to be bent on destruction. Where now is little Pippa? Where is the great optimist poet who sings?—

“Grow old along with me!
The best is yet to be,
The last of life, for which the first was made;
Our times are in His hand
Who saith: ‘A whole I planned,
Youth shows but half; trust God, see all, nor
be afraid!’”

You will ask, however, very naturally, where is the point for discussion; where is your thesis which we are to support or contradict? It is simple, apparently, a very easy question for solution; yet I venture to say that you never discussed a question which is so many-sided, or which leaves the decision so uncertain. The thesis is:—

The optimistic, the hopeful view of the world and humanity, is the view that commends itself to us as fraught with the larger and higher possibilities for our race.

The contradictory thesis is:—

The pessimists are the thinkers that really, and in very deed, by their criticism, their dissatisfaction, their sublime restlessness, are pushing on the race towards the very perfection in which they do not believe.

How often we say to ourselves, “Would that this had not come to pass!” How often we feel in regard to our own schemes, “Would that I had done differently!” This is the judgment of regret; and it is a silent witness of the heart to the conviction that some things are not inevitable. It is a confession that a battle has been lost that might have been won. It is the acknowledgment that things which are, but are not right, need not have been, if we had seen more clearly and followed more truthfully the guiding star of the good.

The Tragedy of Louvain.

BY HIS LORDSHIP RIGHT REVEREND J. CASARELLI,
BISHOP OF SALFORD.

INTO what shall I dip my pen to write these lines at the urgent request of the Editor? Into ink? Into blood? Into gall? I think into tears. “Sunt lacrymae rerum”! Oh, the pity of it! The pity, not only for the victims, animate and inanimate; not only for gallant, heroic, bleeding little Belgium; not only for the cause of justice, of honour, of humanity, of Christianity: but for that of the perpetrators themselves, of the German name. The es-cutcheon has been besmirched, befouled irretrievably; no blood, no tears can wash away the foulness of the stain. It is too painful to have to write on the subject: to me it is like describing the murder of my mother—for Louvain has been to me very truly an Alma Mater, and I am proud to rank as one of the least of her sons. And what is there to be said? Poor old Kruger boasted that he would “stagger humanity.” The modern Attila has accomplished that inhuman achievement.

Do Not Yet Know the Worst.

The gruesome story has been told in all its sickening details: though we do not know the worst even yet. The whole world has rung with execration of the foul deed. The beauties of the quaint old Flemish city by the Dyle have been well described and pictured in our daily papers: the grand old Church of St. Pierre, with its treasures of art; the historic “Halles,” with its splendid “Salle des Pas Perdus,” its magnificent Library, with its wonderful carved oak, its old-fashioned lecture-hall and bureaux, and its memories of the turbulent medieval days of strife between nobles and burghers; Ste. Gertrude, with its pierced-stone steeple and marvels of carven oak stalls; above all, the exquisite fifteenth-century Hôtel de Ville, that miracle of graceful Gothic architecture, exactly like a carved ivory casket, particularly when seen in the moonlight, as I first saw it, just forty years ago—that Hôtel de Ville of which Victor Hugo wrote, in February, 1852: “L’hôtel de ville de Louvain est un édifice qui s’élance, qui jaillit, qui monte—*ascendit*—c’est là sa beauté”—adding, “J’aime cette terre libre, où il y a tant de belles choses et tant de nobles coeurs.”

What if the great poet were still alive to write its elegy? How terrible would be the thunder of his periods!

History Repeating Itself.

I wonder what deeds History has to set beside the incredible barbarism of last week. Herostatus setting fire to the Temple of Diana at Ephesus? But he was a madman or a vain idiot. Omar burning down the great Library of Alexandria? But modern historians throw doubts on the story. The Huns, in the days of St. Ursula, destroying Cologne and thousands of its inhabitants? Modern critics tell us the story is probably legendary. Alas! there is no legend here; the deed is the "fine fleur," the crowning achievement of Teutonic "Kultur"! (By all means let us write it with a "K," to distinguish it from the real thing!) And now I remember there is a parallel in history: the frightful "Sack of Rome," in 1527, by the Imperial Army of Charles V., the great Kaiser of those days, when (to quote the great German historian Pastor) "the German 'Landsknechte' raged with coarse boorishness and brutal Vandalism."

After all, history sometimes repeats itself.

Scientific Establishments.

And with all these delightful monuments of medieval art and piety have perished, if we are rightly informed, so many of those purely modern and thoroughly up-to-date scientific establishments which were the glory of New Louvain. I wonder if any have survived. Professor Gilson's fine Zoological Museum; the wonderful Carnoy Institute of Biology; the splendid Arenberg Institute of Chemistry, whose inauguration I attended together with Archbishop (now Cardinal) Bourne, in 1910, the happy year of jubilee; the Institute of Bacteriology; the Medical Institute, which perpetuates in modern days the name of Vesalius, the father of anatomy; the extensive Philosophical Institute, with its bizarre architecture, founded and long directed by my former fellow student and later colleague, Mercier, now Archbishop of Malines and Cardinal. What is left of them all?

The List of the Dead.

And in the drum-head murders and fiendish general massacre which accompanied the Van-

dalism, which of my many dear friends have perished? The only name yet published is that of one of my friends and former colleagues: Mgr. Edmond Coenraets, the gentle and kindly Vice-Rector. Other names I have not yet seen. I dread to think of what the complete list may reveal. But when I look back on the happy days of studentship and professorship of long ago, and think of the honoured masters at whose feet I was privileged to sit—of Beelen, Feije, Jungmann, Lamy, Reusens, de Harlez—I can but esteem them happy that they were not suffered to see the cataclysm, and judge them "felices opportunitate mortis."

The Future of Louvain.

But we must not dwell on the past—we must and will look confidently to the future. I resist the facile temptation to talk of retribution. We may leave that, on earth, to a tribunal that, in the long run, never errs: the tribunal of History. We know the verdict and the sentence beforehand. And there is a more august and a more awful tribunal than even that:

The mills of God grind slowly,
But they grind exceeding fine.

This is not, however, the thought that is inspiring me now. It is a happier and a brighter thought. Louvain, phoenix-like, must rise again from her ashes. When this awful war of nations shall have ended, be it sooner or later, when Belgium shall be her free self again, a new Louvain and a renovated University must arise. Recalling the Campanile of Venice, I cannot see why the Hôtel de Ville itself should not once more shoot up to heaven (to use Victor Hugo's imagery) on the very same spot. The various establishments of the University may be restored, some even finer and more up-to-date than before. And I doubt not that not only Catholic Belgium, with her inexhaustible generosity, but the Catholics of wealthy America, who are bound by many ties of gratitude to Louvain, and indeed Catholics all over the civilized world—and not only these, but many generous non-Catholics, who esteem and love learning, and art, and true culture, and heroism, and patriotism—will come forward to aid in the work. It will be a debt incumbent on Christendom. The debt will, I believe, be paid readily and generously. And may I be spared to see the day when I shall be

* Textually: "Mit plumper Ungeschicktheit und rohem Vandalismus wütheten die deutschen Landsknechte." (IV. 2, p. 277).

invited to assist at the inauguration, in front of the great railway station, of a splendid Monument erected by Europe and America to "The Martyrs of Louvain, 1914."

Rosalie.

I.

IT was late October, and London was cold and dreary. It was misty, and all who could were enjoying the warmth and brightness of the fireside.

On this dull Thursday at one of the many windows in Chelsea Mansions, a child sat quite alone in the late afternoon, dressed in a black velvet blouse with a turned down collar showing her pretty white throat, a little black skirt, black stockings and dainty shoes with tiny silver buckles. Rosalie Silverthorn sat on a high stool, looking out at the passers-by. Her golden hair fell in soft curls and was drawn away from her forehead save for one or two wind-blown tresses on her temples. The room was rather dark, although a small fire burned at the other end. The child's eyes were sad as she watched two little girls in grey walking on the other side of the road.

"They must be going back from school," Rosalie thought, and wondered to herself what their mother was like. She would be tall and slight, and have beautiful wavy hair. How lovely for them to be going home to her now! And their stockings were so well drawn up, and they had such pretty shoes—their pretty mother would be sure to admire their legs. Rosalie remembered how Mammo used to love her little legs in the black open-work stockings and patent leather shoes, and how she used to say that nothing should be stiff or hard-looking for children except their tightly-pulled-up stockings. Perhaps these little girls had a dog, too, that would run out to meet them like poor Follette, before Follette was stolen. Rosalie watched the children wistfully as they went their way, homewards, no doubt, unconscious of her sad eyes.

She was tired, tired of the long lonely afternoon, tired of everything. She went across to the fire, threw herself into a large chair, and began to think of Mammo again, until, hearing

the sound of footsteps, she listened, sprang up, and ran to the door.

"O Brigid, I am so glad; so glad you are back. I was longing for you to come."

"I am sure you were, Miss Rosalie, and you, you're alone, too, all this time," said Brigid, as she stooped down and kissed the little upturned face. "But I hope you were not thinking long, dear."

"Oh, I am afraid I was. I tried hard not to, but I always do think of Mammo, Brigid. I can't help it, indeed I can't."

"Indeed, dear, I doubt you're right. Little wonder, too, and her scarce three months gone from us, the light of heaven to her soul. But your uncle's written from Paris that we're to go down to Brandon Towers next week. 'Tis then you'll be prancing about the place in fine 'style, and cantering through the fields on your own wee pony. 'Tis queer and glad she'll be to see you, too, I doubt, and fine sport you'll have down there, so you will, between the dogs and the bunnies and what all."

And Brigid, with kind keen eyes, proudly watched the result of her efforts, as Rosalie danced round and round the room in sheer delight.

II.

In due time, Rosalie and Brigid were installed in Brandon Towers, her uncle Colonel de Thury's country home.

On the first of November, the Feast of All Saints, Brigid and Rosalie walked to the little church, half a mile away. The congregation at this late Mass was larger than usual, as a well-known Irish Augustinian had been announced to preach.

The sermon began and ended with the text: "For in my Father's house there are many mansions." The preacher spoke of how the saints would participate with Christ in the glory of heaven—"that where I am you also may be." Rosalie kept her eyes steadily on him, for she knew that the sermon was about the Father's house—Mammo's house.

When Brigid and Rosalie were out again in the keen frosty air, Brigid said, as she took the child by the hand:

"Wasn't that a beautiful sermon? It did my heart good to listen to it, and sure he made me feel as if I was back in Ireland. But, of course,

Miss Rosalie, you're far too young to follow sermons."

"O Brigid, I loved the part about the Father's house and the mansions, for the Father's house is heaven, and that is Mammo's, too."

"Indeed it is, Miss Rosalie, and when he spoke about the saints, 'twas of your Mammo I was thinking all the time, the light of heaven to her. There was never any one who could hold a candle to Mrs. Silverthorn, and as clever as she was pretty—but all her people were the same. There's your Uncle René, Colonel de Thury; where would you see a finer gentleman? I mind the letter he wrote to poor nurse when she took ill, and had to go—a letter like he'd write to a real lady, and sending her five pounds, and making it out as if 'twas she was giving it to him instead of him to her. He said he'd always be a friend to her, and reminded her of how your Mammo used to talk of her so feeling when she was dying there in Paris, after the chill she took at the races at St. Cloud. But Miss Rosalie, we musn't be talking about Mammo: it isn't good for you."

"O Brigid, I love talking about Mammo."

"Yes, I know; but still it isn't good for you, Miss Rosalie, dear. We'll hurry home now: and 'tis such a lovely day we'll go out on the turret and bring up the cushions and the wee kittens—or perhaps you'd rather have the bunnies?"

"Oh, no, Brigid, I'll take the kittens; they're such dears. Look, there's the postman: perhaps there's a letter from Uncle René."

Cercle Militaire,
PARIS, *Samedi*.

Chère Petite,

I go now to the opéra, so this is not a letter—it is a scribble. The scribble desires to say that there will be a great surprise for little Rosalie one day very soon. She must guess. Don't be too lonely, ma mignonne: you will come one day to Paris to Uncle René, in this dear Paris, *où l'on s'amuse*. And then Uncle René will live old days again when he looks into your dear eyes. But now I go, ma petite. Mille baisers de ton

UNCLE RENÉ.

All the rest of the way back, Rosalie and Brigid wondered about the surprise, and until they were installed on the turret: but they could not possibly guess what it could be.

Rosalie loved the turret—it was so high and one could see so far—right away over the fields and houses that looked so small, to where the sky would have touched the earth only for the low blue hills that seemed to hold it up. Sometimes the birds would sweep round the turret or rest on the parapet with a friendly chirp or two, as if they were surprised to see any one so high above the rest of humanity.

"Oh, Brigid, isn't it lovely up here?" said Rosalie, as she tossed back her soft curls, and cuddled a tiny kitten in each arm. "We will come up again to-morrow, won't we? Promise, do promise, Brigid. I know you will, won't you? And don't take away the cushions or lock the door."

"Well, dear, I'll promise. We will come up to-morrow and I won't lock the door, so there now! But you must remind me to take down the cushions. To-morrow must be the very last day we come up. It's too late in the year now for the turret."

"All right; but we'll come up in the morning, won't we?"

"Indeed we will, dear. Do you know, Miss Rosalie, the last time I was up here was that lovely day in the summer when Mammo told you all about the roses and the processions?"

"Oh, no, Brigid, that was down in the garden. I remember quite well about the roses and the Canterbury bells."

"Yes, dear, and about the roses coming of age. Many's the time Nurse and I talked about that. But sure, your Mammo was always thinking lovely things, Miss Rosalie, so she was—poor Mrs. Silverthorn."

"Do tell me all of it, Brigid, for I only remember about the roses and the Canterbury bells. I remember Mammo said, the eve of Corpus Christi was the great feast in the flower world, for that is the day of the coming of age of the roses. And Mammo said, if only we could hear as the flowers hear, we would listen at midnight on the eve of Corpus Christi to hear the chiming of the Canterbury bells for the coming of age of the roses, and then we would know how sweet the singing of the angels is."

"Yes, Miss Rosalie; and do you mind that other part about the roses—when they are come of age how many of the most beautiful of them all give up their lives the very next day, in the

great procession on the Feast of Corpus Christi: but those, your Mammo said, were mostly the roses that grow in convent gardens. But there, we are talking again about Mammo, and it isn't good for you, dear. Now you take the kittens and I'll take the tray; but remind me to come back for the cushions." Brigid went first down the small stairs leading from the turret.

"To-day," thought Rosalie, "is All Saints; so to-morrow will be All Souls." She held the little kittens more closely still as she followed Brigid down the narrow stairs.

"I have to go down to the village, Miss Rosalie. It's a good step, but don't be thinking long. I'll be back before your bedtime." And Brigid hurried away.

The dark afternoon went slowly by. Rosalie was very lonely; she could not help thinking of Mammo in the house of the many mansions.

When Brigid returned, tired out, she found the child lying back in a large chair in the hall by the bright fire.

Brigid soon put her to bed, lit the night-light, and stirred the fire. She kissed her good-night, and, shutting the door, went off to bed herself, slept soundly in the adjoining room, and did not wake till morning.

Rosalie tried her best to go to sleep, but she could not. She was still thinking about the preacher, and what he had said about the Father's house. There must be so very many mansions in heaven; if she could only know in which of them Mammo was, she would never again feel so lonely and so dreadfully far away. Then her thoughts wandered back to Mammo and Uncle René in Paris, the day before a children's ball. They were in the large empty drawing-room of the big hotel. Mammo had red roses fastened in her dress. She was singing about the night and its thousand eyes. It was Mammo's pet song, but when she sang the end, the part about when love is done, she looked very tired. Then Uncle René came over and kissed her. It was after that he talked about the eyes and the windows.

He said eyes were always windows, showing into the soul, and that my eyes were like Mammo's, and when I would be big I must have a soul like hers, too, for my windows were just like Mammo's windows. And then he sat down

to the piano and sang the little song he made up for me in Paris:—

"Ah! Ouvre donc la petite grille,
C'est moi qui viens, ma Rosalie,
Moi qui viens, ma Ro-sa-lie!"

And just as he stopped singing, a dear old lady came in with the lovely French poodle that had bangles on its paws; and she clapped her hands hard and said, "Mon Dieu! Quelle voix!" and I clapped hard, too, for Uncle René and my own little song. It was after that we went to buy the Japanese umbrella for my very, very first ball.

Rosalie thought and thought about Mammo and Uncle René until, at last, the tired eyes shut and she fell asleep.

She dreamed she was at the fancy ball, dressed as a little Japanese lady, and Mammo had just put a red rose in her hair and said how sweet it looked. Then she was dancing away round and round the great room with a dear little boy, dressed all in stars and stripes. But where was the Japanese umbrella? She couldn't find it, and he couldn't find it, and so where was it? And while they were looking for it Rosalie woke up to find herself in bed at the Towers, and quite alone. The small night-light burned steadily, and the fire threw a faint glimmer on something shining near a chair in the far corner of the room. Rosalie wondered for a moment what the shining thing could be. Then she remembered that it was that very little Japanese umbrella, and the shiny bits were the little silver linings that Mammo had painted on for the clouds, where the birds are flying by. Mammo said the little umbrella would remind Rosalie when she was grown up that clouds are always lined with silver, even when they don't look it. And the poor stork on the other side, with his legs turned all wrong! How Mammo used to laugh at him, and then say that she was sorry for him because he was so uncomfortable. She often said she would know that funny umbrella if she met it at the other end of the world.

The curtains were drawn well back, and the window was wide open, the moon was bright, the sky full of stars. Rosalie looked straight out into the night. What heaps and heaps of stars there were, she thought, and they were the eyes of the night, for the night had a thousand eyes, and Uncle René said that eyes are always win-

dows. Then . . . oh, could it be that the stars are the windows of the mansions in the Father's house!

Rosalie sat up and began to wonder earnestly if this could be. All was silent within doors and without. Rosalie crept noiselessly out of bed, and went over on tiptoe to the little table by the cane chair. She found a waxen taper, and, coming back with it to the fire, which was burning low, she lit the candle. Then, very gently and still without a sound, she opened a drawer of the wardrobe, and lifting the soft paper and the sweet-scented sachet, she took out the Japanese dress that she had worn at the children's fancy ball in Paris. She put it on and thrust her feet into dainty satin slippers. Then, taking the funny painted umbrella in her left hand and the candle in her right, Rosalie opened the door, crossed the landing, and slowly and softly mounted the narrow stairs to the turret. They seemed very long now, and how still everything was. Surely she was not afraid? Oh, no, Rosalie remembered that Mammo was never afraid of anything; neither was Uncle René. Mammo used to say that God was always seeing after little children and taking care of them. So Rosalie took courage, and went on to the top and out into the crisp night air on the open turret.

There was no sound in the still air. With wonderment in her eyes Rosalie gazed up into the stars. If only she could know which were the windows of the mansion where Mammo was! She opened the Japanese umbrella, and, standing in the middle of the turret, she stretched up her arm and twirled it round and round. Mammo had said she would know it at the other end of the world. Surely she would look out through her great beautiful windows and would see the poor stork with his legs turned wrong, and the clouds and the silver linings, and Rosalie in the little dress which, she said, was so sweet; surely the windows in her mansion would twinkle or shine more brightly or do something, anything—just to show her little girl where Mammo was.

Again she twirled the stork and the clouds, but there was no change among the stars.

Yet she stayed on in the open turret, still hoping and wondering. She felt cold and drew the dress more closely round her shoulders—the pearly-grey embroidered kimono that Mammo

had bought in the Avenue de l'Opéra. She fancied she could see again the great Opera House, crowned with the shining figure, holding its golden lyre, looking down the long broad avenue, with its shops and its trees and its crowds. But it was so far away now. It began to grow dim: she could not remember anything more.

She sat down and rested her head on a rose-coloured cushion, on which Mammo had worked a flight of swallows.

The cold night winds fluttered the little grey kimono as the child lay sleeping on the turret. The moonbeams lighted her golden hair; the far-away stars shone on through the lonely hours; and Mammo made no sign.

III.

Rosalie was very ill. The night on the turret, in her thin kimono, had affected the frail child. Her little bed, with Wedgwood-blue curtains and lace coverlet, was drawn up to the window in a quiet room looking towards the east, so that she could see out over the old garden.

She would make believe that she was there again, that it was the day Mammo told her about the Canterbury bells and the roses, as they sat under the dear little May-tree and the air was full of its scent, and all the birds were singing. She could almost see again the small chain round Mammo's neck, and the funny little blue pig, with gold legs, hanging from it. Mammo's dress was white, with little streams of lace flowing over it, and she was holding pink rosebuds that she had gathered for a sick child in the village. And Follette was there, too—dear old Follette, with the new collar on for the first time. That was just before she was stolen by a tramp. Rosalie's thoughts turned to her birthday which, Mammo said, was the sweetest day in the year. Uncle René's Padmewski came from Paris, and Mammo brought him out to the garden, and the sun shone on all his tiny gold buttons. How Mammo laughed when she wound him up and he began to play his piano, wagging his head and tossing all his funny little red curls! The name wasn't quite Padmewski, but it was something long and queer like that. Mammo put him on the seat beside the sun-dial so that he could see the time and not play too long. She said great players like that never know the time: and the poor little birds and bees must have a chance,

for they also wanted to show off for the birthday. Then Mammo said something about streams and swallows, about little baby swallows, but Rosalie could not remember—she was so tired. She thought of all this until, at last, she turned on the pillow and cried herself to sleep.

When the doctor came, he stayed longer than usual, sitting by the bedside, and talking about his own young days. He told of the pranks he played, one Christmas Eve, long, long ago, when he was a lad, living in the red house on the hill. He told Rosalie how he drove off in state in the donkey-cart to Farmer Smith's, dressed up in his sister's best hat and coat, and how he caught it when he came home. When he had made Rosalie laugh, he said good-bye. Nurse Vallery followed him out of the room.

"The child is worse," he said, "much worse. I'll wire to Colonel de Thury, and I'll get Evans down to see her. He'll come by the 4.50. My God, how that child steals her way into one's heart! I would do anything—anything—if we could save her. She is in good hands with you, Nurse Vallery, but I'm afraid there's no hope."

And Dr. Jephcott walked slowly down the great oaken stairs, and out into the lonely avenue, shrouded in a thick November mist.

Dr. Evans, the well-known child specialist, came by the 4.50, and the two doctors examined the child, and went down stairs to consult. Dr. Evans said there was very little hope, if any. He left at once, travelling back to town through the chill mist, in which the bare trees looked ghostly; but always before him he saw Rosalie's face. It did not fade till he reached London and stepped into his motor-brougham. He began to think out his appointments for the coming week, and to wonder whether, after all, he would not go to the Haymarket that evening.

About six o'clock Rosalie, tired out, fell asleep. The room was perfectly still. Presently, from far away came the sound of wheels drawing nearer and nearer. Rosalie slept on. Still the wheels came nearer, up the long lonely avenue, and yet Rosalie did not wake. Presently, they stopped under the windows; and then through the mist there came a beautiful mellow voice singing:—

"Ah! Ouvre donc la petite grille,
C'est moi qui viens, ma Rosalie,
Moi qui viens, ma Ro-sa-lie!"

Rosalie sprang up in bed and clapped her hands, her big grey-blue eyes dancing.

"Uncle René, Uncle René," she cried, "this is the surprise. O Nurse, bring him up quick, quick! I want Uncle René."

Nurse Vallery rang the bell for Brigid, and hurried downstairs, but not that she might bring up Uncle René "quick, quick," as Rosalie had said, but that she might tell Colonel de Thury all that had happened since All Saints' Day.

"I wrote to you," she explained, "but you must have left Paris before the letter arrived." She told Colonel de Thury of Dr. Evans' verdict: she told him of Dr. Jephcott's skill and care, and how the sick child had taken their hearts by storm as no patient had ever done before.

Colonel de Thury listened quietly; and then followed one long moment of silence. The great fire crackled merrily, and threw its brightest light on the sable-lined coat that lay on the oaken settle, and on the dainty pink box beside it with "La Coupe d'Or, Paris," written on it in gold letters. The chocolates Uncle René had brought for Rosalie.

Colonel de Thury followed Nurse Vallery slowly up the broad stairs where, in those dear games of "cache-cache," he had so often heard a child's wild peals of laughter ringing loud and clear. When he reached the door of the sick-room, he stood erect, and, in his softest tenor notes, sang once more the loved refrain:—

"C'est moi qui viens, ma Rosalie,
Moi qui viens, ma Ro-sa-lie!"

Then he went in. Rosalie stretched out her arms, crying, "O Uncle René, so you've come, so you've come," and turned on him the shining eyes of dear dead Denise, the sister he had loved so well.

* * * * *

Hours later Uncle René was still sitting by Rosalie, stroking her soft hair, screening away the light, and whispering tenderly until, at last, the golden curls lay still. Rosalie fell asleep and dreamed.

When the doctor came, the sleep was restless and fitful. Her temperature had gone up. The pulse was feebler. Dr. Jephcott sent his trap home and stayed at the Towers. Rosalie was sometimes delirious. She thought that Mammo was throwing towards her great ropes of red

roses; but when she tried to grasp them, they fell asunder, and all the air was full of their scent. Then she saw beautiful golden lamps, set with pearls; they were hanging outside great open windows. She tried hard to see what was behind them, but there were always thick clouds that hid all within.

At last the night was gone. The November sun shone in through the open window, but Rosalie was dying.

Uncle René sat at one side of the bed, and Dr. Jephcott and Nurse Vallery at the other. The curtains were drawn well back, and the bright light shone on the picture of a beautiful sad-eyed woman in a white dress trimmed with lace; round her neck was a small chain, on which hung a little trinket; there were red roses in her hand. In the room all was quiet. A robin hopped on the window-box, sang a couple of notes, and flew away again. A dog barked in the distance. That was all.

Rosalie's wide eyes were on her mother's picture. Out of the long silence came the child-voice: "Mammo has red roses, I'd love red roses, too."

Uncle René slipped away down the stairs and through the hall where the small hands of the clock pointed upwards to the morning hours. As he walked slowly down the stone steps leading from the open door, there fell on the stillness of the November air a low soft chiming from the distant church. Soon it ceased, and all was silent.

Uncle René went down through the old garden, past the herbaceous border, where, in a few late dahlias lingered October's glory of color, past the sun-dial, with the seat beside it, till he reached Rosalie's own little greenhouse. The day before, walking as in a dream, he had noticed there a rose-tree that had grown in shelter and in sunshine and still bore a rose and a rosebud, the last of the summer blooms. He cut them and took them up to the room where Rosalie lay. He put them gently in the small white hand—rosebud and rose, emblems of his love for child and for mother.

"Uncle René, I want you." But the low sweet voice was silent for ever before the answer came: "Mais oui, ma petite, mais oui."

And so there came for Rosalie the most beautiful of all the angels — he who is specially

chosen to fetch the little children who weep for their dead mothers, and take them home to Mammo's house.

AGNES I. HANRAHAN.

The Christian Woman in Philanthropy.

IT was a very precious burden which a band of Thuringian ambassadors bore away from the royal palace and through the massive city gates of a Hungarian capital, early in the thirteenth century. Led by the courtly and honest Varila, confidential servant of his master and mistress, Hermann, Landgrave of Thuringia, and the virtuous queen Gertrude, this little band, decked with all the splendor of royal representatives, and accompanied by the mirth and rejoicing of a triumphal procession, wound their way down from the hills where grouped the palaces of a kingly ruler and his nobles, into the plains below. Nature was silent but for the rippling of stream and the song of birds, as, like a far-off thread of gold, fading toward the western horizon, dimmer to the sight with each moment's passage of time, moved the Thuringian embassy. These noble wayfarers felt their exuberance almost the atmosphere of their native heaths, while the good Andrew of Hungary stood with tear-dimmed eyes before the deserted apartment of his infant daughter Elizabeth, the pride of his old age and the joy of a warlike nation.

A tiny golden cradle, studded with the choicest gems of the Hungarian mines, and lined with the softest down of native birds, held within its firm embrace a little maiden scarcely four years old, with eyes so blue and hair so golden that her dusky attendants looked shades darker by contrast with their burden.

The rich robes of this daughter of a kingly house, were heavy indeed for her fragile form, as with childlike wonder she gazed at the scenes about her, almost forgetting in this new experience to think of the loving father and gentle mother who were sitting now in their lonely palace and feeling those first strong pangs of loss, which must come to the hearts of all good parents when the home circle is broken for a first time.

The winds, soft and gentle, waited their choicest perfumes around the royal child, while the birds mingled their lays with the wilder and

more rugged ones of the Thuringian bards. The stamping of marching feet, the laughter and jokes of the happy, hearty soldiers roused the life of the woods and dells through which they passed, and the mountains to the north and to the south echoed and reëchoed each song and sally.

On his charger the trusty Varila recited and again recited with almost childish fidelity and glee the messages of the Hungarian ruler to the noble Hermann. They were the charges of one father to another, the expression of good will, harmony and affection which kings can offer each other with *good intent*, but which *events* despoil of their *sacredness*.

A few days of travel and again Varila found himself at the gates of his natal city. The good old town was alive with rejoicing, and Klingsohn, the royal bard, singing from the turret of the castle, his happy lays prophetic of all that was good and glorious, echoed only the feelings of his countrymen who welcomed with shouts of joy their new princess, Elizabeth of Hungary, the intended wife of Louis, the Thuringian king's eldest and best beloved son. In Hermann's banquet-hall were gathered the Royal Family and their allies by blood of the Bavarian, Saxon, Bohemian and Austrian ruling houses to witness the betrothal of two children, one of whom was to find in the study of every century a leading place, serving as a model to the scholar who would study the highest type of Christian purity, domestic perfection, womanly influence and true philanthropy.

Perhaps it may not be in accordance with the opinions of some to take an example for modern utility from so remote and unsettled a period, beset as it was by a state of social crudeness and unrest which could scarcely make it synonymous in many respects with our own era. Glancing briefly, to make more intelligible this application, at the eventful middle and late twelfth century which was shaping the social and political character of its successor by the heroism of its great saints and the profound learning of its noble intellects in contrast to its fierce enmities and bloody deeds, we see Frederick Barbarossa had been laid beside his fathers, and Henry VI., warring for Sicily and the elimination of Norman influences in that realm, dying had left his throne a disputed right between two ambitious

princes. England, the stronghold of William the Conqueror, was scarcely a century old under its regenerated rule; while its king, Richard the Lion-hearted, and Philip Augustus from beyond the Loire had joined the hearts and hands of two nations, which had for generations previous known only the brotherhood of war, in a Crusade to the Holy Land. Constantinople, humbled in its pride, had experienced a second Latin besiegement and conquest, and Pope Celestine III., succeeding the saintly Clement III., occupied the chair of St. Peter. The ruthless assassination of a saintly Thomas à Becket, and the growth and power of monastic school and cloister influences show still more perfectly the peculiar tenor of an age, the knowledge of which has come to us through the writings of a myriad of historians, colored perhaps unfairly at times by this transmission, but portraying in its extremes the best and worst possibilities of society under the power of an awakening culture which, while drifting away from barbarism toward a Christian spirit of control, had not as yet completely cut its moorings to take free sail on the sea of a new influence and greater progress. The student of this period sees but a natural sequence in events when the thirteenth century opens with Innocent III. in the papal chair, John Lackland, of Magna Charta fame, wearing the English crown, Philip Augustus and Otho II. ruling the turbulent French and warlike Germans, and St. Dominic giving the Rosary to Christianity, while an ascetic Anthony of Padua preaches the noble doctrine of self-denial.

The literary world, closely in touch with the martial doings of the noble and the vassal, fostered the fearless writings of Le Franc, the songs of the romantic Troubadours, the spirit rife in the court and on the field of the noble crusaders, the astronomical efforts of Athelard of Bath, the wit of Osbern of Canterbury, and the historical chronicles of Florence of Worcester, William of Malmsbury and Geoffrey of Monmouth.

Selecting from events in such an active age one type which gives us in the embodiment of her life the essential traits of greatness within the prescribed limits of woman's social preference, gifts of a worldly and spiritual nature quite in keeping with a perfect womanhood, ideals practical, divine and unselfish in their ex-

istence, and a nature so human that only the heavenly baptism of fire made it like unto that of the angels, we can imagine an Elizabeth of Hungary living in our own day, fully, with her every act and thought in accordance with what our typical Christian woman should be and is.

Retrospecting in company with one of her inspired biographers, Montalembert, it is not difficult to fancy the lofty halls of the mountain castle of Wartburg, about the second decade of the thirteenth century, and to behold the queenly Elizabeth leading her noble attendants, their arms laden with bread, clothes, and toys, down the narrow mountain paths to the hospitals in the valley below. Here were gathered, awaiting her coming, the infirm, the poor and the orphaned, and she, seeing only the face and form of Christ in the leper, the cripple, and the starving, doled out from her store with sweetest words, relief and help. Her soft white hands lingered on the fevered brow of one, caressed the revolting sore of another, and her lips again and again pressed themselves upon those of the little shy and frightened children who had never known the holy loving kiss of a mother. Daily such scenes were enacted, either at Wartburg, Eisenach or Naumburg, and hundreds blessed her name and charities. In her castle she taught the best thoughts of the day to worthy maidens, believing that head and heart culture should go hand in hand with manual labor. When famine swept the land, bread and corn from the royal storehouses, supported the people, and her motto of life was *to receive but to give*.

Tried by adversity and the death of her beloved husband in a foreign land, persecuted by those guardians of her interests who, instead of protecting her and her babies, drove her out to seek shelter beneath the humble roof of a peasant subject, reviled and scorned by an entire court, she lived to know the sweet and tender mercy of a God's protecting arm, and died loved and venerated in a land whose annals are rich with the noble deeds and philanthropy of its women. One of her most sympathetic admirers speaks thus of the scenes of her labors:

"The land where Elizabeth lived had undergone great changes! The churches where she was honored now hold another creed! The mansions of charity which she founded exist no longer! One token, however, the traveller finds

both characteristic and touching. The hospital which Elizabeth built at Wartburg is there no more, but the little fountain that once belonged to it exists, surrounded by grass and flowers. Here the wife of the Landgrave was wont to wash out with her own hands the linen of the poor. No other princess has since come there to perform this humble office and give her name to the fountain. It is called the 'Fountain of Elizabeth.'"

Could a more touchingly beautiful monument be left of one who, possessing a humility as incessant, as it was great, would hide away her deeds from the eyes of men where only God and His angels could count the number.

Seven hundred years have passed by, but they have not been barren of noble lives and good deeds in the history of Christian women. Queens and serving-maids in scores have lived the only true life, that of unselfish labor, and left their obituaries written by the hand of Christian charity on the tablets of the world's memory. Interested readers turn with just pride to the annals of nations which offer them such names as Elizabeth of Portugal, Isabella of France, Clara and Agnes Sciffo, the co-laborers of a Saint Francis of Assisi and the mortified founders of the Poor Clares; while Catharine of Siena, the humble, eloquent and famous daughter of Saint Dominic, and Catharine of Sweden, the noble associate of this child of the people, laboring in their day for social and religious reform, stand side by side with Catharine of Genoa, revered as a missionary of morality and piety, during a period of social activity, enervated as it was by the example and abuses of lax rulers and no laws.

Teresa of Avila, inspired writer, gifted teacher, and humble servant of the poor, lives glorified in the history of her unselfish deeds. A modern historian says of her achievements:

"Bossuet bowed before the authority of her writings; Fleury quoted them with the decrees of the Council of Trent; and men of modern France have devoted their leisure to the translation of those mystical productions, of which the original manuscripts were precious kept locked in the royal palace of the Escorial, while a haughty Spanish monarch carried the key on his person.

Convents of the austere Order, which she

reformed, rise in every Catholic land; stately churches have been erected under the invocation of her gentle name; humble engravings and high works of art have alike perpetuated the image of a handsome dark-eyed Spaniard, clad in the robes of a Carmelite nun, and bearing, with modest mien, the symbolic pen which, save in this illustrious instance, the artist gives to *none* but the fathers and doctors of the Church."

HELENA T. GOESSMANN.

(*To be continued.*)

Afterwards:

WHEN You returned, Lord, how did You look upon the places that the touch of Your feet had blessed, the city where You dwelt, the paths You walked on, the temple where You taught the people, the green mountainside where You preached the wondrous Sermon on the Mount, the place where Mary and Martha and Lazarus lived when You abode with them over night, the hills of Judea that You loved? Did You pass the Garden afterwards?—Did Your dear eyes look upon it—the hungry spot that snatched up Your precious blood? Did You see the spot where the disciples slept, the hard place where Judas came in to kiss You,—and the road to Calvary, traced by the trail of Your cross? How were they afterwards to Your glorious eyes, my triumphant Lord?

I think the lilies opened their white chalices when You passed, and the air waited in its motion, awe-stilled, and the birds hovered on wings fluttering, and little children knew You were near by the added happiness of their thought. I think the outcasts by the wayside dreamed of kingdoms, and crowns upon their heads, and were in Paradise that day with You.

And Calvary!—Afterwards!—Dear Lord of Love! The red spot of Thy crucifixion! Did You look upon the thrice-dented earth where Your cross and the crosses of the thieves had been?—the spot where Your Mother stood, and Magdalen, and John?—the hillside where the new sepulchre was, where they laid Your precious Body and left You there until the third day, alone?

I think the little birds covered the cruel marks with yellow leaves, as You passed, and the stones

sank into the earth, safe with their treasured drops, and pale clouds enshadowed the harrowing scene of Your suffering triumph, and men struck their breasts and fell down in worship, vowing their lives in atonement!

If I lived then I cannot hope that I should have seen You, Lord, for I know my little worthiness, and unless You came to me from the overflowing goodness of Yourself, how should I have hoped to see Your face! And yet, I think if I were there, I would have remained near You in the tomb. I am afraid of darkness and of death, but my love for You would have driven the fear away—away. And I would have kissed Your sacred wounds until I swooned in sorrow for the crime we did. And when I think that I shall see You when I die I am filled with joy and wonder. A little while here, and afterwards You shall be mine forever! I shall not remember then the hard things of this life—the loneliness, and the sorrow and the harsh treatment on the way to You. If I can only work on and look for no reward here, if I can suffer unto death—unto death, Lord, keeping You within my heart the while that my words may speak Your spirit, and my works may show your ways, oh, then, how glad I shall be to live on to the end. And then You will come for me and take me home at last. But I fear—for well I know how my courage flags when the cross leans hard, and—I cannot work so well,—and I think within my heart,—“soon I cannot work at all, and I shall fail to do Your will—and *afterwards!*” Or I shall love the sweetness of Your presence in my heart, and bitterness shall come in and spoil my life. O Lord, if I could keep my trust in You, and Your courage would remain with me, even though the world would fail, even though the stars should fall, and the sun should refuse to give its light, and the moon should darken, too,—why, I would feel it was Your might, and I could fear no fear. But I have seen the work of sorrow on a heart. I have seen sweetness give place to bitterness, and I have heard harsh words where gentle words were once, and I have watched the falling off of noble deeds from lives that touched the stars—and I fear.

But if You are near, dear Lord, I shall know how brave You are, and how strong and how true, and thinking of Your beautifulness I shall never fail, I know. For You shall give me of

Your strength and I shall be brave enough to suffer the things that come to me from Your hand. And You shall give me of Your truth and I shall be truer than the stars. And You shall give me a pure heart to love You with and then I shall never turn aside—even for an angel on my path—from You. And afterwards when my eyes are closed on labour and praise alike, when my soul shall have passed out among the stars, I shall walk with You “in the city that has no need of the sun,” forever.

MARGARET SHEEHAN.

Autobiography of a Doll.

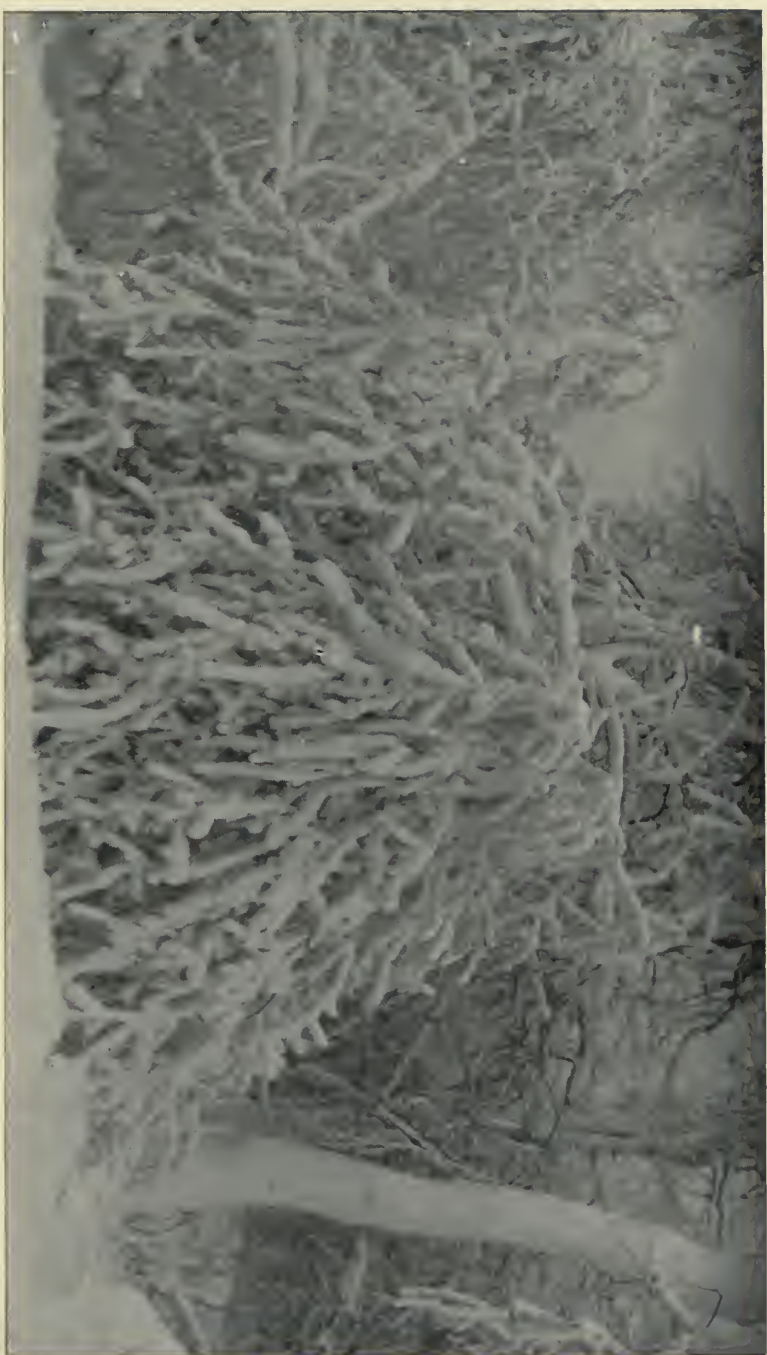
I HAVE at last decided to compose a brief treatise on my past experiences, some of which have been somewhat interesting. While I was still very young, I suffered a severe trial, considering my tender age, and although all throughout my life my sole purpose has been the amusement of others, nevertheless at this time I was far from amused myself. I was subjected to the cruel treatment of being stowed away in a huge box, along with others of my own nationality, placed on board an ocean steamer and doomed to stay there for what to me seemed an infinity of years. I was really much more fortunate than some of my companions, who, owing to an accident that befell us on our passage to the New World were maimed for life. At last we landed and just as I was beginning to think the worst of my troubles were over, I was forced to board a swift express and was rapidly transferred to the chief departmental store in one of our Canadian cities. Being placed on exhibition there, I saw a great deal more of life than I had previously seen—eager, hurrying shoppers, more leisurely dames whose sole object in life seemed to be to vie in style with the figures portrayed on the fashion-plates, and small children, who, after gazing wistfully at me for some time, glanced toward their mothers but were urged onward, sometimes not too gently. At last one day a lady and a little girl approached me, and after surveying me at their leisure, the lady conferred with the clerk and I changed my seat of abode.

Once I was installed in my new home, my view of life became more optimistic. For a con-

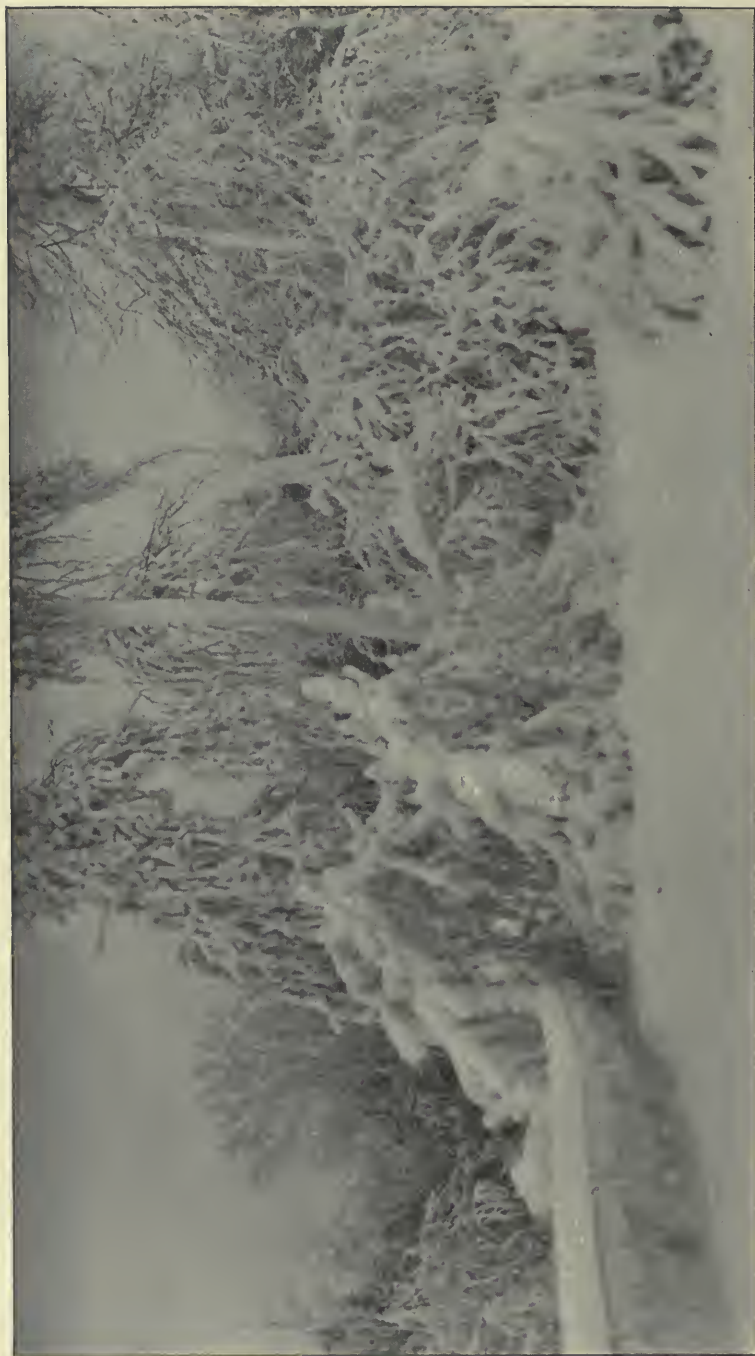
siderable length of time I received unparalleled care and attention and all I heard was flattering epithets. This pleased my vanity for you know most of the fair sex are susceptible to flattery. But by degrees the attention dwindled away and new waxen beauties held the leading places in my mistress's affection. As time went on I was even ruthlessly discarded and suffered to lie, forsaken and alone, in the attic.

Fortunately for me, though, some good people became imbued with the missionary spirit and I was taken by a member of “The Loreto Toy Committee” and conveyed to the convent. Here all I saw was enthusiastic work for the Extension Society. I was even taken notice of by a charitable lady, who, learning of my existence, took me and replenished my wardrobe, which was in a very deplorable condition. It was really very edifying to see the energetic efforts of the convent children in the charitable work. I remained here for some time and as days went by every toy that mind could conceive came to bear me company—dolls of every description and every kind of toy from a sail-boat to a carpet-sweeper. Suddenly, somebody conceived the idea of sacrificing me for the purpose of obtaining others. I really felt it a great honour to be raffled, as I soon learned I was to be. I overheard it said one day that already some of “my money” had been utilized. I could scarcely believe my eyes when, without any introduction, a large number of beauties, worthy to grace a ballroom, was ushered into my presence. I was fairly enchanted when I realized how much joy would be given by these dolls to the children who would obtain them. The idea of “working for God” seemed to have seized the children with all its force for the book of chances rapidly filled up and I feel quite sure that there was not a pupil of the convent who did not make some little sacrifice for her less fortunate brethren. The moment when my fate would be decided rapidly approached, and the decision was at last announced. Fortune smiled on a certain young lady of the institution and my home is henceforth to be in the capital of our “great and glorious Dominion.” With the assurance that I have the sincere wishes of all my hearers that on reaching Ottawa I shall not become involved in any political faction, I conclude my narrative.

MADELEINE SMYTH.



BUSH ON LUNA ISLAND COATED WITH ICE.



NORTH END OF LUNA ISLAND. ICE SCENERY.

Letter - Box.

DEAR YOUNG READERS:

According to promise, I am going to tell you about the visit of Prince Joseph of Uganda to the little band of "Missionaries," so called, at the Day-School of the old Bar-Convent, York.

Great had been the excitement of expectancy among these young people for many a day beforehand. Parents and friends were growing rather weary of hearing one never-varying topic talked about morning, noon and evening and at every meal. The event was put off from the time first mentioned, and as tidings of the exact date were long in coming, it had begun to look like a question of "To be or not to be," when to the relief of all concerned it was settled for May 14th.

"All things come round to him that will but wait," sings the poet, and so, for our wistful little waiters this day dawned at last. A day worth waiting for, it was,—true May-day, one that seemed made on purpose for a festive celebration, quite a contrast to the days fresh, perhaps, for our tropical friends, but exactly as we, English people, like it.

Notice was wired that the Prince-bearing train would arrive shortly after 1 p. m.

His Lordship the Bishop of Leeds, who had motored over for the occasion, was waiting with the convent chaplain on the platform to welcome the guests. Prince Joseph was attended by his father-in-law, Stanislaus, Regent and Chief Justice of Uganda, and Alexis Pokino, Chief of Budda. His Lordship Bishop Hanlon, late head of the Uganda Mission, was the cicerone of the party.

A few minutes after two o'clock, having donned their state robes at the Station Hotel, they drove to the convent.

Its time-darkened walls—it is the oldest conventual house in England—were relieved by the red, white and blue of numerous flags fluttering from roof and windows.

Inside, the large square entrance hall was gaily decked with banners, plants and masses of flowers; but of these, the visitors took little heed, their gaze being riveted upon the more attractive decorations facing them—two schoolfuls of

children, all clad in white—the day-pupils on one hand, the boarders on the other. The so-called "missionaries" were distinguished from the rest by bows of white and yellow ribbon worn on the shoulder.

"But how were the African potentates dressed?" you will ask. Well, over European garments, they wore robes in shape resembling University gowns. The Prince's was the colour of a new penny; the Regent's, crimson; and that of Chief Alexis, black. All were trimmed with gold.

When the party was seated—Bishops Hanlon and Cogwill and the Revd. Mother Superior sitting on a line with the Prince and his companions—a song of welcome was sung, and then a little boy, Bertie Lalor, whose name the Prince recognised as that of a correspondent, recited the following lines:

Now open wide, with eager pride,
The old-world convent doors;
And usher in, with joyous din,
A Prince from Afric's shores!

Hail! hail! dear Prince! We welcome you
With festive cheers and songs;
Your visit long we've waited for,
And shall remember long.

Your home from ours is distant far—
Wide seas between us roll—
Yet nought can make the bond to break
That bindeth soul to soul.

To us your race and speech are strange;
Your soil grows other flowers;
And in your bowers the tall palm towers,
The huge beast lurks and cowers.

But what of that! One faith we hold;
Your creed is one with ours:
On you and us one Lord and God
The same sweet mercy showers.

His love can link far-sundered lands,
And make their people kin;
His Cross, in all, one hope inspires,
One Paradise to win.

So though we never more may meet
Till earth's brief day be past,
The happy bond confirmed to-day
Shall evermore hold fast.

Wherefore, dear Prince, when hence you go,
 No sad farewell we'll say,
 A blessed tryst awaiteth us
 In Heaven's unending day.

His Royal Highness' answer to this address took every one by surprise. His English is correct, fluent, refined. His origin considered, some vestige of barbarism was looked for in speech and manner. Nothing of the sort could be discerned. His face was black as black could be, but the expression of his countenance won all hearts; his manners were all that could be wished in courtesy, dignity and well-bred ease; and the few words he said betokened a cultivated intelligence and great goodness of heart.

He first made a graceful acknowledgment of Bishop Cogwill's kindness in coming to meet him and his companions, and thanked the other clergy present for their attendance. Then he turned to the children and told them what pleasure it gave him to fulfil the promise of a visit, he had made them some two years ago. He spoke with quiet enthusiasm of the splendid work done in his country by the missionary nuns; who—"without payment of any sort"—have taught the children of Uganda, whom they found in a wild and woefully ignorant state, and have made them "quite bright"—"as bright as you are"—he said, looking at the interested young faces in front of him.

He feelingly alluded to the hospital managed by the Sisters, and to the college for native boys, established by Bishop Hanlon, in which, he was proud to say, he had been educated.

He would never forget his band of young friends, he assured the children, and he hoped they would remember him and his companions. He begged their prayers, and promised to pray for them.

A little friendly intercourse between the guests and the Community followed, and this over, all proceeded to the school concert hall, through a garden, where a profusion of golden-hued wall-flowers and various coloured flags made a pretty set-off to the grey uniform of a detachment of the York Catholic Boys' Brigade that lined the route in gallant array.

Here, a large number of parents and friends of the young "missionaries," and other visitors were congregated chiefly to get a glimpse of the black magnates; but also to attend an en-

tertainment got up by the children for the amusement of the Prince. Recitation, action songs, picturesque dances, and a little drama—*Children of Eve*—made up the programme. At the end of the performance, a small boy, in a few words, begged the Prince and Chiefs to accept some little gifts. You will want to know what sort of gifts; so here is the list: A box of water colours for His Royal Highness, whose tastes are artistic; a volume of English views for the Regent; and for the Chief Alexis, an electric lamp. There was a travelling clock for Benedict, son of the latter, who was expected, but did not come, and Bishop Hanlon, who was going to visit him in Manchester, kindly offered to deliver it.

The formal functions being concluded, the children flocked very informally round the Prince. They were anxious to show him their new school and garden. Their former quarters have lately had to be abandoned because of trampoises. He was genuinely interested in everything he saw, and it was quite evident that he relished the company of the young folks. Although he is a married man, and a very hard worker in the state affairs of his nation, he is, you know, little more than a boy as to years.

Would you like to hear what he and the children talked about? Well, their conversation ran somewhat after this fashion:

Children—Will you let the little princesses (his nieces) come to our school? We *should* like to have at least one little black child here.

Prince—I'll think about it.

Children—How is your wife, Sara? Will you send us a photo of her with the new baby boy? (The Prince had heard of the birth of his son and heir only the day before).

Prince—Yes, a photo of them, and of myself, too.

Children—Tell us about Uganda.

Prince—Our towns are quite differently built from yours. Every house has its own plot of ground round it.

Child—What is a crocodile like?

Prince—Have you ever seen a lizard? (The enquirer had never seen a lizard, so the explanation was difficult).

Children—Tell us about the lions and the elephants.

The Prince did so.

Children—Have you got aeroplanes and motors in Uganda?

Prince—Motors, yes; aeroplanes, no. We were fortunate, however, to see some on the very day of our landing in England. We have a railway and any number of cycles.

Children—Will you write to us when you go home again?

Prince—Yes, I will write to you often; and if you do not answer, I won't come to see you next time I am in England.

Children—Tell us about the baby Prince.

Prince—I shall send him to England to be educated.

A Grown-up—Won't England be too cold for him?

Prince—I don't think so.

Tea was followed by Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament in the convent chapel; and at about 6 o'clock the African party went to their hotel.

You will be surprised, I think, to hear of something Prince Joseph did there. He had had a tiring day, you know; and he had shown ample recognition of the simple honours paid him at the convent; yet, before retiring to rest, he wrote these two letters:

“ROYAL STATION HOTEL,
YORK, 14th May, 1914.

DEAR CHILDREN:

I send you a photograph of myself as a small souvenir of my visit to the Bar Convent. I was so pleased to see you all and to speak with you face to face. You have now got an idea of how the lions roam about in our country, what elephants and crocodiles are like; and I believe you feel a great desire to have a fine ride on their nice soft backs.

Well, children, I am very busy now writing letters to some of my friends at home, and so I must say good-bye to you.

Pray for me always, won't you?

Yours sincerely,

JOSEPH MUSANJE WALUGEMBE.

REVEREND MOTHER:

I can hardly express the pleasure we have for the great reception you have given us. This visit to your convent shall always be in our minds, and I feel quite sure the people at home will be very pleased to hear about it. I send

you a photograph of myself which I beg you to kindly accept.

Please, remember me to all the Sisters and tell them for me that it has indeed been a very great pleasure to me to see them all, as I have heard so much about them.

Begging you to always remember me and my wife Sara in your prayers, and also the priests and nuns who have done and are doing such an excellent and hard work so that God may help them to be prosperous in their work and also favour them with sufficient means to carry it through, especially the nuns who have put themselves entirely to the care of Baganda.

I am,

Yours very sincerely,

JOSEPH MUSANJE WALUGEMBE.

If it be true, as is said, that the grateful appreciation of favours received, is the sure test of a fine nature, our Black Prince must possess a very fine nature, indeed. Don't you think so? And if we call to mind how some of us, “highly civilized” folk, often shirk a pen as though it were a pickaxe, when kindness or civility clamours for its use, we shall be able to estimate at its right value the good feeling that prompted the African to write these letters.

One more little incident I will relate, illustrating the Prince's grateful disposition. It was remarked that wherever he went, he carried a little gold-headed cane. “It is a symbol of office,” some thought; but no. Then why was it so highly prized? Not because of its fine gold top. No, but because it was the gift of King George, whose recent kindness had quite won the heart of this tributary Prince.

It was interesting to note the surprised exclamations, and the favourable comments made by observers of the day's proceedings.

“How did this black youth become so civilized? His grandfather was an absolute savage—a terrible fellow.” “Did you notice the beautiful expression on his face as he spoke?” “What artistic hands he has.” “How courteous the Chiefs were as they passed down the hall! Some of our own people might take a lesson from them.” “And their manners at the table.” “I wish some friends of ours would behave as well!”

The explanation of Prince Joseph's good breeding is this: Bishop Hanlon became his guardian when he was quite a little fellow, and

took immense pains with his upbringing, zealously shielding him from all but Christian influences. The seed of Faith fell on good, and very good ground.—All competent judges affirm that the Baganda are a splendid race.

In addition to religion this young son of the wilderness learned the languages of the civilized world—he speaks French as well as English—and the other ordinary items of a European boy's education. "Are you not proud of him?" some one asked Bishop Hanlon. "I am," he answered; "but he must not know it."

If the Chiefs gave edification on Thursday afternoon, very much was this enhanced on Friday morning, when at 8 o'clock, they came to the convent to assist at their Prelate's Mass, and receive the Bread of Angels at his hands.

The venerable sanctuary dome under which they knelt—built in the days of persecution, with a roof like that of an attic storey to avert suspicion—had witnessed almost every variety of religious ceremony, but none, perhaps, more soul-stirring than that of this memorable morning.

It was a touching sight indeed, to see that royal black youth most reverently assisting his Father in Christ to vest (having first by a sign asked permission of the chaplain); and then, serving his Mass. His every movement bespoke faith and devotion. His pronunciation of the Latin was correct and clear, his attention to the rubrics, exact. His devout kissing of the cruets was particularly noted.

He made his thanksgiving when Mass was over, kneeling behind the prelate, instead of at the crimson-covered priedieu prepared for him.

When the party had breakfasted, the girls of the boarding-school invited the guests to the garden, where they took snapshots of them.

The convent relics were afterwards inspected, a large relic of the True Cross calling forth expressions of wonder and enthusiasm. Much interest was shown in the hand of Venerable Margaret Clitheroe, and in other relics of English martyrs.

Speaking of martyrs, one of the party was once on the very verge of obtaining the glorious palm and crown.

The late savage King of Baganda, Uncle to Prince Joseph, raised a fierce persecution against the converts to the Faith in his dominion.

A great fire was lighted on the top of a hill; and a band of the faithful—the first fruits of the Uganda Church—were led thither to be sacrificed. Foremost among them, was the Chief of Budda, Alexis Pokino. He was, however, exceedingly beloved by the King's chief minister, and through this man's influence, was, at the last moment, reprieved. Three times he appeared before the council of his nation to be tried for his unswerving adherence to the Catholic Church. So, though not a martyr in fact, but only by desire, he is, at all events, a grand Confessor of the Faith. Thank God! the race of holy heroes is not yet extinct.

Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth. The life of Chief Alexis is overshadowed by a heavy trial. He is childless! He would love to see, sporting around his palm-shaded dwelling, a troop of merry bright-eyed black boys and girls; but God, in His wisdom, has denied him this boon. Pray for him that he may be consoled.

As to the Regent Stanislaus, he has a dozen sons and daughters. One of these latter is the wife of Prince Joseph, and the happy mother of the baby-prince above mentioned. Of the sons, one, to the great joy of the father, is preparing for the priesthood. Another—I believe—aspires to the same honour; while a third, Benedict, is studying English methods of trade in Manchester, so that he may know how to turn to account the immense resources of his own land, hitherto wasted.

Stanislaus is a fine powerfully-built man, with a face full of character. Look at it in the picture. Does he not look like a man who knows what he is about? When young, like Nimrod—probably his far-off ancestor—he was "a mighty hunter before the Lord," as well as a doughty warrior. What a bad time the poor lions had then! Now, instead of lions, leopards, elephants and other terrific beasts of the tropics, he hunts souls by his zeal to win his countrymen to the Fold of the Good Shepherd.

He has a hard life, for being Chief Justice in Uganda, it is his business to sit in judgment and pass sentence on the guilty, of whom, I fear, there are many in that still pagan region.

Before leaving York, the Chiefs paid a visit to the glorious old Minster. Some twenty of the children who had made their acquaintance the day before, met them at the Cathedral doors.

intending to wait outside till the tour of inspection was over. Prince Joseph, however, insisted on their going in with him. The same sort of thing happened an hour or two later. He found them waiting outside the station to bid him "good-bye"; but said he: "You have come so far, so now, you must see us off from the platform." There was no doubt about the pleasure that the Africans took in the society of these English children.

The day before in the school-garden, one of the little girls had asked the Regent how his wife Maria was (Prince Joseph interpreting). This so touched him, that on bidding farewell, before getting into the train, he singled her out, and gave her a pious picture.

If I added more, as I could well do, I fear I might get into disgrace with the Editress, so, dear children, good-bye till next time.

SISTER MARY.

St. Mary's Convent, Micklegate Bar, York
England.

LOURDES, Sunday Night.

DEAR M. M. F.:

The last triumphant chord of this Eucharistic symphony has been sounded. It was stupendous in its magnificence. The representative of the Vicar of Christ, attended by every display of pomp and splendour that the human mind can devise, entered in state with attendant Princes of the Church, Archbishops and Bishops, and, before tens of thousands of the faithful, the Pontifical Mass was celebrated. In the open air, blue sky above, trees and lovely gardens around—God's Cathedral, "not made by human hands"—this mystical, glorious ceremony emphasized to the whole Catholic world, present and absent, the highest human act of worship of God in the Holy Eucharist that could be offered to Him on earth.

And then, in contrast to the morning's splendour, a few hours later, again I saw the Papal Legate divested of the external pomp of mitre and crozier, walking, as even the humblest, poorest priest may walk, bearing along through the vast crowd—estimated at over two hundred thousand—of silent, adoring Catholics his Lord and theirs. Around him sways the white and gold canopy, around him swing the censers, and

fragrant clouds of incense permeate the air. Every head is uncovered.

A deep silence prevails as the tall, stately figure is seen passing through street after street of this little French town; only the garlands wave noisily from all the decorated balconies and windows, crowded though they are with human beings.

From three o'clock until close upon six o'clock, the endless procession in honour of the Blessed Sacrament goes on and on, and then it winds gradually back to the big Place du Rosaire. And there are waiting so patiently the expectant sick, and there again bursts out the piercing voice of the "Priest des Malades," ringing through the air and penetrating everywhere:

"Seigneur! Nous Vous adorons.

Seigneur! Vous êtes notre Seigneur et notre Dieu.

Seigneur! Sauvez nos malades.

Seigneur! Faites que nous marchons.

Seigneur! Faites que nous voyons."

Thousands and thousands of voices rend the air with their moving appeals. And the Lord passes by, borne aloft by that same white-robed Cardinal priest. Then, escorted up and up the winding, parapeted way, high-placed above all, commanding almost the whole town of Lourdes, the Host is deposited upon the altar erected above the Basilica that all may see and adore. Far away is heard the "Tantum Ergo," and then comes the supreme moment—the moment to which the numberless throng has been looking forward during these days. The bell sounds. The white-robed Cardinal turns and holds aloft again the Blessed Host. Not a sound is heard. All are kneeling. Again the bell; again the music from afar. And now the soundlessness, if I may say so, bursts into a crash of voices. "Blessed be God," "Blessed be His Holy Name," is repeated after the priest, in all tongues.

Once more, vested in splendour, mitred and pontifical, the Cardinal Legate steps forward and, in a voice which can be heard to the length of the packed square, bestows the Papal Blessing.

Again there is that awful hush of the thousands and thousands of worshippers, and again the surging burst of sound, breaking into a roar of "Vive Pie XI!" "Vive le Légal!"

And so the twenty-fifth International Euchar-

istic Congress is brought to a close, and God, with a mighty voice, has spoken through Lourdes to all the world.

R. E.

Châteaux d'Oex,
SWITZERLAND.

DEAR RAINBOW:

I am writing at this moment in a shady strip of wood on the banks of a rushing mountain torrent, which will have subsided into a trickle by the time September comes. To get here from the chalet in which I have taken up my abode, I have come down through a meadow, yellow and purple with Adonis and purple geraniums. These are the main colours just now, but within a few steps you could pick centaurea, columbine, campanulas, scabius, trollius, and the pink spikes of polygonum bistorta, which elsewhere grows so freely as to suffuse the fresh green of these rich pastures. A week or two ago, before the grass began to grow tall, the fields were white with narcissi. Even now, on the higher slopes of the mountains, where flowers come later, they are so thick as to make the green look dusted with white. These fields are veritable flower gardens in the months of June and July.

Châteaux d'Oex, where I am staying, lies in a wide valley, about three thousand feet above the sea. It is typical of many Alpine valleys. The mountains pile themselves up on either side, sometimes covered with pines, sometimes showing bold peaks of granite rocks, but more often covered with pasturage and dotted with chalets. These pastures rise to such a height that the snow still lingers in the gullies. But every day now they are becoming more and more populous with the herds of cattle that are taken up there in the summer, and the men and boys, who live a rough, but gloriously healthy, life in the chalets, look after the cows as if they were children, and make their cheeses out of the plentiful milk they give.

Every morning, for a week or two past, the jangling of bells outside has brought us to the window to see a herd go by on their way to some upland pasture. They are the color of Jersey cattle, but very much bigger. Each carries a bell, of brass or copper, fastened to a broad leather collar. The biggest are difficult to lift, but the great necks make nothing of them, and they say that a cow without a bell

will mope and pine. Behind the big cows come the calves, each with its little bell, and behind them, generally, a man and a boy to perhaps a dozen or a score of cattle. It may take them all day to get to their destination. The mountain paths are incredibly steep in places, and so are the pastures. I can see through the trees a stretch of grass tilted at such an angle that when I got up to it the other day, after a three hours' climb, I was afraid of slipping when I sat down to rest. But now I can see the cattle on it, dwarfed to maggot size. It is to be supposed that they have strong heads, or they could hardly feel comfortable, grazing to and fro on a slope as steep as a roof and with a drop of a quarter of a mile or more beneath them.

The boys go up to the mountains for the first time with immense pride. Our young friend, Marcel, aged twelve, went off a fortnight ago with his older cousin. He wore his waistcoat with the short puffed sleeves and his little straw *galotte* on the back of his head, and insisted upon all farewells being said at an early hour, so that he should not be flustered with maternal embraces when he passed us marching proudly behind the *bétail*. He came down next morning crying, having drunk of cream, very cold, and being unable to sleep owing to the subsequent pain, and the noise of the cattle in the stalls below where his rug had been spread. He was comforted and sent off again, but paid us a visit last Sunday, having settled down happily to a life which is to him the summit of ambition.

The cows and the grass—they are the religion, one might almost say, of the dwellers in these mountain pastures, among whom we come to make holiday. Whatever they may be in the towns, the Swiss in the mountains are not mere *marchands de soupe*. Here in Château d'Oex, for instance, our golf links still tarry. Who are these English, in spite of the hotels and pensions built so freely for them, and the kurtax that we extract from their pockets, who want to spoil acres of our precious grass in order to play one of their remarkable and unintelligible games?

But it is the life of the people around one that gives much of its charm to a holiday abroad, and that life in the mountains of Switzerland is much more in evidence in the early summer, when we are only comparatively few in the land, than later on, when we overrun it and bring our own

speech and our own habits to smother completely those of our hosts.

In the meantime, however, if we do not play golf at Château d'Oex, we do every other sort of English thing, and there are enough of us even thus early to do it. You can play lawn-tennis all day long, if you like, in the excellent courts of the club, and bridge all night, if you are so minded. But the great thing to do is to walk. I have been here a month and have walked constantly, without having half exhausted the beauties of the country within my radius. One can go up and up, with views ever changing, to some point where a magnificent panorama of distant snow mountains can be obtained; and if you are interested in Alpine flowers, as I am, you may come upon a surprise at any time. The Alpine rhododendrons are already in bud; if you cut a sheaf of them, they will break when you bring them home. It is a little too early for the full glory of the higher Alpine flowers, but I have seen gentians and primulas in endless variety, saxifrages, sedums, pinks, anemones, soldanella, and countless other lovely little plants, such as one cherishes in rock gardens, and all growing in profusion, some of them almost everywhere. others just in the spot where you happen to surprise them. One never seems to grow tired in this delicious rarefied air. A five or six hours' ramble brings you home just pleasantly exercised.

Or if you like to step it out along the roads, there are enough of them to avoid monotony, and you can get endless variety of scenery in a ten or twelve miles' walk, there and back.

But when one tries to analyze the charm of a place like this, one finds it lies not so much in the things one can do to amuse or interest one. It is the whole atmosphere, in this glorious month in which all nature is so profusely intent on growth, that is so thrillingly recreative. It is the right sort of holiday atmosphere, and one is refreshed by it even when one is in the full tide of work. To come out to it jaded after business or pleasure would be to get something that is certainly not to be got later on, when the summer itself has become tired and dusty. June and July are lovely in the country anywhere, but they are indescribably lovely and refreshing in the mountains of Switzerland.

A. MARSHALL.

School Chronicle.

School Chronicle, Loreto Abbey, Toronto.

It is well to be proof against atmospheric inclemencies, at least we thought so and returned to our dear old Abbey on a day raining cataclysms. Seventy-five day-pupils all registered!—besides the boarders who deserve less credit since these must face the elements but once on this memorable first day.

August twentieth—The ceremonies of religious reception and profession were celebrated in the stately Abbey chapel with the usual impressiveness and ceremonial, this morning. The novices professed were: Sister Mary Magdalen, and Sister Mary Radegonde. The young ladies received were: Miss Rose Mudd (Sr. M. Catalda), Chicago; Miss Madeleine McQueen (Sr. M. Baptista), Leamington, Ont.; Miss Grace Podger (Sr. M. Mount Carmel), Toronto; Miss Mary Kormann (Sr. M. St. Gregory), Guelph; Miss Nellie Coughlan (Sr. M. Fidelina), Hastings.

In the absence of His Grace Archbishop McNeil, Reverend Dr. Kidd, assisted by Reverend W. H. Brick, C. SS. R., officiated.

At the close of the ceremony Reverend J. F. Cox, S. J., addressed the newly-received and professed in beautiful and appropriate words, reminding them of the Saviour's estimate of their heavenly calling—"they, like Mary, had chosen the better part."

August twenty-sixth—Very distinguished visitors honoured the Abbey to-day. We take from the Guest-Book their names and their pretty remarks:

Isabel U. de Acolea, Vera Cruz. "Desearia que todas las Sutas sean educadas en este Colegio."

Isabel A. de Dias, Mexico. "Basta ver este colegio para ver los adelantos de Toronto."

Rosa S. de Acolea, Vera Cruz. "Educacion de la mujer en el Catholicism es fundacion la verdadera felicidad de un Pueblo."

Sec. Pedro del Vilter, Mexico City. "Los momentos mas agradables que he pasado en Toronto son las que aqui he pasado."

September second—An airship floated over our grounds, this evening. It resembled a bee

with its two pairs of wings extended and its mumbling hum. We followed under until the garden walls came between us and the airy-wonder. Then we stood and watched it hover over the Exhibition grounds while thousands of men and women and children, filling the grand stands there, saluted it in such hearty manner that the cheery sounds came all the way over to us from the crowded thoroughfare of their whereabouts. Suddenly, it wheeled, as if conscious of the stare from the earth, and darted across the bay to the Island where it disappeared from view.

September third—No words can do justice to the grand entertainment we enjoyed this evening. The story of Ben Hur, arranged in ten scenes, and recited by Miss Anna Collins, of Philadelphia, afforded us the most superb of treats. The quarrel between Ben Hur and Messala on the roof garden of the palace of Hur in Jerusalem was presented in such a manner as to enlist the sympathies and arouse the interest in all that would affect events subsequently. The mother of Hur restoring the confidence in her son by the relation of the history of the House of Hur was executed with the finest skill by the talented young reader. It would be difficult to find an equal portrayal of the chariot race. If we did not draw in our skirts from the missiles of mud that seemed to fly, we did bend our heads forward to witness the victory of Ben Hur. That scene was a sublime victory for Miss Collins also.

September ninth—We are glad to welcome among our numbers Miss Mertis Donnelly from Pinkerton, Ont., and Miss Estella Manley from Belleville. As candidates for Entrance to Faculty they are delightfully acceptable to our class. We hold their coming from the places that are dear to us because of former students of cherished memory a happy favour.

We congratulate our Entrance to Faculty candidates of last year on their high success. Of the nine who went up not a single one failed—Miss Katie Cray, Helen O'Connor, Madeleine O'Riley, Frances Galligan, Genevieve Roach, May Davis, May Fee, Catherine Coleman, Elfrida O'Brien. May they leave with us the hundred-per-cent. recipe!

September tenth—The Abbey had the privilege of having four Masses said in its chapel to-

day. The celebrants were Reverend B. Doyle, brother of Sr. M. St. Michael; Reverend M. Staley, brother of Sr. Mary Louise; Reverend F. Collins, O. M. I. (Ottawa), and Reverend Dr. O'Leary, of Collingwood.

September twelfth—Some time ago we invited Mr. Griffith of Chicago to come to the Abbey and give us one of his inimitable readings of Shakespeare, and to-day we learn we may look for the favour on the thirtieth of September. He will read "Henry the Fourth, Part I.," at two o'clock, p. m., and "Twelfth Night" at seven, p. m., the same evening. How slowly time seems to travel since we heard the delightful tidings!

September sixteenth—We were very pleased to receive a call from Miss Alberta McNabb and her sister, Miss Eileen, formerly of Belleville, at present residents of Toronto. We rejoice also in Miss Alberta's recent success at the University of Toronto—having taken her Bachelor's Degree, with proficiency standing. Four years ago, Miss McNabb wrote off successfully Senior Matriculation at Loreto Abbey. This standing enabled her to complete in three years the Arts Course at the University of Toronto. We offer our heartiest congratulations to Miss Alberta.

School Chronicle, Loreto Convent, Niagara Falls.

A helpful thought for us, as we return to our studies after the long, joy-filled vacation days, is suggested in these lines by Henry van Dyke:

Let me but live my life from year to year,
With forward face and unreluctant soul,
Not hurrying to nor turning from the goal,
Not mourning for the things that disappear
In the dim past, nor holding back in fear
From what the future veils; but with a whole
And happy heart that pays its toll
To Youth and Age and travels on with cheer.

Welcome letters from our little Mexican schoolmate, Elena, have been received. We hope soon to have her again in our midst.

A few days' visit from Miss Dorothy Souther before her departure for St. Elizabeth's College, New Jersey. We wish for our dear companion as eminent success in her college course as she has attained in her academic.

We have learned that Miss Helen Fox, class '14, is pursuing her musical studies in Switzerland. Word has been received that Helen and her mother and little sister who accompanied her are experiencing no discomfort on account of the war and that, consequently, they will remain for the length of time originally planned.

Reverend Father Hughes, Superior-General of the Paulists, honored us with a call on his return trip to New York from Toronto, Ont., where a branch of their estimable order has just been established.

September nineteenth—Members of graduating class '15 are indebted to Mrs. Bampfied and Margaret for a delightful auto drive to Buffalo to-day.

September twenty-second—The Forty Hours' devotion opened in the Church of Our Lady of Peace on Sunday, the feast of Our Lady's Dolors, and closed this evening with the usual procession and solemn benediction. The altar, during these days, has had a wealth of flowers—white roses, pansies, delicately-tinted gladioli, asters and dahlias. We feel privileged in having been able, at the beginning of our new term, to assist at this beautiful devotion, replete with spiritual blessings.

An excellent addition has just been made to our study-hall reference library—"The Book of Knowledge," in twenty volumes.

School Chronicle, Loreto Convent, Mount St. Mary, Hamilton.

September, freighted with pleasant memories of happy hours whiled away in summer past-times for two long glorious months, is with us again. In every beam of sunshine, every truant breeze, through the mellowed richness of the clustered trees, the dreamy stillness of the sunlit shadows, and the mystic haze that bounds our view, pensive Autumn broods. But what a grudge we owe this lovely month that sounds the knell of summer joys!

Now that the days of practical thought and earnest work have dawned, golden opportunities, fraught with rich promise, await us on every side. Be it ours to improve them under the skilful training of the daughters of Mary Ward—those pioneer educators of young girls—who

labor so zealously and unselfishly in the noble cause of education, recognizing, as Cardinal Gasquet aptly remarks, writing of this sainted English Foundress, "that it is possible to unite the active ministrations of Martha with the inner life of Mary, and to spiritualize the external labors of charity by methods borrowed from the cloister."

September seventeenth—With no ordinary feelings of joy did we greet our beloved Bishop, who came to welcome the new students, express his pleasure at the return of the others, and impart his blessing to all at the beginning of the scholastic year.

After a restful summer in his mountain villa—a spot of unrivalled beauty—a haven where the very soul may rest, looking from the height of which, in the early morning hours, the city seems kneeling to invite Heaven's benediction—His Lordship rejoices in renewed health and strength with which to continue his labors in the Master's vineyard. His is the hope steadfast in the promise of the Lord; animated with which, the laborer ever finds his finite natural strength infinitely increased by that supernatural strength which seems to make possible even the impossible.

While cheerfully bearing his own burden of care and responsibility, our Right Reverend Pastor never fails to encourage us by word as by example, for in his heart the fresh glowing zeal of the priesthood has never waned though the Golden Sacerdotal milestone on the highway of his busy, fruitful life has been reached.

His Lordship's address to the pupils was at once impressive and instructive, and delivered in a manner so convincing as to make the youngest child realize the value of a Christian education and a thorough training in faith and morals, with definite religious doctrines to supply a solid foundation for the building of character capable of withstanding the temptations that are sure to assail every one who goes out into the world to fight the battle of life.

Of his own college life His Lordship spoke interestingly, dwelling—for our consolation—on the discouragement that often beset his path, and interspersing his discourse with anecdotes that brought laughter from his youthful hearers, then rising to heights of eloquence, the charm of which we never fail to enjoy.

Thus cheered by kindly interest and paternal counsel, it goes without saying that His Lordship's visit was most keenly appreciated—indeed, the memory of the inexpressible pleasure which his presence always affords shall ever remain with us.

September eighteenth—Reverend J. V. Tobin, London, Ont.,—a welcome visitor at the Mount.

The fame of the good Father, as an eloquent speaker, had evidently preceded him, for every face, eager with young life, beamed as he entered the study hall, in anticipation of what was to come. Nor was there a shadow of disappointment in the realization of our hope. Timely and pertinent were the thoughts and suggestions offered as with rapt attention we followed Father Tobin's interesting discourse on the intellectual and moral culture which springs from the fashioning of the mind and heart. To grasp its importance we must understand woman's part in the world—to rule the home. What higher destiny!—knowing home to be the foundation of all nations.

Father Tobin eulogized in glowing terms the admirable work done by the nuns in the educational scheme of the country, and congratulated the student body upon their good fortune in receiving instruction within the walls of Mount St. Mary, adding that he rejoiced at the thought that, on going forth from its halls, they would be representative young women, exerting everywhere an exalted influence.

September twenty-sixth—Mrs. J. Lindsay—née May McSloy—of New York, affectionately welcomed by former teachers, with whom she had come to spend the day, away from the noise and bustle of the great metropolis.

How familiar every object seemed!—the old refectory bell—once so gleefully heard by hungry schoolgirls—the desk in the study hall—so discreetly silent—at which, carefree and happy, she used to sit—and dream—in days gone by. Nor had a game of croquet beneath the spreading maples—in which she indulged to-day—with a sly glance at the old orchard, with its trees bending as though to place their fruit offerings within reach of intruders into the realm of the forbidden, oblivious of consequences!—lost its fascination.

The delights of school life in its earliest years were charmingly reviewed and many tender

memories awakened; indeed the sweets—and bitters—of those dearest days were so realistically pictured as to carry us back, through smiles and tears, to the time when freedom from care filled up the measure of our happiness.

With a sigh of reluctance the signal for departure was heard, and dear May left us for the Abbey, where "Aunt Annie" (M. M. Ambrose) was, no doubt, anxiously awaiting her return.

September twenty-seventh—A trip to the Mountain, which presented itself as an approaching panorama of delight, had all the novelty of the unexpected. Kind Sr. Petronilla, mindful of the school-girl appetite, sharpened by a walk in the crisp air, had prepared a delicious luncheon—of which some, let me add, were tempted to partake on the way, deterred only by the watchful eyes of its chief guardians, Seaborn and Margaret. I have since ascertained from most reliable sources that many an apple disappeared, these two daughters of Eve proving as weak in the hour of temptation as their poor frail Mother—for whom I never felt the least affection or esteem.

By the time the summit had been reached, the basket was much lighter, though no one, of course, cast the slightest aspersion on the generous burden-bearers until, on the removal of the cover, an accusing expression of embarrassment mantled their fair brows. And just think, all the gorgeous autumnal tints, revealing their splendor in the bright sunshine, and the wonderful city lying at our feet, were lost sight of—in view of an unpretentious little candy store, glimpsed in the distance!

Well, we passed "Lovers' Lane"—densely populated!—and were next attracted by the wealth of wild flowers, so well known to botanists—among whom, it is whispered, flatteringly, we rank. Our recently-acquired treasures—which no one considered sufficiently appetizing to appropriate—and which, on our return, were ignominiously designated as *weeds*—replaced the vanished delicacies in the empty basket.

We took the old wolf's advice to *Rotkäppchen* by returning the longest way home, not that a ride would not have been more acceptable, for we were really fatigued, but to prolong the enjoyment of the afternoon to the Ave Maria hour.

September thirtieth—The visitors' record of the month is of more than ordinary interest.

Besides those whose coming has already been chronicled, the names of Mrs. Keough, His Lordship's sister, Miss M. Keough, and Miss Genevieve Coleman, His Lordship's niece, stand out prominently before the eyes of old friends at Mount St. Mary. To their former teachers and all who knew them during their school years, the pleasure of welcoming these ladies was very genuine.

ANITA.

Loreto College, St. Stephen's Green, Dublin, Ireland.

WE are accustomed to look forward to Loreto College, St. Stephen's Green, taking the lead at the Intermediate Examinations, but this year it not only gains first place, but beats all records by its phenomenal success. It is first of all Irish schools (boys or girls), its total of distinctions numbering 50 as compared with 42 for the highest of the boys' schools. No less than 23 Exhibitions have been secured, and these have been won in three different groups—Mathematics, Modern Literature and Science, the Senior Grade carrying off nine, and the Middle Grade eight of these coveted distinctions.

The fact that this college has gained three Exhibitions in Mathematics and seven in Science, most of these being won in Senior Grade, proves how unfounded is the charge that convent schools obtain distinctions only in the Modern Literary Course. This year the Intermediate Board introduced a Commercial Course. Loreto College has secured first place in this branch in all Grades. The medals gained in the various subjects point to the excellence attained in every department.

The following shows not only the Exhibitions but the many composition prizes and other distinctions won by the students: Senior Grade—9 Exhibitions, 3 medals, 3 composition prizes; Middle Grade—8 Exhibitions, 3 medals, 5 composition prizes, 1 book prize; Junior Grade—6 Exhibitions, 2 medals, 4 composition prizes, 6 book prizes. Total—23 Exhibitions, 8 medals, 12 composition prizes, 7 book prizes.

There are some surprises in the Intermediate Exhibition and Prize Lists this year. If it had been thought by any one that recent changes

tending to the advancement of Science and Mathematics in the scale of importance would militate against Catholic colleges and schools—which, in the case of the Religious Orders, were specially qualified by their associations for the teaching of classics and modern languages—that idea is shown to be utterly mistaken by the results published to-day. The success achieved last year by our colleges and schools in the "practical" subjects was striking enough. This year we are afforded a sweeping demonstration of their ability to win the highest awards, and the greatest number of them, for Science, Mathematics, and Commercial Training. In the history of the Intermediate system there is no parallel for the triumph achieved by the Catholic students, boys and girls. In the Senior Grade they secured 64 awards, as against 35 won by non-Catholics; in the Middle, 130, as against 65; and in the Junior, 246, as against 36; the grand total being 440, as against 186. Expressed in money terms this means that the Catholic students have been awarded £2,847, and the non-Catholics £1,321.

This year will be known in Intermediate annals as the Women's Year. For the first time the Girls' Schools have asserted their supremacy over the Boys'. The Catholic Colleges and Schools are to be congratulated on a triumph whose significance can only be appreciated by those who know the difficulties which they have had to overcome in recent years.

Never, we believe, since those early days when Victoria College, Belfast, dominated the Girls' Prize List, has such a record been made as by the students of Loreto College, St. Stephen's Green.

Loreto Abbey, Rathfarnham, and the Loreto Convents in Wexford, Killarney, Balbriggan, Omagh, Fermoy, Mullingar, Letterkenny, and Bray, also achieved brilliant success—a proof of the excellent educational work done by the Loreto nuns.

There is a toll-gate along every road which leads to success, and no one can get through without paying. Whether you are whirled along in an automobile or jog through the dust behind a team of oxen, you must pay the toll in order to get through. And the toll is concentration, hard work, singleness of purpose.

Personals.

"What is the meaning of alter ego?"

"The other I."

"Give a sentence containing the words."

"He winked his other I."

"When you are at home I suppose you go to bed with the chickens?"

"No, I don't; I have a room all to myself."

"What are these Russian steppes?"

"Ask somebody else. I don't dance these new dances."

"My cousin has joined the navy."

"Is he a regular sailor?"

"Not yet. He's just a submarine, I think."

"And after his death an autopsy was performed."

"How swell! By which orchestra?"

"When I was coming to school this morning I saw an anonymous cow."

"A what?"

"A cow without a name."

"Britain is trying to make the Germans pick up the floating minds (mines) in the North Sea."

"Why did Hannibal cross the Alps?"

"You don't catch me with no puzzles."

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